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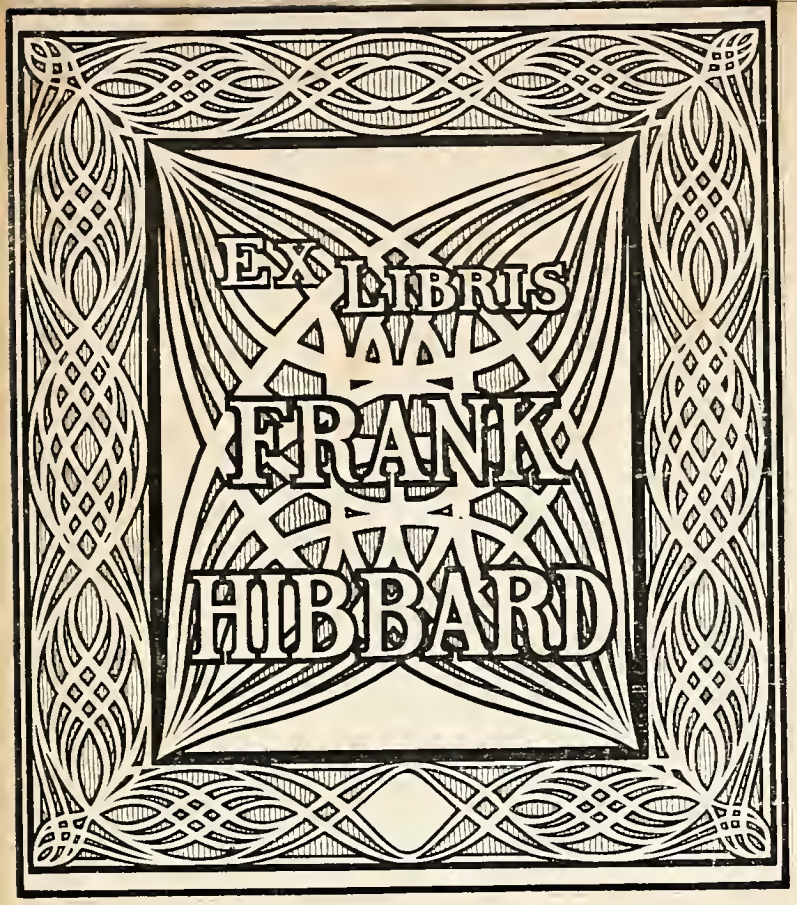
A NARRATIVE

ALONG THREE-FOURTHS

OF A CENTURY

PRIVATE EDITION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AUTO-BIOGRAPHY

WITH AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

ANCESTRY, RELATIVES AND FAMILY

OF

ANSON AUGUSTUS BOYCE.

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B

INTRODUCTORY.

I have been induced to prepare from memory most of the following pages of my biography, and after reading the pencil manuscript to my dear wife, to write out the same.

I wish to leave to my children, grandchildren, and some personal friends a permanent record of my life, which has been an eventful and interesting one, in its example and influence. While I have made mistakes, and have been unfortunate in some business transactions, especially in real estate matters, I have preserved my integrity under many temptations, and have kept uniform good health by established habits of industry and regularity in living.

Inheriting, as I have, an excellent constitution from my blessed and saintly mother, I have now almost reached the age of four score years, with a fair prospect that I may at least survive to the end of this century, if not beyond 1900.

While I have earned probably $50,000 in the forty years of my active business life, I have now not one tenth of this sum left, in my old age, but I have, as I trust, what is far more valuable, a *good name*.

A. A. B

SANTA BARBARA 1891

DEDICATION.

Knowing all its imperfections I will dedicate this "Reminiscence" of eighty years from my boyhood days, to which my retentive memory reaches back, to the one dear Companion, (my beloved wife Sarah,) for now about sixty-three and a half years past. By her Christian example she induced me near fifty years ago to be baptised and confirmed in the Episcopal Church at Utica. By her sweet temper and winning manners she has often restrained and guided my conduct to the "better and safer course." I will here repeat as my desire when issuing a late circular in regard to printing this private record of a long and varied life, that it is sent to my early friends in the East and perhaps to some later ones in California, *upon the condition that no portion of it shall be given over to or used by any newspaper.* As a fitting date when I hope this book will be finished and issued by the Committee of Kappa Alphians (as a holiday Souvenir) I will sign this of her next birthday, April 2, 1904.

A. A. B.

SANTA BARBARA, April 2, 1904.

* * *

I was born in a log house in the town of Homer, now Cortland, in Cortland County, New York State, on the 21st day of July, 1812, as my mother has told me. I remember my grandparents, Samuel Boies and Alexander Turner. I well remember my own father, Obadiah Boies, born in Blandford, Massachusetts, who died in Cortland village January 25, 1823, when I was about ten and one-half years old, for I was alone in the parlor bedroom with my mother and heard him speak his last words, after months of confinement to his room and bed by that insidious and fatal disease, consump-

tion. He was a very kind father, dignified and intelligent, as also successful in business as a farmer, also a magistrate for many years under appointment by the governor. His death was a loss to us beyond any mortal estimate.

My mother, Esther Turner, was born in Salem, Washington County, New York State, and died in Lockport, New York, in October, 1873. She was acknowledged to be a superior and remarkable woman in judgment and of experience in her household, and in the management of my father's estate, (of about $15,000) then a large sum, earned by farming, dealing in stock and other property, by his own strong hands and his clear head. Mother was left a widow for fifty years with five children to bring up and educate, the youngest of whom, named after our father, was but a few days old when we were left fatherless in our youth.

I was the middle one in our group, having a sister and a brother older, and a sister and a brother younger. Their names were Sarah Jane and William Curtis Boies and Harriet E. and Obadiah Boies. My sister Sarah, the mother of my two nieces, Hattie and Jennie, was my guide and teacher in infancy and my choicest adviser in childhood, until her death in Lockport, New York, in December, 1835, where also my brother Obadiah died in the same house, and of that same dreaded disease, consumption, about 1845. My younger sister, who like my elder one, (married the Hon. Nathan Dayton, a man of high reputation as a lawyer, and a judge of the Eighth Judicial District of Western New York) died in New York City February 2, 1881, after several years of infirm health, leaving one son, Charles N. Dayton. Next and last my good elder brother, Curtis, (who was a Presbyterian minister of great sincerity and purity in life for about thirty years, when, owing to impaired health, he retired to an easier,

congenial and rural pursuit of fruit raising) on the twenty-third of September, 1887, breathed his last in his adjoining home in Lockport, where our dear sainted mother had departed to her Haven of Rest fourteen years before. Thus was I left the sole survivor of parents, brothers and sisters.

Of my grandparents, I well remember my grandfather, Samuel Boies, living north of Homer village when I was a lad six or eight years of age. About the table before meals all of the older ones present partook of a glass of wine of the pure New England kind before taking their seats. But I have a much more distinct and very vivid recollection of my grandfather, Alexander Turner, for I spent many happy hours of my youth in his comppanionship. He was fond of telling me stories of the wars of Napoleon, who I think he called the "little" but really great "Boney." He also told me many things from the Bible, especially about Sampson and how he set the foxes' tails afire, and also about Daniel in the lions' den. As he was at Saratoga as a soldier under Washington when the British army under Burgoyne surrendered, he doubtless told me much about this and other battles of our seven years' Revolutionary War. I slept with him often when staying over night at the house of Uncle Aleck a mile up the hillside from East Homer, and I noticed the many peculiar ways he had of folding his pants and putting them under his pillow, and then laying coat and vest across the bed. His vest pockets were large, and in one he kept his spectacles in a wooden case, and in the other he put his tin box with plug tobacco. I could now plainly mark out the shape of these things, as well as his cane. Of my grandmothers, I never saw one and can but faintly remember the other.

When I look back for now seventy years, at the earliest period of memory, I can see the ground in the

yard where, with my companions, I used to play farming, and then the riding of our horses to drink eighty rods away in Otter Creek. On court days I would look into my father's office and hear Judge Nelson and Henry Stephens trying a case or discussing the law.

My mother sometimes scolded me, as I was given to mischief, but my father looked more stern and talked less, sometimes adding a few slaps. On one occasion, when the Randall boys and others joined Brother Curtis and myself in plundering apples out of the orchard of Dr. Owens, in the easterly bounds of our school district, my father said to the complainant: "Let the law take its course, even if the boys must go to jail for example's sake." But I found this threat in our hearing only resulted in the parents all paying the Doctor a few pennies each, after a tremendous scare. As I advanced along from 6 to 12 years of age, going to a common school, barefoot in summer and with my big mittens and flannels on during the winter, I grew strong and supple, dreading the garden work and chopping of kindling wood as so much lost from play, yet always advised by my good mother to study hard, and read, spell, write and cipher in my books.

When I was about a dozen years old I was frequently called out by my teacher, who was first a schoolmarm and then a schoolmaster, for throwing paper wads, marking something with ink, or even for whittling and whispering, and there before the whole school was basted on my back with a green beech whip or slapped on my hand with a flat ruler. But I might write pages of the days of my boyhood. As my academic days came on my mother sent Curtis and myself up to Homer for a year. Then, to please my ambition, I persuaded her to send me to Aurora Academy, on the banks of beautiful Cayuga Lake,

where I spent most of one year, 1826. My companions, the Morgans, Beach, Compton and others, have about all passed "over the River," as well as those with whom I studied at the Methodist Seminary at Cazenovia the following years, 1827-28.

In the summer of 1829 I accompanied my mother on a good visit to Salem, her native town, where her elder sister, Mrs. McWhorter, resided. This was my second visit to Washington County, as when only seven years old I had gone with my parents and elder sister in a two-seated easy wagon to Salem, and thence to Roe and Cold Rain in Massachusetts, passing Williams College and many towns or small villages, one of which I remember was Balston, near Saratoga Springs. Many incidents of those journeys of my youth are now quite distinctly recalled. At about this time, and before any railroads were built or operated in the State of New York, I had frequent rides by stage coach of four good horses, and generally managed to ride on the outside to better view the country and talk some with the driver or with my fellow passengers, thus picking up considerable information. Most of these through stage lines between Albany and Buffalo, as also that between Utica and Ithica, a daily line which passed through our village of Cortland at 3 o'clock in the morning, charged from five to eight cents per mile, and averaged from six to seven miles per hour, with three seats inside for nine passengers, beside the three to six outside passengers. Yet along about these times, between 1820 and 1830, a fast "Telegraph" line was started by the proprietors, Thorp & Sprague, Faxton & Butterfield, Sherwood & Co., to run between Albany and Buffalo, at an extra charge of ten cents per mile, "for six passengers only," at a speed of eight to ten miles per hour, as I found once by riding in this "Telegraph" stage for near eighty miles, from Utica to Schenectady.

About 1826 my brother Curtis, with his friend, Henry S. Randall, entered Hamilton College at Clinton, near Utica, Oneida county, New York. During the Freshman or Sophomore year there a rebellion or "stomach row" of some kind among the students induced them to change and go to Union College at Schenectady, New York, where I called in September, 1829, to see and talk with them about my entering there as a Sophomore the next year, which would be in 1830. I was then returning home with my mother from the visit at Salem, through Albany and on west by stage to Cortland. When consulting my friend Henry Randall about my proficiency in studies for admission to college, he says: "Anson, I know you can pass the examination now and enter this present September term in the Sophomore class and not wait until after our Senior year in 1830, when Curtis and myself are to graduate and will be away from you." So after he had gone out of the room to "fix it," I presume, he returned and walked across the hall, introducing me to dear old Professor Proudfit, to whom he says: "This is Anson Boies, the son of your schoolmate, Esther Turner, when she lived in Salem." This seemed to win the heart of the good and gracious professor, who spent less than a half hour in hearing me recite in Latin and Greek, as I told him I preferred the classical to the scientific course, as this was the privilege of students entering Union College for studies in their three years' course. The passing me thus, one year earlier than I had intended and expected, was perhaps unfortunate, for I was not really prepared to enter this class of 31, mostly bright young fellows older than my then age of seventeen years. After accompanying my mother home to Cortland and gathering my books, clothes, etc., together in a big trunk, I returned soon to Schenectady, and along in

September, 1829, was entered on the Register as "Anson Augustus Boyce," the spelling of our true name "Boies" having been at some months previously changed to "Boyce" by the advice of my brother and others, because people occasionally wrote it "Boys," "Boice," "Boise" and otherwise, perhaps, from its pronunciation. This was a serious mistake, and which I have often regretted. The change being made before we were of lawful age did not work material harm in a business way, and yet it seems to me that it should have subjected our dear mother to some unpleasant reflections, although I now at this distance of over fifty years ago have quite indistinct recollections about it. At college I at once joined the "Delphian Institute" Literary Society and soon after was elected into the "Kappa Alpha," a secret society, or a mere social club of two dozen congenial spirits, wherein I enjoyed the imposing exercises and the good concluding supper songs and witticisms of our limited number of bright and sincere fellow students, with many of whom I have kept in mind, if not in correspondence, for a long series of years after my graduation in the summer of 1832.

Of the two main four-story college buildings on the hill a half mile south of Schenectady City, I selected my room in the north college, a rear room upon the third floor. The first year I had as my room-mate Sturtevant of Pennsylvania, and for the next year Allen of Aurora, New York, both of whom belonged to classes above me. For the last year Reynolds of Cortland was my room-mate, and we changed to the front in the fourth story of the same building, the room occupied by Hathaway of Cortland county until his graduation in 1831. Our hours of study, recitation, meals and recreation were as follows: At 6 a. m. the college bell rang, when in twenty minutes longer we rushed, book in hand, for the morning prayers in south college,

occupying some twenty minutes; then to the recitation in the lecture room in the colonade, where the tutor or professor called out our division of the class to recite or explain problems on the blackboard until near 8 o'clock. Then hunger called us to the big dining-room, called "commons," a few rods away, and after dispatching the plain breakfast, (as board was at the cheap rate of $1.50 per week) we had scarcely one hour before the 9 o'clock bell rang for study. At 11 the recitation bell rang, when for an hour our teacher "put us through" as hard and close as time and circumstances allowed. During the recess for dinner at noon we had but little time for any recreation. Study after noon from 2 to 4 o'clock, then recitation, and then evening prayer at 5, with a brief lecture by the president, gave but a short period before supper. Then students by permission walked off of college grounds into the city and postoffice or tobacco store for a social hour, without visiting any tavern (now saloon) as all drinking of any intoxicants was strictly forbidden, and on Sundays every student was required to attend some church, as preferred or directed by the parents or guardians of each. Evenings we were required to study hard from 8 to 10 p. m., when the bell rang to extinguish lights and retire to the cot bed for each in our same study room, which was about twenty-five feet square, including closets and wood-room, burning small cut hard hickory wood in our open stove set in the side like a fire-place. Our professor (as one was appointed for each of the six sections of our college building) was required to call and knock about 9 p. m. at every student's room door and see us engaged in study or report us if absent or violating any of the dozens of college rules. On Saturday recitations were all dispensed with, but all students attended for about two hours their literary society, of

which there were three, viz: Delphian Institute, Sigma Phi and Delta Phi. In these meetings we had debates, orations and readings, before our regularly chosen officers, giving us thus confidence and a regard for decorum and proficiency in speaking and writing, so as to enable each to appear well before the whole college, or the public when annual Commencement Day arrived. Each one of the three literary societies about May chose for the July Commencement Day two of their members, making six orators in all, for these evening exercises, held in the large Presbyterian Church down in the city. These so-called "Junior Orators" elections (because chosen from the Junior class) were attended by some excitement, in rival interests, conducted by a secret ballot, thus showing a test of which two out of a membership of two or three dozen in each was most popular. In 1831 I was chosen with my classmate, Upson, of Georgia, as Junior Orator from our Delphian Institute Society. I prepared my oration and took for a subject "British Criticism," and after submitting it to Professor Jackson for a slight revision, I spoke it for about twenty minutes duratian to a crowded church audience, in a clear and distinct voice, but not, as I came first of all six, with the pronounced eclat which followed the closing oratory of my colleague Upson, whose ringing voice and rapid delivery always electrified the hearer. During my last and Senior year the recitations were before the president, Eliphalet Nott, a man noted for his eloquence and especially for his talent to easily control and inspire with admiration the wildest and most impulsive students, especially our southerners, of whom Union College always had two dozen or more. His remarks or commentaries on the class-book, "Kames' Elements of Criticism," were always so interesting and inspiring in the daily hour of these lectures that the whole class engaged their pencils

in rapidly writing down all of it as far as possible.

As my funds to pay college expenses of over or about $300 per annum, were now in the spring of 1832 getting nearly exhausted, by special request to the college faculty I was excused from attending the closing term before Commencement, as not much of any hard study was expected that term, and as it was becoming quite the then custom to hurry home in May and begin in the study of law, medicine or divinity, according as time could be gained in the student's chosen pursuit. Therefore in the month of May, 1832, I entered my clerkship as a student at law in the office of Jonathan L. Woods in Cortland village, the rule for admission to the Supreme Court and the Court of Chancery requiring a course of seven years' reading before admission to practice, unless the student had a diploma from some college showing pursuit of or in classical and other studies of a four years' course, in which case only three years in a law office was required to entitle one to an examination to practice in such higher Court. I mention this because Hon. Washington Hunt at Lockport admitted me into his County Court before my admission into a higher court, as a personal favor, I am quite sure. Under the general tuition and instruction and the copying of legal papers by or under the supervision of Mr. Woods, who was a very profound lawyer and a fair advocate, and who also held the position of Clerk in Chancery for the Fifth Circuit, I began the reading of Blackstone and Kent's Commentaries, and during that first year I also read in several elementary law books, before a later reading of books on practice. My fellow students were then Du Puy Freer (a natural-born wit of large size and Irish descent) and also my older acquaintance, Samuel G. Hathaway, at Union college, who graduated in 1831, he had thus been studying law for one year previous. Hathaway, after his

removal to Elmira, where I frequently visited him, became an eloquent and leading member of the bar of that "Southern tier" of counties. An incident is now called to mind during this period of commencing my law studies. The "Proclamation" of President Andrew Jackson against the South Carolina Nullifiers was received about May or June 1832, as published in the old Albany Argus of Democratic fame, and at once my senior companion at school, acadamy and college, Henry L. Randall, walked up the court house hill with me and there read aloud the whole document to me in such ringing accents as has ever impressed upon my mind or memory an admiration for the author of such a noble sentiment as this, "The Union must and shall be preserved!"

As the dreaded cholera prevailed in the summer of 1832 in Rochester, Buffalo and other towns of western New York, and finaly reached Lockport where my younger sister Harriet had gone to visit my elder sister Sarah, wife of Hon. Nathan Dayton, my mother insisted I should at once start for Lockport for Harriet to come home. So I readily left by stage and in two or three days time arrived in Lockport, little dreaming that this was to be for years my future home. My brother Curtis was then reading law in the office of Clark & Dayton, the leading law firm for that section of the state.

My first visit to Niagara Falls in company with my brother and sister, and also Mary Walbridge (who afterwards became Mrs Governor Hunt), was a delight I had not anticipated. The sublime sight of that grand cataract, as I first gazed long and well at its magnificent beauty, has never been equalled in its power upon my memory by the hundreds of times I have looked upon it in subsequent years. Early in September, one beautiful morning our party of four left Lockport by

stage along the famed Ridge road for Rochester and Auburn to Cortland, of which I was to be the male escort. It consisted of the three girls, all about seventeen or eighteen years of age, named then: Laura P. Smith, Mary Walbridge, and Harriet E. Boyce, and all scholars for the Female Seminary at Cortland. We arrived safely on the third day, having to stop over night at Rochester, and then next at Auburn (by stage ride of about sixty to seventy miles apart) and then next 40 miles to the beautiful valleys of Homer and Cortland.

During the following winter I made fair progress under Mr. Woods, until April 1833, when by invitation of Mr. Dayton I concluded best to remove to Lockport and pursue there my two remaining years of clerkship at the law where I had better prospects of success in the future, than in quiet Cortland, as "a Prophet is not without honor except in his own country." In the office of Clark & Dayton I found Washington Hunt and Isaac C. Colton as active students. Mr. Hunt soon took his admission to the bar and remained in that office for many years, superintending the business of the Albany Land Office Company of which Mr. Lot Clark was for years after, the skilful and able agent and counsel in its transfers of title to many thousands of acres in Niagara and adjoining counties, and also in the protracted litigations between the State and mill-owners at Lockport for a series of years, during which time Mr. Dayton, as a Superior Equity lawyer, had the prosecution and argument of numerous suits and motions in the higher courts of law and chancery. As Mr. Clark, was about this period, selected by the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company of New York to loan half a million of dollars to the farmers, or the owners of land in Western New York upon carefully approved security by selected appraisers in each town

or locality, and as a majority of these farmers owed the Holland Land Company, on contracts, of payments but partially made, varying in price as low as $5 to $10 per acre, it soon became necessary for Mr. Colton and myself to draw up or fill up from a variety of blanks many papers for these loans of $300 to $3000 each. Then a bond and mortgage and affidavits, the procuring Supreme Court search and County Clerk's search as to any incumbrances, thus showing a clear title to the borrower before paying over the money by draft on the company, at Wall street in New York City. I am thus particular because I presume that Mr. Colton and myself, as office clerks for this agency, (varying in the charge for commission on each loan at from $15 to $75 per loan, retained for services, in negotiating and the perfecting of it by and for our office agency), we must have, from 1833 to 1836, made out the complete papers in over 500 loans, by each of us. The whole sum in Niagara, Orleans, Genissee and Erie counties thus loaned was about the half million dollars, as above stated. Our law office, as the attorneys of the old Lockport bank, had a large collection business, prosecuting over-due notes quite often, and as the drawing up of the declarations and other papers to final judgement and execution were quite formal, using many printed blanks in practice. I soon learned to conduct this class of business writing with rapidity and general correctness. Mr. Dayton attending to the equity practice and all different law pleadings, beside his trials and arguments in court. Meanwhile I was reading elementary law books, and afterwards the most important and comprehensive book for any student preparatory to his admission, entitled: "Graham's Practice," which book as I was informed would insure my admission to the Supreme Court, if I thoroughly understood it, when questioned by the examiners. At times I was

despatched on horseback to serve papers, or get information from persons connected with our business, in the dozens of towns, comprising Niagara County, as the law department of our office had made me quite familiar with many farmers and business men. Short daily visits were necessarily made by me to the County Clerk's office, or the Judge's Chambers, to file papers and perfect proceedings in these litigations, all which required a walk of nearly a mile, from "Lower to Upper Town," which was then a place of "more mud than sidewalks."

In May, 1835, having completed my three years of law studies, I started for New York City to undergo my examination there before the Supreme Court, of three distinguished judges, for admission to the bar, to practice as an attorney, and then to go before the Chancellor at Saratoga Springs for license to practice as a Solicitor in Equity. We traveled then, mostly by packet boat on the Erie Canal, (unless closed by winter ice) when journeying through central New York, and as far as Schenectedy, where passengers took the slow stage, through the sandy road to Albany, and then down the Hudson River by boat—in all, a journey from Lockport to New York City of nearly 450 miles. Among my companions, on this trip, for examination I remember the genial and talented Solomon G. Haven, of Buffalo, afterwards partner of Millard Fillmore and Nathan K. Hall. We put up at the Franklin House, a hotel situated on the west side of Broadway, and between the present Trinity Church and the Astor House, which was, I think in that spring, being erected; as I remember seeing the wealthy John Jacob Astor, as he stood in Broadway, directing and superintending some immense blocks of stones, as reared up in the construction of the old "Astor House," now over fifty-five years since, and the hotel at which, for convenience, I have often since

stopped at. Directly I called down Broadway, at Mrs. Bunker's then a well known house at which the Supreme Court Judges always put up for their May term. I found my noble friend Judge Samuel Nelson, who had known me from boyhood, and at once introduced me that evening, in their Consultation room to his distinguished associates, the Hon. John Savage and Esek R. Cowan, the first of whom was then, and for years afterwards, Chief Justice, and was born in the same town of Salem as was my mother. I subsequently renewed our acquaintance at Utica, where we both resided for years. The following evening, after I had been two days in the city viewing the sights, so bewildering to a youth of my age, when first visiting a big city, I repaired to the court room, in the old City Hall, for examination, some three hours by a committee of three expert lawyers appointed for our class, of about thirty applicants. Each of us were called upon to answer questions, in a course of two or three hours, around the class, and such questions as none of us could anticipate, for the proper answer. I remember the young man next me, a brother of the District Attorney Whiting, when asked questions on "ejectment," hesitated and I prompted him in a low whisper, for which I received thanks. With few, if any exceptions, the committee on next day, reported favorably on our class, and we then signed the roll and paid the Clerk's fees for our license. Next we paid our hotel bill and left for Albany, where most of our class called at the office of the Register for a certificate. I then proceded to Saratoga Springs, where the Hon. Reuben Walworth, as Chancellor, briefly examined and prepared us for the Solicitorship in Equity, especially such as were able to pay the fee, a "love of money" being a noted characteristic of the Chancellor in his later life, when acting for years as "referee" in the famed U. S. Circuit suit of

Burden vs. Conning, wherein he received some $20,000.

After my return home to Lockport, and sometime before the end of that summer as I now think, my brother-in-law, Mr. Dayton, very kindly offered me a partnership in his practice of the law, which was quite profitable, giving me one-third interest, my impression is, I using our joint name at first, and afterwards my individual name as attorney for the Lockport bank, this being then and for several years afterwards, the only banking institution in our active village of perhaps 3000 to 5000 inhabitants. For convenience in the nominal meetings of bank directors I was made one, by assignment of $500 of stock, to stand in my name upon the books, but I paid nothing and had no such sum in any bank, as I subsequently had. The cashier, George Field, was a scheming man, and fond of making money, which he spent in his family household quite liberally. I am sure that, as the attorney, (for Mr. Field seemed to have an interest in our bringing as many suits against makers and endorsers of their over-due notes as possible) I must have prosecuted, on an average, three or four suits per week, in 1835 to 1843, only a minor share of them going to a final judgment and execution. The papers were generally made out, filed, and copies made by me, and under my supervision. Soon I had some funds to place to my credit in a bank book, for I remember well that by 1836 I gave to Mr. Jones, a friend of mine, going to Albany, $160 with which he there bought my watch and chain. This time-keeper being so genuine that I have carried it now for about fifty-five years. I was boarding this season at the house of my sister Sarah, and well remember the cold winter night when she breathed life quietly away, in December 1835. A few weeks before I had driven out to the turnpike on the Ridge Road with her, when her feeble voice was still able to utter many kind sugges-

tions concerning my future welfare.

In 1836 we had in business "flush times," which by the next year brought on reverses and a final crash to speculations. In the summer of 1836 Washington Hunt, although only 25 years of age, was nominated for Congress from the Niagara and Orleans district by our Democratic party, but after an animated and somewhat bitter contest he was defeated by a "rascal" Charles Mitchell, a miller at Lockport, who was afterwards convicted and sent to States prison for forgery. I took much interest in this campaign, as from that early period I became active in all subsequent elections while a resident of Niagara County.

About 1837 I drove over in a sulky to the land office in Batavia, 30 miles south of Lockport, and obtained a deed of 100 acres in Wilson, near Lake Ontario, at about $6 per acre. This was my first land title and cost me but a few hundred dollars, which was out of my first professional earnings. In May 1838 I went to New York City and there at the regular term of the Supreme Court and in the old City Hall, where three years before, I had been examined and admitted as an attorney, I was now examined and admitted as counsellor in said court. At this time I made my first trip to Washington, where I called upon Hon. Hiram Grey, (an early friend of my mother from Salem, their joint birth place, and who had studied law with Dayton & Woods in Cortland.) At this period Mr. Grey represented the Chemung County district in Congress, and he kindly treated me, telling me of his experience in former days, as we rested upon the fresh grass and under the grateful shade of trees in front of the Capitol.

In the summer of 1837, (if I am not mistaken in the year,) I first saw the dear sweet treasure of a girl, who about four years afterwards became my own wife. It occurred in this way: Several of us young men in

Lower Lockport were invited to attend a large party at the Barton Mansion in Lewiston, a beautiful location, overlooking the Niagara River. Here we met civilians and army officers of distinction. Some of the latter of whom must have invited my companions Bissell and Besancon, if not myself to visit Fort Niagara and its vicinity on the following morning. After sleeping at the "Frontier House," we drove down seven or eight miles past Youngstown to the Fort. In passing by we concluded to pay our respects to Col. and Mrs. Jewett at the small but hospitable "STONE HOUSE," near the road, above the river bank, all of which looked so very attractive, as I can well remember. In front of the house, and standing near her parents, was "Sarah Jewett," with her rosy cheeks and especially her long tresses of brown braided hair, hanging down two feet or more, then seventeen years of age. Of course we were all introduced to each other, and just what first impression or fancy of mind was made upon me, I cannot tell, but our acquaintance continued on for three years, until it ripened into what, I am sure, was *mutual love*.

About 1839 or 1840 Mr. Dayton was appointed (as I think by Governor Wm. L. Marcy,) as Judge of the 8th Judicial Circuit, and soon after I kept on alone in law practice, and of a quite limited kind in value. Then, and for several years, I held the quite responsible office of Master and Examiner in Chancery, the first of which, by acting as an auctioneer at sales of farms and village lands, under decree of the Equity Court for foreclosure cases, must have yielded me over $1000 per year, about 1839 and 1840. I must not forget to mention my first and only severe illness, which was an attack of bilious fever, and which was brought on, as I have always considered, by my frequent morning walks, along down the tow-path of the Erie Canal,

where I must have inhaled miasma from the damp or foggy atmosphere. Dr. Delano, as I think, attended me in the daytime, and at night my companion boarders, at the Lockport House, McNeil and Colton or others, sat up and watched, as I was sick three weeks. The hot fever in my head and system generally, I know was such, in that month of August 1837, (or 1838,) that, when recovering, my thick head of hair nearly all fell out, or was loose as I pulled it out. It was during this same season that Brigadier General Augustus Porter of Niagara Falls appointed me as Judge Advocate upon his staff, with the rank of "Major," a prefix of title which my friends, especially Col. Jewett, Mr. Colton and others, familiarly put before my name. This military honor brought me no pay and some expense, as my coat, pants, "chapeux," etc., with sword and all accoutrements and equipments for my horse, must have cost over $100. My recollection is that the "Patriot War" waged in 1837, when, about September our Brigadier was summoned "to appear armed and equiped" for any possible fight, but as my doctor said I must not endanger my health, for want of recovering my strength after that severe illness, I staid away for two or three weeks, when finally my military ardor was satisfied at the sight of General Winfield Scott and his subordinate officers on the Niagara frontier, near the Falls, as witnesses of the harmless canonading at and from Navy Island, situated near the middle of Niagara River. The next year, I know our General and Staff, of some half dozen very clever fellows, attended the autumn parade of three regiments, comprising the Niagara County militia, at Hartland, Lewiston and Lockport, respectively; as it was at this time that I rode up, upon my beautiful Arabian "Selim," of cream color, with black mane and tail, and called, in full regimentals, upon our Laura

Colton, a bride of scarce a week previous. I also remember that shortly after our "campaign" we had a funny court martial to try Capt. Woodward for either "insubordination" or "incompetency," in not understanding the true movements to enter any fort or post of the enemy upon its signifying a "willingness to surrender." This was what, as civilians, we called the "snake performance" as it seemed to involve a movement of the Captain's company, quite similar to the play of "snapping the whip" by a lot of school boys. I presume I must have, as the prosecuting advocate at that court martial, held in the old "Eagle Tavern" up town for two days, considered the Captain as only guilty of that "ignorance of which the court itself could not comprehend the movement," and therefore the verdict was: "pay the costs and be discharged." I know all six of "us court" had a good time during this mock trial, and were glad to know it never reached the ears of our General, "twenty miles away." But it is time that I should revert to more serious matters.

It was in 1840 that I bid off at the sale by R. H. Stevens, Master in Chancery, about 140 acres of the Bissil farm, situated a mile north of the Lower Town of Lockport, towards Wright's Corner's, on the way to Olcott. It was struck off to me at $40 per acre, as I now think, and after keeping it I sold it for $45 per acre to O. P. Hoag, a wealthy farmer from Somerset. I set out a row of maple and other forest trees along the main road, fixed up the barn and fences somewhat, which expenses, with poor crops of grain and a running account of interest upon my bond and mortgage, given for most of the purchase price, brought me behind so much that I was not only glad but forced to sell the farm in 1842, after owning it about two years. What exactly decided me to purchase this property I can only

explain upon the presumption that the then "hard times" for money would soon change and bring me a purchaser at an advance of ten or fifteen dollars per acre. The purchase was not sanctioned by, or was it positively opposed by my wise and best friend Washington Hunt, who I consulted always, for many years, in all important business interests. I may here add that to and subsequent to this period I was almost daily called upon as a commissioner of deeds appointed by Mr. Hunt's influence, to accommodate him in his extensive conveyancing of lands, as prepared in his office adjoining ours, to take acknowledgment by himself, and then by Mrs. Hunt, in their house close by, of deeds, averaging, I think one per day, for months and years, when he was in Lockport. He was very attentive to business as the attorney of the Albany Land Company, and afterwards as joint purchaser, with Henry Walbridge, of all remaining lands in the four counties I have previously named. I also will mention that no charge (of the "25 cents" legal amount for each name.) was I think ever made by me for these acknowledgments, as I considered myself as debtor to Mr. Hunt in a much larger amount than these services would come to.

The presidential campaign of 1840, when Van Buren and his "sub treasury" plan was over-thrown by "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" with the people's demand for a change from hard to better times, was one of anxiety and of much doubt in my mind, until in the hot summer of August I visited New York City, and there heard a Pougkepsie black-smith, in his shirt sleeves, orate for an hour to an immense audience in the big wigwam on Broadway near Niblos Garden. The enthusiasm of this meeting and many surrounding influences, convinced my mind that the Democrats were to be beaten without question, in the coming November

election. Whether I had then scribbled any for our paper, "The Weekly Democrat" I am not quite sure. Meanwhile I was making up my mind to get Sarah Jewett for my wife, if she was willing; for the frequent occasions I had met her at our social dances in Lockport, and once or more at the Fort, had gradually stirred within me feelings of deep interest, which, as I signified to our friend, Captain Frazier, had ripened into love. I gave, or sent to her some tokens of affection early in the spring of 1841. Of course I asked consent of the Colonel and afterwards of the dear mother. My visits at the cosy stone cottage had previously been pleasant, but now as we talked and consulted together upon the day we could best fix on for our marriage, it was decided on for the first of September. As Sarah had engaged her companion, Jane Hosmer, to be her bridesmaid, I wrote to my college friend, David R. Bacon of Le Roy, to act as my groomsman, and he kindly accepted. Many things occurred during the summer of 1841 which I ought not to mention here. Suffice it to say that I engaged our Episcopal minister, Rev. E. H. Cressy to unite us in holy wedlock at Fort Niagara on Wednesday evening of September 1st, 1841. My mother and sister, Mr. Dayton and his two daughters, Hattie and Jennie, rode out together the twenty miles on that day, but Mr. Bacon and myself started the evening before. Col. Jewett had left the "Stone House," so dear to us, and had taken possession of the "Mess House" rooms in the Fort at some period during that summer. Of those present above-named from Lockport, as my relatives and the rector officiating, we had, besides the Colonel and Mrs. Jewett, our especial friends Mr. and Mrs. Hosmer, with Jennie the daughter, and also Capt. Frazier of the engineer corps (and chief in all improvements there for several years) and I think one or two

others connected with Col. Jewett's family. The ceremony was at 8 p. m., and was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Cressy in our most acceptable Episcopal service. I remember how sweet and winning dear Sarah looked in her white muslin dress and modest ornaments, as she gave her hand to me for the betrothal ring. After congratulations, and refreshments all duly retired before 11 p. m. to awake early for our first wedding breakfast. Soon after, all the guests scattered for home, when Sarah and myself, with our bridesmaid and groomsman took seats in a carriage for a four hour's ride on the Canada side of the river, crossing by ferry at Youngstown, whence we were driven about streets familiar to Sarah and Jennie. We staid another night at the dear old Fort, where, on Friday afternoon we rode over to Lockport and to my sister's house, where she gave us a large reception, or bridal party, introducing us that evening to over a hundred friends and old acquaintances. It was a merry time, as I know for companions of "the wine", furnished from fees due us from a New York client of our office. At early daylight, and when a thunderstorm was prevailing, as I well remember, my friend Bacon said good bye at the door to get the early stage for his home in Le Roy. We continued to live pleasantly at the Dayton Homestead, so dear to me, and yet so sad, from remembrances of the events of now over half a century gone by. The week following our marriage, and as I think on Wednesday, we rode over by the car to Lewiston and took the steamer there for our honeymoon trip down Lake Ontario to Oswego and thence by canal packet boat to Syracuse and on the next day by a delightful stage ride of 35 miles to Cortland, where by invitation we were to spend a week at the hospitable mansion of William Randall, as surrounded by his renowned garden. The old gentleman and his estim-

able wife had known me from my infancy, but it was my lovely wife, who, I at once saw had won their hearts. We walked and rode about Cortland and Homer and even up the steep hill to the top where my grandfather and his son "Uncle Aleck Turner," had so often welcomed me in my boyhood days. After the week or more was past, we took the stage to Ithica, and down Cayuga Lake by steamer and then by car on to Canandaigua. From there by stage to West Bloomfield, where we were to be entertained and spend a few days with my wife's relatives, her aunts, two Mrs. Ayers and Mrs. Bushnell. Next we had to stop at Lima and make a short visit with her uncle, Wm. Arnold. Finally we were glad to arrive home at Lockport, where I found it necessary to settle down to business.

Here I find I had quite forgotten to mention my second trip to Washington City, made in the winter of 1839 or 1840, in February. I left the Lockport House in a stage sleigh, covered camlet cloak, and a robe or tippet of squirrel tails, and leather over-shoes with suitable clothing in my trunk for the journey, for an absence of four weeks, and with $300 in bank notes in my silk belt, fastened inside my shirt. I had become uneasy at my prospects of becoming an old bachelor, and (it seems) because I had earned in the preceding three or four years a few hundred dollars, as laid aside to my credit in bank, concluded that I could afford to spend it in a winter pleasure trip to the National Capital. I had also some unfledged desire for a Federal office. Anyway, I proceeded east and kept on by stage-sleigh to Albany and then down on the east bank of the Hudson to New York City, the snow being unusually good that winter for continual sleighing. I know how grand the scenery was as we passed in sight of West Point and along through Peekskill by moonlight. At Harlem we changed to a coach, and in the early

morning I took an outside seat, keeping it for ten or more miles down the whole length of Broadway, until I was landed at the famous "City Hotel, then managed by a superintendent at the office who always remembered the face and name of a guest whom he had once before seen. Proceeding to Washington there it was I met my class-mate Thomas Allen, who was an able editor of the "Madisonian," and who kindly advised me not to apply then for any Federal office. Afterwards Allen located in Saint Louis, and as a railroad builder and stockholder, became very wealthy. He once was induced to accept of a Democratic nomination and almost unanimous election to Congress from that prosperous city. When I returned home to Lockport in March I went up from New York to Albany, on the west side of the Hudson River, in a sleigh, as I remember the ice was then breaking up as we crossed there for Jersey City. From Catskill we rode 30 miles on the ice to Albany, and that in a poorly protected sleigh where the wind blew and whistled through the old curtains, until I so chilled through as to wonder passengers did not perish occasionally. It must have been the spring previous to this winter journey that I visited Washington to see and hear Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Calhoun speak in the Senate. Then on my return I journeyed on the "National Road," (as built by Henry Clay to better help the settlement of the "Great West") from Washington, or Frederickston, to its terminus at Wheeling in Virginia, on the Ohio River. Here I took the boat up the river to Pittsburgh, and from there on to Cleveland, a hard and muddy ride by stage of near 150 miles. After a brief visit in Cleveland, where I called to see an old college class-mate, I took the steamer to Buffalo, and by canal packet to Lockport. My journal is becoming prolix and I fear will become desultory, in the many years to follow, in which I am

to describe the more sober and disappointing events of my later life.

To return to the autumn of 1341. Mr. Dayton had a strong chesnut colored horse, which with my horse "Selim" made a team which I could drive double in our buggy, although it usually worried my mother, as "Selim" rose up on his hind feet for a plunge forward when I started them down our steep hillside from the barn, through the 8-foot gateway to the street. Once I remember, when I was driving over our canal bridge with my mother beside me, "Selim" reared up and nearly fell over. At another time, in front of the tavern at Youngstown, this restless horse, in a harness, (and yet so kind and gentle under a saddle,) actually threw himself over and on to the pole of my buggy, breaking it off, and involving me in considerable delay and expense. But somehow Sarah and myself, during our first winter and the whole of 1842, drove down every month to Niagara Fort to visit and talk with her parents and the army people stationed there, many of whom, as officers fell in battle in the Mexican War of 1846-7. Some of our early morning rides, for the 20 miles distant from Lockport, were delightful in the winter as well as summer season. Professional business as Attorney and Master in Equity was fair and remunerative with me, yet about 1836 or 1837 I was induced by the smooth talk of Judge McCollum, to bargain and purchase of him, on credit mostly, one-half of his block of three story brick stores, just north of the Lockport House, which was our pleasant hotel on Market street. The payments made on this $6000 purchase, (afterwards reduced to $5000 when the judge saw I was unable to pay the excessive price,) was a drain on my limited resources. Beside this I had bargained with his brother, Hiram McCollum of New York City, to buy and pay near $900 for a few feet of

ftontage on the canal bank, where the packets docked for passengers, and which last purchase turned out unprofitable also. So I kept on, boarding at my sister's, (paying as I think some $10, in all, per week, for all our living expenses,) until the spring or summer, when the birth of our first boy, on the bright Sunday afternoon of June 11th 1843, gave us all much joy. Our dear Doctor Delano announced the welcome news as he came to our afternoon service at church, where he for years led in our singing of the sacred hymns. We promptly named the boy "William Augustus," thus giving my brother the chief honor over myself. The child came along in mild weather fortunately, for the large chamber in which we slept was a cold one in winter, with its windows fronting north and like houses built of stone, uniformly colder than of wood.

Again I think some interesting matters have been omitted, occurring about the year of our marriage in 1841. One Sunday afternoon in November of that year the Lockport House was burned down. In that tavern I had boarded for years previous and had many very pleasant associations connected with it. It was built by Seymour Scovell some time about 1830, of wood, with large hollow pillars in front, situated on the corner of Exchange and Market streets. As I first remember this tavern, two prominent lawyers, N. O. Allen and John Young, occupied one of the adjoining rooms on the Market street entrance, on the northerly side. The office or bar-room on the corner, and dining-room back on the Exchange street side, had many recollections connected with Vanderzee, and with Haskell, who successively kept it when I was a boarder there for years. The sitting rooms on the second floor, with the hall in the rear for dances are associated with the pleasant girls and merry companions of that period. At our balls or dances, we invited our military friends

from the Fort, as also the "best society" people from Upper and Lower Town. On one occasion of a dance, gotten up by Charley Evans and myself as managers, it being a cold and stormy night in the winter, after each of us had gone about town with our covered sleigh, we were unable to collect but two ladies, for our hall, with music and supper prepared for twenty. On abandoning the entertainment, and after taking the ladies home, we were obliged to pay Haskell the sum of $20 each, on the ground that the supper was prepared for so many dozens or couples and if not eaten it must be paid for anyway. I well remember one of the dances, when Sarah Jewett and Sarah Merchant came over with Lieut. Chase and Capt. Frazier also, as I think, for our merry dance, till about or after midnight. My room was on the third floor in front, and from this one or one adjoining it, when that fire broke out, Horace Colton rushed up and siezed a wash bowl and threw it onto the sidewalk in his wild excitement to "save something" at that rapidly burning fire, which consumed all the main wooden part of the tavern before sundown on that unfortunate Sunday, as we gazed helplessly upon it. Fortunately an addition built of stone, on the Exchange street side was saved, and this contained the ballroom, into which the Haskells moved, as their living room, after the fire. Mrs. Haskell was, what might be called a smart and plucky woman or landlady, and upon hearing that some of the "straight-laced" and ante-amusement ladies of the village had said: "good enough that such a dancing place should burn down." Mrs. Haskell at once arranged for another of our old-fashioned cotillions, contra-dances and jigs, which we kept up till it was morning. At once our prominent citizens of Lockport had a meeting and resolved to buy the brick block of stores and the offices and rooms overhead,

(and which were about 150 feet northerly of the tavern and fronted on Market street,) and after adding a dinning-room kitchen and conviences in the rear, to open a substantial and suitable hotel, to be kept by Mr. and Mrs. Haskell. For some two or more years Judge Dayton and myself had kept our office in the two large upper front rooms, as that portion or half of the block had belonged to me. Since my unremunerative purchase from Joel McCollum I was glad to convey my interest to the hotel association, when the addition was completed and the new Lockport House was ready and opened about the spring of 1842. During that summer I remember that Mrs. Jewett visited her sister and brother at west Bloomfield and Lima. Upon learning that she was sick or for other causes, Sarah had joined her mother for a visit there. To bring her home I drove our chestnut horse, "Major," (as we called him,) to meet her at Avon Springs. I stopped over night, going out, at Batavia or at Le Roy, as I thought the distance of sixty-five miles was too much for one day's drive. But the next or following day, when ready for an early start, we concluded to try and get through before sundown, which we did easily, as I had become familiar with this roadway and its stopping poinst for man or beast. At the time Judge Dayton and myself vacated our office rooms in the brick block, we moved into and occupied rooms over Shepard's store, diagonally across Market street, and after being there a year or more, moved our books and records to the up-stairs and rather inconvenient two rooms in a new building north of our brick block, erected by Esquire Lattin and of whose friend in Orleans County I had unfortunately bought a large $200 horse, which got used up by the careless exposure to cold wind while over-warm, when I was out on one of our moon-light excursions about Bath, so that I realized that a

foundered horse was too expensive to keep at any price.

Col. and Mrs. Jewett concluded to break up at the Fort and remove to Lockport in the spring of 1843, partly that they might live near to us. We also took rooms in the new Lockport House in the autumn of 1843, with the baby Will, who I soon taught to creep when he was about six months old. We had a large front room to sit in and a large bed-room in the rear with all closets, etc. One Sunday afternoon when alone, I laid the child down on the carpet and putting some bright thing before him, I pushed at his heels until he struggled and moved his body, as well as his little hands to get it, and from that time on he soon creeped about, and generally by his right arm and his left leg, in a jerking motion. He scrabbled about in all directions for he was noted for his mischief. Although we enjoyed our companion boarders and the many pleasant evenings we had there, playing games of whist at the hotel or sometimes at our neighbors, yet we both decided to try housekeeping, as less expensive and more retired for our little family. So in the early election morning of November 1844, I left our house (after kissing my wife,) I started for the polls, as usual then, for a three days' campaign, as then I kept the Democratic tally list. The house we rented belonged to Mrs. Blandinn Dudley of Albany, and I had rented it of her agent, (and my life-long friend,) Isaac C. Colton, for one year with the privilege of a second year, at a rental, as I think, of $20 per month. Our neighbors on the south side were dear Mrs. Colton, husband and sisters, and on the northerly side Mrs. Henry Walbridge, husband and children, one of whom, dear Frankie, was the constant play-mate of our boy Will. The next spring, in March 1845, our dear Lillie was born, who was named and christened in due

time, after the name of her grandmother, Elizabeth. She seemed to be more delicate than the boy and yet we loved her so much, it was very hard to part with her as we had to finally, in the March following, when only eleven months old. During the following year, 1846, I struggled along in my business profession and had sometimes to look at the ever cheerful face of my dear wife to keep from despondent feelings, at the vision of unpaid debts. Whether we kept on housekeeping for about two years, I am not sure, but some time in 1846 we coneluded to return and board at the Lockport House, with the witty landlord, George Rector, who was then its proprietor.

About this period I was fond of hunting and shooting pigeons, which were very abundant for those who could "bag" them like Col. Jewett; for I well remember how his wagon load was brought one evening from the woods and fields near the toll gate, a mile and a half towards Wright's Corners, and on counting the pigeons he had shot near eighty, or seven dozen, in four discharges from his double barrel gun.

It was during a special election in the summer of, or early autumn of 1846 that, pursuant to an act of the preceding Legislature, a Constitutional Convention was to be soon held at Albany and delegates were to be chosen. Niagara County was entitled to two members in that convention, and after consultation among the leading Democrats it was determined to elect our men, namely Judge Hiram Gardner of Lockport, and James McNitt of Somersett, over the Republican nomination of "old" Samuel Works and Augustus Porter of Lockport and Niagara Falls, respectively. Judge Dayton was apprehensive as to the judiciary policy, and Lot Clark as to the canal policy of this Constitutional Convention. Mr. Works and Mr. Porter had issued a circular letter favoring Negro suffrage. We

had a large number of these letters struck off at our "Democrat" office, and I was dispatched the week before election with a pile of these documents, they being prefaced with something like these words: "Electors read these letters and say if Negroes shall vote; if not, vote for Gardner and McNitt." This and other good reasons defeated Works and Porter and elected Gardner and McNitt. Soon after the Constitutional Convention assembled at Albany, containing manv able lawyers and distinguished men of each political party. After deliberations for some months a new Constitution was agreed upon, with several radical changes in the financial policy and especially in establishing a system of elective judiciary, over that of the Governor and Senate appointing all judges of the higher courts. On submitting this Constitution to the popular vote it was almost unanimously adopted. Hon. Horatio Stow, then a delegate from Buffalo, made a lengthy and eloquent speech against the provisions of the proposed Constitution in its canal policy and especially in the change to an elective judiciary, which he argued would be quite dangerous to the purity and independence of the Bench. Our county of Niagara gave a majority against it of 600—Four other counties only, gave a majority against it. This result retired Judge Dayton from the office of Circuit Judge for the eighth district, an office which had been so admirably filled by his predecessor, Addison Gardiner of Rochester. As stated, Mr. Dayton had been appointed six or eight years previous, and at that period when the Bar at Buffalo was filled by many able lawyers, some of whom seemed to be over-bearing or obstructive when Judge Dayton held his first courts there. The calendars of the circuit for the civil and criminal cases at Rochester also, were heavy and yet very soon they were rapidly heard and disposed of, so that after the

first or second year Judge Dayton became one of the most able and satisfactory occupants of the Circuit Court Bench. Yet the incessant labor in many protracted trials, like that of Benjamin Rathbone for forgery at the Erie Circuit, and of two prominent murder cases at the Monroe Circuit, so impaired his vigerous health as to bring on attacks of fever and ague, which kept him a sufferer by this annoying disorder for months and years. I well remember during this period that I drove our chestnut horse "Major," taking Mr. Dayton up one cold Sunday afternoon for Buffalo and when on the Transit Road through the woods, about half way, we came to the forloron "Red Grocery" he had a chill, and to warm up, for some relief he tried a small gulp of their vile and fiery brandy, but nature rejected the stuff almost before it was swallowed. In 1847 when the election for four new judges in the eighth district was to be held, many friends (notwithstanding there was a large majority of near 10,000 politically opposed,) believed that Judge Dayton, although a pronounced Democrat, could be chosen by putting his name on the tickets with three of the most popular ones named as Republicans. Therefore we substituted his name in place of Hoyt of Wyoming County, and printed on our tickets for the other three names, Marvin, Mullet and some other of the four Republicans nominated. We mailed our tickets to many prominent lawyers in Monroe, Orleans, Erie, Genessee, Wyoming, Chautaque, Cattaragus, and Alleghany, which, with Niagara, composed the counties of the eighth judicial district. Upon canvassing the vote it was found that the name of Dayton was substituted for that of Hoyt by enough of Republican voters to have given us Democrats success in all the counties but Wyoming County, by some 500 majority, but here, where Hoyt resided, he had gained, by start-

ing a 'temperance' line, some 600 majority, and thus to defeat and retire Judge Dayton back to the practice of law again.

Some time in the summer of 1847 I concluded best to remove to a law office in Upper Town, as I found it hard to "make both ends meet." I thought my chances better near the center of business, so I took my few books and records and law papers to the office of Erastus Newton, a lawyer friendly, on Main street, where we both had our "tin shingles" out as "Attorney and Counsellor at Law." We kept our limited business or practice quite separate. I had for years been in the habit of asking any professional advice of my kind and wise teacher in the law, Jonathan L. Woods, Esq., who rendered opinions to me freely and without doubt or delay, his office of Woods and Bowen being for many years the most prominent of any in Lockport. Meanwhile John T. Murray from Cortland, had pursued his law studies with Woods and Bowen, and as I think with Mr. Dayton also, so that either then or in a subsequent year, the firm of Dayton and Murray was formed for legal practice. My going up town for business required, or made it advisable, that Sarah and I and the boy Will should also remove. As I well remember on one rainy afternoon in the autumn of 1847 we moved, "bag and baggage" and took two pleasant rooms up at the Eagle Tavern, then and for years kept by our kind landlord "Nickels." Here we stayed, in our front room, with the bed-room adjoining, (where our dear George was born in April 1848,) until we saw more prosperous times in the year 1849. Still the year and six months there passed as boarders, were pleasant times. Occasionally at night we received a gay serenade by the Jackson Band of Home Singers," as they rang out in the hall near us, the minstrels of "old Virginia" and "Oh Susanah, Don't You Cry for Me" At

our dining-room we had seated, next and opposite to us, three newly married couples, of whom our Rector, Rev. Mr. Platt was one most charming for his merry companionship. About 1847 and 1848 I was in the habit of obtaining through my legal friend Charles Bartow of Le Roy, money to loan to the farmers upon well approved security about Niagara County. As Bartow was a superior business manager and he had the entire confidence of wealthy farmers and business men about Le Roy, he had no difficulty in finding funds for all the safe loans I could make through his agency. My impression is that we generally had from 5 to 10 per cent, (divided equally,) over all expenses for these loans, which ranged from $300 to $3000 each. What amount I realized in this way was quite as much as I got from all law practice, I think. Anyways it was made very pleasant and healthful as a change. Sometimes Bartow coming the forty miles with bank notes or currency to pay over, but more often the result was that I made the trip over to Le Roy and brought back the cash, whenever advised that "this loan is approved on the papers as all correct, and come for the money." When we removed to Upper Lockport we began and continued a year and a half to attend Grace Church, where Rev. Charles Platt was the popular preacher for several years. The church building was of wood, old style, and situated across the canal and opposite to our Eagle Tavern, where the senior warden always came over for his "nip" after evening service. At this period the Ransom family, among others, were very friendly to us in social invitations for tea, etc.

In the summer of 1848 I was asked by Hezekiah McCollum, who was the proprietor of the Niagara Democrat, to write editorials for this paper weekly, that had sustained General Cass for President in opposition to General Taylor, nominated by the Whigs,

and also in opposition to Van Buren, the "Free Soil" candidate, who had "bolted" from the Democratic party, after his defeat for a nomination by the Convention of that party which had elected him as President in 1836 and had been defeated with him as their candidate in 1840. McCollum was to depend on me for one or more columns of editorial matter each week, and pay some small sum of one, two or three dollars per column, but my impression is that my compensation was very irregularly if not inadequately paid for the season up to election day in November. I also was solicited then by our Democrat County Committee to go with other speakers into adjoining towns and discuss the political issue, something I had no taste or talent for and as I had become satisfied after the canvas, that our efforts were ineffectual to stem the tide in favor of a military hero like General Taylor, who had led our army to victory in Mexico. The winter of 1848 and 1849 was so unremunerative and discouraging in business, for me, that I was debating in my mind and probably consulting with my dear hopeful wife, whether we had not better emigrate to some western town and try our fortunes elsewhere. Just then I was returning from one of my trips to Le Roy for money on the loan papers I had taken over for approval by Mr. Bartow. It was a muddy road and over 40 miles I had made, some time in the latter part of March, in six to seven hours time with my favorite team of roan ponies, which the liveryman Williams often favored me with. As I alighted before the old Eagle I found a letter from Washington in the familiar address of my friend W. Hunt, M. C. and as franked "free"—On opening the letter I read substantially as follows: "On a recent trip from New York City I traveled with the Hon. Samuel Nelson, U. S. Supreme Court Justice. He told me that owing to differences

between U. S. District Judge Alfred Conkling and Anson Little, clerk of the Circuit Court in and for the Northern District of New York, whose office was kept in Utica, he, Judge Conkling, had been strongly urging him and he had at length so decided, to ask Mr. Little to resign. That he should soon have to appoint some other suitable young lawyer as the clerk of this court, which by law either the Supreme Court Justice or the District Judge alone, or both jointly, could hold." Mr. Hunt said to Judge Nelson: "I know a man for that position, Anson A. Boyce of Lockport, who you know is just the person for this appointment, for he is methodical and reliable, and I think he will accept of the office." Although the fees of it were then small, Mr. Hunt wrote I had best accept as he was sure it was a "growing office" or words to that effect. Soon I set about finding what the emoluments were and as to its duties. I had not the slightest idea how this was for I had then never read or heard anything about Federal or U. S. Circuit and District Courts. On writing them, George W. Clinton, U. S. attorney at Buffalo and Mr. Gould, U. S. Marshal at Rochester placed the net yearly fees at only five to eight hundred dollars per annum, but not being satisfied with the manifest ignorance shown by their replies to my letters, I then wrote to a young lawyer and friend, Mr. Howe at Auburn, to please find by information or proper indirect enquiries at the office of Aurelian Conkling, clerk of the U. S. District Court there, what the office of clerk of the U. S. Circuit Court was probably or presumably worth. As the reply of Mr. Howe fixed it "worth now $1000 and business constantly increasing," I at once wrote to Mr. Hunt, or probably direct to Judge Nelson at Washington, that I would accept of it. After writing to my predecessor, Mr. Little at Utica, for information and examining some U. S. Statutes as to my

necessary proceedings, I drew up the required bond in $2000, with two sureties, conditioned to "well and faithfully perform the duties of such clerkship," and after calling on my two good friends, Jonathan L. Woods, Counsellor at Law, and William Keep, merchant, both of Lockport, who had known me since boyhood. I started in April for Auburn, (with Judge Nelson's formal appointment in my pocket,) to there go before the Hon. Alfred Conkling to qualify and perfect my papers preparatory to their being filed and recorded in the Utica office. Mr. Howe accompanied me to the newly finished and large stone mansion of the Judge, near the boundary of eastern Auburn, and when introduced I found a venerable and dignified man, whose appearance and subsequent acquaintance I can never forget. He had been advised by Judge Nelson that I was to appear and be qualified, as he was "happy to know," for Mr. Little had charged against Judge Conkling that he insisted upon some share of the clerk's fees in the numerous cases of bankruptcy coming up on appeal from the District Court, or otherwise. Next I proceeded to Utica and found my predecessor, Mr. Little, to be quite as friendly as I could expect. He claimed that he had been "ousted" from his clerkship by the superior tactics, or influence of ex-Governor Seward, acting as counsel for Judge Conkling, (his neighbor) whose case was "muffled up" or stifled before the Congressional Committee appointed to investigate the charges. I found all the records and books of this clerkship were contained in one large red case of some few dozen pigeon holes and drawers, with spaces for large books beneath. After a day's stay in Utica, and my formally assuming the duties of the office, with a request for Mr. Little to stay as my deputy until my return in a few weeks, when I was to prepare the calendar for my first term in June in

Canandaigua. I returned home to Lockport by or before early in May, then we concluded to pack up and go back down to Lower Town, and that Sarah, with the two children should spend most of the summer at Lewiston and Youngston on the frontier. I was to settle up what bills I owed, as far as my lean purse would go, then trusting to Providence and my credit, for remittances from Utica during the current or following year, according as I might be prospered. Next I returned to Utica and for one or two weeks was busily engaged in the duties of the clerkship, in an office room occupied at first jointly with Mr. Edward Wetmore, and in a short time afterwards jointly in the law office room of my kind friend Hon. Samuel Beardsley, where I made up the calendar for cases coming on for trial or hearing in law or equity at the Canadaigua term, third Tuesday of June. After a pleasant ride from Utica to Canandaigua of 128 miles, along some delightful scenery, to which I became very familiar, in the journey to this court the middle of June for every subsequent year from 1849 to 1870, passing through Syracuse, Auburn, Cayuga, Seneca Falls, Waterloo, Geneva and many smaller towns in sight of several lakes. We arrived at Canandaigua as usual, always on a Monday about supper time, and stopped at the well known Blossom Hotel for the week's session in the then famed old court house across the main street, in which many eloquent lawyers, like Spencer, Marvin, Sibley and many others, (whose names I do not recall,) had often spoken in former years in their State Court trials. At 10 o'clock Tuesday morning I took from my leather bag the court papers, as filed in pending cases with my book of forms for the necessary and usual oath to jurors and witnesses, and miscellaneous proceedings and had them opened out and ready on my desk. After Hon. Alfred Conkling, as presiding judge, had taken

seat upon the bench, and the crier had made proclamation as was the invariable rule in our court of: "O Ye, O Ye, all persons having business before this Honorable Court will draw near, give their attendance and they shall be heard." I was next ordered to call names of the twenty-four grand jurors and those of the thirty-six petit jurors who had been duly drawn and summoned to serve for said term. After any excuses were heard and the foreman appointed, a somewhat lengthy oath was administered, when the grand jurors retired, under the charge of the U. S. Marshal or a deputy, for their deliberations in secret session. Then the list of petit jurors was called and nearly thirty-six of the intelligent band, (mostly of independent farmers from the dozen towns in Ontario County,) answered to be sworn and serve as called, for the term. Then criminal cases were called on for recognizance or otherwise. Were it not for the kind prompting of that able lawyer, Joshua A. Spencer, who sat next my desk, I should have blundered or broken down, in my forgetting the precise form to be here used for forfeiture of a recognizance. The civil calendar being called, the first case set for trial this same or next day, was the "Buck Stove" patent suit, wherein ex-Governor Wm. H. Seward appeared for the plaintiff, and as I well remember, after a protracted trial of several days, and an argument or summing up to the jury of three hours, a verdict was rendered for the plaintiff. It was in this case that I first saw Charles M. Kellar, and heard him testify as an expert. He was of French descent, and had been an examiner in the patent office at Washington, was soon after this session admitted to practice in our circuit, and for the subsequent twenty years was a leading counsel in all the important patent cases heard in our court. After the few civil cases were heard, criminal trials were brought on, and when the grand

jury on the 3rd or 4th day of their session reported bills of indictments, for any of the offenses of which the court had cognizance. Defendants or prisoners were directly put upon their trial or gave bail for a subsequent term. Meanwhile motions were being heard or disposed of and the younger lawyers applying were, on motion of the elder members of our Bar duly admitted to practice, and a license therefore issued upon signing the roll, (and payment of $5 clerk's fees.) This, my first session, as I think, lasted into the middle or last of the second week. Daily from the opening to the close of the session it became my duty to administer to jurors and witnesses many oaths to serve or to testify, and when duly discharged the clerk's certificate, (after a printed form,) was filled up and issued to the Marshal, showing the amount due each for their day's attendance, at $1.50 and $2 each, and the travel to and from Court at ten cents per mile. Recognizances also had to be taken in open Court. Daily proceedings had to be entered in the clerk's book of minutes, for their future transcribing of record. These and many miscellaneous duties for the clerkship, with an especial oversight of the ventilation of the Court room during the summer, autumn and winter sessions, in June, October and January, kept me busy, for I never failed in attendance from the opening of to the close of our Court, during its twenty-one years of sessions above stated. My practice, invariably, was to take a walk, long or short, directly after breakfast before going to Court, so that my duties there did not tire me much. Yet when I came to write all up and pack for home the ride was truly a relief. After the return to my office and straightening out my papers I made up my clerk's report of all fees due me for the session and previously. After its examination and a certificate by the District Judge, on its return to me, I forwarded the

account to the First Auditor of the U. S. Treasury at Washington, who next reported upon it and transmitted it to the First Comptroller, whose scrutiny, in the final report for a draft sent from the U. S. Treasury, often showed a slight reduction in the total amount, which was always very welcome when received in due course of mail. This U. S. draft was at first only $100 to $200 of fees allowed me by the Government, but after my first or second session of the Court was double and thribble of this amount. In addition to what the Government paid I received fees in civil and equity cases and also in admiralty Appeals. These were principally for copies of filed papers from Attorneys Solictors and Proctors, in pending suits, a sum per annum equal to and generally superior to all received from the U. S. Treasury. What amount my clerkship was in the following years worth to me annually I cannot state precisely, but as I was only entitled to a maximum of $3500 per year, and as I had to report on this semi-annually (paying any excess over to the government) like most Federal officers I became quite expert in making a clear and satisfactory semi-annual report. All the above on this topic I write down so I need not state much more as to my official emoluments.

After returning to Utica and finishing the June term business I requested Mr. Little to act for me and attend to all correspondence of my office until I should return in September with my dear little family of wife and two children, to board for that season—I returned to Lockport. Col. Jewett had, in 1849 left us, with a colony of some Lockportians, for the gold mines of distant California, and returned in 1850, being away about sixteen months. After trying at Lockport to settle up my accounts, due to and owing to me there, I found myself some hundreds of dollars, more or less,

behind hand. But raising enough to start, we left our dear friends there early in September and on arriving at Utica put up at the McGregor House on Whitesboro street, where I had engaged rooms. Soon we found one of the dear boys was seriously ill, and at once we summoned our dear friend and favorite Dr. Peckham, who by close attention brought the child out of all danger, but left Sarah somewhat discouraged. We soon exchanged our boarding place for rooms with Mrs. Williams on Bleecker street, the house where we that winter saw, for the first time, Roscoe Conkling, a fellow boarder, with many others, afterwards our friends. As I was appointed by Judge Nelson this year to the office of an Examiner in Equity and also a United States Commissioner, I soon found some business therein, bringing a moderate compensation. At the October term in Albany, held annually on the second Tuesday in the City Hall, near the Capitol, Judge Nelson held the Court alone. I was happy to meet him, as the first time, I think, since my call on him in New York City many years previous, as above stated. He gave me that welcome smile and shake of the hand that ever won my heart. The session was a rather shorter one than was usual there in subsequent years. I made several pleasant acquaintances among distinguished lawyers practicing afterwards in our Court. On adjourning, Judge Nelson promised that he would hold the June term in Canandaigua for 1850. In the winter I found business so good in the way of lengthy law pleadings and testimony to be copied, that I remember of receiving fees enough to pay Sarah $50 cash for the many folios of copy she made that winter for me. I would now state that besides her writing a plain and handsome hand, she wrote rapidly, sometimes as much as one hundred folios in a day of ten to twelve hours. My handwriting was uniformally more

rapid than most copyists' but I soon let it get demoralized and so scrawling that few but my wife could afterwards read it at times.

At Utica we had attended Grace Church in the old and yet sacred edifice where I was baptised in 1850, under the benign influence and instructive teaching of the Rector, George Leeds, and I was subsequently confirmed there by Bishop Wm. Delancey, both of whom were eminent Christians in the faith as Episcopalians, have gone to their rest Eternal in the Heavens. As we found very dear friends in the families of Dr. Peckham and Hon. Samuel Beardsley, with others too numerous to mention, time passed pleasantly. I anticipated that the coming June term would bring important cases with corresponding profits, (which I sorely needed to pay all old and accruing debts,) to my clerk's receipts. Up to this and even one or two years after I did not feel able even if I really needed to hire a deputy. Sarah and myself agreed she could earn more by writing for my office at copying than she could save by needle work and otherwise. So we concluded she had best go away with me for the June term, and after stopping over-night at Canandaigua with the children Willie and Georgie, she could continue on, stopping at Bloomfield and Lima, and then see the Haskells at Rochester, and finally put up for the summer with our dear friends in Niagara County. The morning after we arrived at the hotel in Canandaigua I placed my dear wife and two children in the stage and kissing them good bye, they started off, and this, I am pained to narrate was the last look I had of our dear Georgie, until the sad August day some two months after, when I saw him at Lockport in his shroud, laying white in his coffin. Returning from Canandaigua to Utica, at the close of our term, about the first of July, I was kept quite busy for awhile in my office work, but by

August had become lonesome in a desire to see the wife and children. My summer quarters in the Bleecker street boarding house I remember, were contracted up on the third floor, with a dormer window opening onto the busiest of streets, in the then quite dull old city of Utica. Toward evening, after I had come in from my office work, about the middle of August, I received from our friend I. C. Colton at Lockport, a telegram saying "Georgie is very ill with dysentery"—This alarmed me, knowing my dear ones were stopping at his house, and that in this hot season of the year this disease might prove fatal. Yet the child, at his then age of about two years and four months, was the picture of health when I had last seen him with his ruddy cheeks and light colored hair, and I could'nt believe it when I, two hours after, read the second despatch from Colton saying: "Georgie is dead." Throwing myself across the bed, I wept bitterly, but soon aroused to pack my bag and start for Lockport on the midnight train for Batavia, and thence by carriage to Lockport, (as the direct railroad line was not then finished,)—suffice it to say we buried the dear child in Cold Spring cemetery, where my parents and brothers all repose beside our three children, under the chestnut trees shading that familiar and sacred ground. I soon returned to Utica and afterwards Sarah and Willie joined me with Hattie Dayton as our visitor. We had concluded to take two pleasant rooms in the northwest corner of the 3rd floor of the same McGregor House we had boarded at briefly when we first settled at Utica. To relieve our sorrow we resolved to take a trip of about ten days to Cortland, by rail to Skaneateles, and thence by steamer a few miles up the pretty lake to its head, and from there a few miles through Scott and Homer, to my native town of Cortland. As companions we had Miss Crafts, a Utica

teacher, and our pretty niece Miss Hattie Dayton, who was always good company. Stopping of course at the brick mansion of our old friends Mr. and Mrs, William Randall, where we had enjoyed the welcome in and about their home and charming grounds just nine years previous, during our honeymoon. I felt very joyful to see and feel the kindness of that dear family towards us all, and when the week ended and we said good bye we were met by sincere words of "come again, Anson and Sarah."

During the summer some changes were brought about in the organization of our U. S. Court. By the death, quite suddenly, of General Taylor, President of the United States. Vice President Fillmore had succeeded to the Executive chair, when he soon removed Palmer Kellogg from the office of Marshal of our district and put John T. Bush in that responsible and lucrative position. I well recollect that Bush told me he was embarrassed, and he offered me $100 as a commission for obtaining and perfecting a loan of $2000 on his farm inNiagara County, and that I suceeded in the negotiation of his mortgage by placing it with Judges Denio & Doolittle, law partners and officers in their new City Bank of Utica, for stock therein. I was here fortunate in having learned by or through my good friend Charles Bartow, just how to obtain loans and perfect papers therefor. James R. Lawrence of Syracuse was also appointed as U. S. Attorney for our district in place of George W. Clinton. Next, Nathan K. Hall of Buffalo, who was appointed Postmaster General (by his former lawpartner, President Fillmore,) after about a year's service in that political office, was made District Judge in the place of Judge Conkling, who was induced to resign his life-tenure position and to accept of the more lucrative one of Minister to Mexico. This proceeding was brought

about by the diplomacy of Bush, the U. S. Marshal, who it seems satisfied the venerable and somewhat impecunious Judge, that a salary as Minister to Mexico for a year only, with its allowance of outfit and infit, aggregating nearly $20,000 was far better than to hold on to a judgeship worth only about one-tenth of this sum per year. This appeal was successful, more especially for the reason that Judge Conkling had recently built and finished his large stone house, thus leaving him in debt to the amount of several thousand dollars, as publicly stated. I neglected to mention the important trial which took place at our June term in 1850, before Judge Nelson, of Cyrus H. McCormick vs. Seymour & Morgan, or a Buffalo man as defendant. Messrs. Seward and Blatchford were the attorneys for the plaintiff and I think then Rogers & Bowen of Buffalo were for the defendants. It was upon this trial that Sherman S. Rogers, a young man just admitted to practice in our U. S. Court, first obtained distinction at our Bar, as Judge Nelson complimented his opening speech, I well remember, as we walked up together to the hotel at recess. Col. Jewett had left for California in February 1849, and after an absence of sixteen months, on that hazardous expedition, he returned about 1850, stopping off briefly to see us all in Utica, and on thence to meet his wife at Lockport. I think they broke up and joined us at the McGregor House in Utica in the autumn of 1851. We spent years at this house pleasantly, and made acquaintances there of many good friends. During the winter of 1851 and 1852 my office business prospered and I had engaged a deputy to assist me, and attend when I was absent, more or less, for I remember that about 1852 I made some offiicial trips to serve injunction papers in patent suits, by the request or favor of U. S. Marshal Bush. I traveled through the southern tier of counties on the

Erie railroad as far as Chautaqua County, and again up north to Lewis County. Also about this period I was beginning to take testimonyas Examiner in Equity in the "Woodworth Planing Mill" patent for Tabor & Joice, Solicitors for John Gibson, the complainant, assignee and owner of this valuable patent, a litigation which was kept up for several years in our Court, with compounding fees to counsel, clerk and marshal, amounting to thousands of dollars. Besides these different engagements which took me away in the summer and autumn, without neglecting my clerk's duties, I was for some few years in the habit of purchasing tax certificates from Geoge Tallman, a Capitalist at Utica, which were bought jointly with Mr. Younglove and other friends. They mostly furnished the funds as my proportion was paid out in journeys to over a dozen Counties, in different points of the Southern and Northern Counties of the State. This gave me healthy exercise and valuable information, with a certain shrewdness in business quite foreign to my regular and quiet clerk duties. How profitable this last-named employment was I cannot decide, although I am quite sure in our final settlements I lost nothing. How, exactly, I came to engage in the buying of these tax certificates, issued from the State Comptroller's office and subject to redemption, a large advance, I cannot now understand, save that a desire to travel and a disposition to speculate seems to have been a predominant feeling in my early life. It was in the spring of 1851 that Jenny Lind, the Swedish Songtress visited this country and electrified all who heard her wonderful and bird-like voice. It was in May of that year that Sarah and myself took the train for New York. After our good fortune in getting choice seats, at $3 each, we heard this divine singer in Tripler Hall, then situated in Upper Broadway. Our June

term that year was held by Judge Conkling alone, and I am quite sure was the last of our sessions attended by him. The old Blossom Hotel at Canandaigua had burned down, and we were all obliged to put up at a shabby tavern down and across the street, some few rods below the old Court House—where the cars steamed so closely by, and at times with such a thundering noise as to bring loud complaints from the nervous old Judge—But the beautiful new hotel and the fine spacious rooms in the new Court House at Canandaigua, built and occupied for our Court sessions in subsequent years were each very satisfactory and indicated the spirit of enterprise characteristic of the village of Canandaigua and the county of Ontario. As I felt by September 1851 sufficiently prospered to incur the expense, Sarah and myself joined our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ways from Lewiston, down the lake and River St. Lawrence, through the rapids to Montreal. After traversing about that beautiful city and its suburbs, we took rail and thence by boat down Lake Champlain, stopping briefly at Burlington and Plattsburg, thence across a few miles to Lake George, where again we had that charming boat-ride to the foot of the lake and thence on by stage through Glens Falls to Saratoga the next day, for our somewhat expensive dinner. Our friends journeyed on to New York City and we to our home in Utica. It was at the October term in 1851 (or 1852) I forget precisely which, that Hon. N. K. Hall first took his seat on the Bench of our Circuit Court. He was appointed by President Fillmore, as before stated, as District Judge of our Northern District and served very ably and satisfactorly as such for over twenty years. By law he could hold our Circuit Court alone, when Judge Nelson was absent, but usually both sat jointly during the June sessions in Canandaigua. At the close of

the October session the Court was adjourned to meet again at Albany in January to try the "Jerry Rescue" cases. This session was held alone by Judge Hall and lasted four weeks, after an animated struggle of leading counsel resulting in a substantial defeat of the Government. Sometime in the summer the slave Jerry had escaped from his Southern master while sojourning in New York State, and being arrested and brought before U. S. Commissioner Sabine at Syracuse in the evening for judicial investigation. A mob of very respectable citizens, who were mostly abolitionists, invaded the U. S. Commissioner's office, and by force broke up the proceedings in this Court, which resulted in the escape of the slave Jerry from the Marshal's custody and his secret flight into Canada for his freedom. The law of the land had been violated and complaint having been made to the U. S. Attorney James R. Lawrence of Syracuse, he had subpœnas issued for witnesses, who attended before the Grand Jury and some six of the citizens charged as participants were indicted and arraigned at this October term, when the cases were set for trial in January. When the Court convened Mr. Lawrence, U. S. Attorney had engaged as his leading assistant Mr. Wheaton of Albany, a very prominent and successful criminal lawyer. For the defense four counsel appeared, viz: Charles B. Sedgwick, D. Hillis and his partner Mr. Morgan, all of Syracuse; and for the fourth one the distinguished philanthropist Gerret Smith of Madison County. The noted Abolitionist Fred Douglass was present also by side of Defendant's counsel during all of the four trials, as was also Rev. Mr. May, a Unitarian divine from Syracuse, on this same side. The jurors were a special tales of the best business men from State street and North Market street, now Broadway, selected for their superior qualifications.

Great public interest was manifested during the whole of these prolonged trials. The first called was an indictment against a colored man, and after two or three days in the examination of witnesses the case was eloquently summed up by Gerret Smith for the Defendant, and by Mr. Wheaton for the United States. The charge of Judge Hall was lucid and impartial. The jury retired for a brief time and on coming into Court reported a verdict of "guilty." This so surprised Mr. Sedgwick and his associates that they at once concluded Mr. Smith should not again sum up for their white and more prominent clients. These were separately tried and were severally acquitted, after weeks of time spent in most searching examinations, discussions and arguments by the respective counsel.

As stated we had taken two pleasant rooms in the autumn of 1851 in the McGregor House, where we spent the winter pleasantly. On the 28th of April 1852 our dear son Jack was born, in an extra room next Southerly and adjoining our bedroom, at about 4 p. m., to our great joy. He was healthy and good-natured, and a great pet of family, friends and relatives, who gazed upon his honest face and clear blue eyes. That summer Sarah, with Willie and baby and nurse visited our Niagara County friends. In the autumn upon their returning to Utica, we took rooms, on Xmas week, for the Col. and Mrs. Jewett, as also for ourselves, in the Clarendon, kept by Mrs. Greene, situated on the Southerly front side, second floor, while Col. Jewett and wife had their room adjoining ours. It was during this time, in midwinter that the incendiarism which so terrorized the citizens of Utica for months, prevailed to an alarming extent. About every Sunday night a church or other prominent building was set on fire and burned down. Finally the Westminster church on Devereux street, the rear of

which was within one hundred yards of our room, was found to be burning just about midnight. At once all began to watch the flames and to pack our things for removal to a place of safety. But as the church fell rapidly down we concluded to remain. As all our family had become quite tired of boarding, and had a long desired wish to build a house during our meridian of life, I purchased, through the agency of Lorenzo Taylor, a title deed from Charles A. Mann for $950, a corner lot 112 feet front on South street by 160 feet deep on Seymour Avenue. Soon afterwards I bought the forty feet front below and adjoining me on the Avenue for which I paid $400, making my land investment $1350. The location was new, but was being steadily developed in that portion of the city. It proved to be fortunate in its advancing value. I set about my plans for a convenient house to cost $2500. After consulting evenings with Wm. Metcalf a reliable architect, I drew and signed a contract to pay him $200 monthly, as the work progressed, to be finished in six months from April, at which time he began and finished it so far that we moved into the house in October, but the building was not completely finished until January 1854. In the spring of 1853 Sarah joined me in her first and only trip to Washington, our National Capitol. It was a journey essentialy to get settlement and payment of long delayed clerk's fees due me from the Government for services charged in criminal proceedings, attendance and travel at our Courts. We arrived the latter part of April, to view the trees putting out fresh leaves, the week of the snow-clad ground we had left in Utica. As Sarah had written to her uncle Joseph Arnold, an official at Washington, that we were coming, they welcomed us cordially, thus making it both pleasant and inexpensive during our two week's stay in that "spread out" city. Among

other interesting objects, we visited Mount Vernon, a few miles down the Potomac River. Also Washington's monument at its then height of 100 feet. We hurried away from Washington after several promised times, yet futile efforts to get the Treasury office to take up and pass upon my moderate accounts of some $500, pending at the office of First Auditor and First Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury. However, we had an interesting view of the U. S. Supreme Court room—the Court was not then in session—Congress had adjourned the 4th of March previous. I made the agreeable acquaintance of D. W. Middleton, who held the office of clerk of the Supreme Court for over half a century. Beside the Chief Justice, (on the next day visited there) I remember the venerable faces and dignified manner of the others, Associate Justices, sitting on that honored Bench, with the eminent counsel arguing an important case pending at that time. Upon my return home to Utica I had over a month's time to oversee the laying of the foundation of and gradual construction of our house, for I found it giving me such interest that I almost daily visited the corner of South street and Seymour Avenue. I of course suggested some slight changes in arrangement of the interior rooms for greater convenience, all which I subsequently found the contractor wished pay for at an extra rate. That summer I think Sarah spent most of it in Niagara County, boarding in Lewiston. My clerk's duties kept me busy. Beside this office I also held the responsible office of Commissioner of the United States in and for the Northern district, and so continued to hold it for near twenty years in Utica until I left there in the autumn of 1871. I also exercised its duties in a more moderate way or degree at Lockport until I left there in June 1875 for the State of California. At first I had only an occasional complaint

before me (at $5 per diem while necessarily engaged) briefly, as it might be, together with miscellaneous services for warrants, subpœnas, making reports, etc., covering in each case heard and decided an average of from $10 to $25 per case, so that at first I charged and received, in my Commissioner's Court, from the U. S. Treasury for these services quarterly only perhaps $100 making $400 per annum, yet later along and for a period of ten or more years, I received over twice that sum per annum. I well remember that one year, about "war times" when violations of the Revenue laws, and special Statutes prepared by Congress from 1861-1865, my Commissioners fees ran to $1200 in one year. The exercise of a Commissioner's duties in those days were often unpleasant and embarrassing—especially as in some cases very eminent lawyers like Francis Kernan, Roscoe Conkling and others, were engaged before me. Oftentimes I issued warrants on application through some favorite Deputy Marshal, from or living in some distant county, as in this case the deputy made more travel and greater fees. I may as well state that the Act of Congress passed in February 1853 regulating fees for attorneys, marshals, clerks and commissioners in criminal cases and otherwise was a crude and unsatisfactory affair, got up by two clerks in the department at Washington, and without the knowledge or concurrence of the Bar practing in U. S. Courts. I myself drew a general Fee Bill and submitted it to some of our practitoners, who approved of it without the ability to pass it through Congress. Passing along over our June and October sessions in 1853, which were important in some of the patent and criminal cases heard, in which, as usual, the clerk administers more oaths to jurors and witnesses than in State Court cases, I found it necessary or best to again visit the Treasury officials at Washington in the

spring of 1853, in order to obtain a settlement of my accounts. This time Mrs. Jewett accompanied me so she could enjoy the trip, and also visit her brother John Arnold, at whose house we stopped for our pleasant week's visit. Upon my arrival in the city I soon called upon our member of Congress O. B. Mattison, Representive from Oneida County, telling him I was unable to get my accounts taken up for adjustment. He at once called with me upon that honest old official Elisha Whittlesey of Ohio, who was then and for many years First Comptroller of the Treasury, who, upon the hearing of our complaint, directed his subordinates to examine and certify my accounts promptly, which they did without any material reduction in the items, footing at some $500, more or less. I know that on concluding the business I invited the examining clerk to accompany me out for a social supper that evening and that his name was Randolph of Virginia. It was in April 1854 I think, that I entered upon the taking of proofs as Master in Equity in the case of H. C. Silsby vs. Elisha Foote, which involved the patent for tight-air stoves, by the "heat opening and closing of the damper therein." The hearing was had for convenience of the parties at Seneca Falls (about 75 miles west of Utica) and was there conducted before me by the plaintiff in person, who was a cautious and shrewd lawyer, and patentee and was defended by W. A. Sackett, an equally able and persistent counselor. They wrangled and spent days and months needlessly in the investigation. My number of days attendance in the case during a period of about six months, with frequent intervals, was, if I remember right, about $75, and I well remember that my total fees were $1000. I gave by my report only $1000 damages to the plaintiff, as his fair profits, by the infringing sales made by the defendant.

During the spring of 1854 we made our plans for garden and front yard improvements. I hired Archer and his son, neigbors of ours, who were intelligent cultivators, and worked several years for us—although I soon acquired a habit and taste for the healthy and attractive labor in my garden. It was over 100 feet square, planted to fruit trees and vegetables, embracing apples, plums, pears and other fruits; currants, raspberries, and most splendid strawberries, with a fine bed of asparagus, and one for celery—as also sweet corn, potatoes, and all minor vegetables—besides my wife's splendid variety of flowers, which was under her special supervision. In the outset I prided myself in having the best of everything we could grow in our fertile ground. In addition I sought to have a variety of forest trees in front, including maple, elm, basswood, hickory and other deciduous trees, as well as larch and evergreens. We had hedges of hemlock, arbor-vitae and privot. In the retrospect I can see the joy my dear wife, children and friends have taken in that garden, where I so often spent hours with spade, rake and hoe in and about it until dark, during my afternoons of leisure from office labors. In April 1855 our dear daughter was born, who we named Esther, after my own dear mother, who seemed to have transmitted through myself, much of the constitution which had then given the "grandma" a life-lease of three-fourths of a century in years. We called the child Ettie. Her clear blue eyes and sweet face, and especially her quiet cunning ways, won the love of all, as we had lost one daughter at an early age, born just about ten years before, Sarah clung to this one as I did, with what seemed to be a sort of idolatry. She was much beloved by our Jack, who was scarce three years old at her birth. The grandparents, Col. and Mrs. Jewett, were then living with us, and remained over one year, until

in the autumn of 1856, when they removed to Albany in consequence of the Colonel's appointment as Curator of the State Geological Cabinet, a position he held with great honor and credit for ten years, when he resigned and returned to live in rooms he had built, as an addition to our house, exactly suited to his taste and convenience for the large cases or cabinets for land and marine "shells," which he had been many years in collecting and arranging. This collection he gave over by writing to his only daughter Sarah in the year previous to his final settlement in California, in the autumn of 1875. While the Col. and Mrs. Jewett called Albany their home, or boarding place for these years, yet still they kept up frequent intercourse with us at Utica, and in turn visited occasionally at their quarters in Lancaster street, and especially while they put up at the hospitable house of that life-long friend Andrew Dickey, living on an adjoining street. Before this period I had been ruminating in my mind that it was possible I might, in some way, lose my clerkship, by either the promotion of Judge Nelson to the Presidency (as Horatio Seymour once told me that Judge Nelson was his favorite as the Democratic candidate,) or probably death itself, in which case, if I lost my office, I much preferred to spend the evening of my days as a resident of Niagara County, in lieu of Oneida County. That as fruit-raising was by inclination a favorite pursuit, I had best select a few acres somewhere, and gradually develop it as opportunity and my means offered. In truth I broached the subject in some subsequent year to Judge Nelson, whether he would have any objection to my removal and keeping the clerk's office at Lockport, or at Buffalo, where Judge Hall resided, and hold court at chamber sessions. Judge Nelson, very wisely advised against any such step, for had I attempted it the Eastern Bar would have opposed it. Probably

Roscoe Conkling would have devised some way, as I am quite sure he subsequently did, as a matter of purely political spite, to throw me out of office without the power of Judge Nelson to continue me therein. These suggestions are a preface to my land purchase of $2500 at Olcott sometime early in 1855. It was perhaps a mistake, or at least I ought to have consulted and obtained the consent of my dear wife, if there was no one else entitled to know and hear what I had to say about my plans. Anyways, with that project brewing in my head, I met, on the cars from Buffalo to Lockport in the winter or spring of 1885, James D. Cooper of Olcott, a small village situated at the mouth of the Eighteen Mile creek, which there afforded a small harbor on the shore of Lake Ontario, and where I had, about 1840, driven down with three friends the twelve miles from Lockport one pleasant afternoon to bathe and have a jolly time, as I well remember. Mr. Cooper offered to sell me a choice corner on the northwesterly side of the Albright farm, containing twenty-five acres for $2500. Some $500 cash down and the balance on time, to suit our convenience. I drove down and looked the ground over and directly agreed to purchase it. This land bordered for some twenty to thirty rods upon the Lake shore, where the bank was about thirty feet high. Back of this bank, running to the highway some twenty to thirty rods, or perhaps more, was a splendid grove of white pine trees, fifty feet and over in height, to the number of several hundred, and among these pines were a few dozen of sturdy white oak trees of greater size, making together a magnificent grove, now and for some twenty years past the favorite spot selected and used for the annual Pioneer's picnic of the farmers and others resident in the county of Niagara. These gatherings have latterly been turned into a pilgrimage or conference of politic-

ians. I have never attended one of these, but in 1887, while East and visiting my native village of Cortland, I mailed to Mr. Cobb, as President of the Pioneers picnic that year, a letter of a column and over in print, which gave some amusing reminiscences of my sixteen years of early life at Lockport. Besides this grove of perhaps three acres, which with the broad highway I estimate at nearly five acres, the balance of twenty acres being of a warm, gravelly loam soil, it seemed adapted to a variety of choice fruit trees in the rear, after reserving about one-third or near seven acres for a residence, with ornamental and garden purposes. Soon I concluded to have this twenty acres ploughed and put in order for what I then considered would be the finest, if not the largest orchard of varied fruit trees and of ornamental trees, shrubs plants and hedges to be found in the County. It should be noted that up to 1885 few similar improvements had been made in that section. Soon I engaged Cuddeback and Outwater, two nurserymen living in Wilson some two miles west of Olcott to furnish me and set out with care the trees I then selected from their ground, and with two or three assistants we measured off and set during April, May and June about 1200 trees, at the distance of from twenty to thirty feet, in straight rows across from fence to fence. I cannot give the kinds with accuracy, although I once kept in a book all the particulars—but from memory I will state it to be: 300 of apple, 500 of peach, 100 of pear, 50 of plums, and over 60 of cherry, beside some others. Having engaged at Utica an old Englishman named Gresham, recommended as strong and experienced in gardening, we, during the season of 1855-6, or perhaps later, set out ornamental trees in front and also two or more long rows of evergreen and deciduous hedges, so as to arrange and divide up the few feet of front acres in best

shape and condition for a future residence, if I should conclude to build there. I also engaged a reliable carpenter at Utica, who had done work for us, to accompany me and build a barn, as a prospective necessity, which with some fencing must have cost me $300. Thus I found that one expense followed another. About the year 1856-7 or 1858 I bought a small house adjoining my orchard ground for which I paid $600. During these years and subsequent, I visited Olcott on the average six or eight times per year according as I could spare time for the two or three days absence. At first I went oftener then afterwards, when the orchard became full-grown- The way I traveled for many years on the New York Central R. R. was by a pass or free ticket signed by Erastus Corning, President, which was given me annually about January 1st. It was first obtained through the agency of my kind friend David L. Seymour of Troy, who was for many years the standing counsel of Mr. Corning's Iron and Steel factory there, and especially in the protracted patent suits brought by Burden of Troy, manufactures also, against Messrs. Corning & Winslow for the manufacture of railroad spikes as infringements, etc. These litigations began before my official time, and had not been ended, I think when I resigned my clerkship in 1870. Leaving Utica for Olcott, as I usually did about noon, and arriving at my brother's house in Lockport late in the evening, I early next morning usually engaged of a brewer across the canal, a good strong horse and wagon for an all-days trip, and by 9 or 10 a. m. was looking through the orchard and grounds. Then for a rest, before or after dinner, on that bank of my grove, where it was a luxury to enjoy the shade and quiet aspect. I thought of how soon my dear wife (and children and friends,) might find it best to

call this our home. On one occasion during the winter I had engaged of the liveryman Williams, as I met him on my arrival at the depot late at night, that he should send down to my brother's the next morning early a good horse and cutter with a driver, as I wished to go to Olcott by way of Moody's Nursery to engage some rare trees to set in the spring. This would take me to Hartland easterly and thence by the Hess road, around some ten miles further. Next morning a blustering snow storm had set in, but we started off well wrapped up, and although we found the Ridge road somewhat drifted, we reached Moody's in an hour, and after another hour of consultation with Elisha Moody and concluding my purchase, I left, and on soon turning and facing the north, we found heavy drifts. Our mare, of bay color, was sprightly as a cat. She struggled over the drifts safely until we reached a turn westerly to bring us unto the Creek road, when I found the snow so stiff that it was necessary to apply at a farm house and hire a stout young fellow to go ahead with a shovel and cut through drifts for us. The mare by this time was wet and tired, as she sprung ahead. Once in awhile she would upset us, aud throw out my bag and Buffalo robe and blankets. It was by this time near sundown, and we had no chance for any lunch. Finally about dark we reached the tavern at Olcott. After enjoying a hot supper and a social talk I retired to sound sleep. After a good breakfast I was able to do up my business with Gresham and others so as to start for Lockport about noon. Once more an upset was near being followed by a runaway had not the driver held on firmly till the cutter was righted. I have detailed this trip because it was one more expensive and taken in severer weather than others. Often I found stiff clay mud, and bleak winds which obliged me to use, in the autumn and early spring

months, three hours for the twelve miles. Once, after my splendid black and white Tavtarian and Oxhart cherries were fully ripe, I had the company one day in June, of our big-hearted neighbor John Munn of Utica, to see what I had been doing for years at Olcott. Each of us had a half bushel basket to fill with cherries and take home to Utica, in the cool train at night. After we had filled our "inner sides" with over a quart of the delicious fruit, we picked our baskets full and started for the railroad train at Lockport. While my orchard was growing we found room to raise corn and potatoes and vegetables to feed Gresham and his stock of pigs, etc.—in all of which I found little profit. I hoped to market fruit after awhile, but soon found that the outlay at Olcott was much more than the income. My family and friends did not incline to favor my investment, and the labor of years there, which few of them knew about, by any personal inspection. So that during the war period I became resolved to sell. The harbor was unfinished and the village a mere fishing resort. In 1865 I sold to Erastus Ferguson my twenty-five acres of land with improvements, and the small house adjoining for $5000, which, in 1855 cost me $2500, before I had lain out the numerous and attractive improvements, which had probably cost me during the interval of ten years, $2500 more, as I estimated, in addition to what I paid for the small house, bought for my tenant. The property had brought me much of vigorous health and comfort. It had not materially interfered with my official duties. I cannot now say, after so many years have occured, that I regret these transactions which gave me knowledge and taste for rural life, in its arboricultural pursuits. Mr. Ferguson, after a few years, was able to finish up the $2000 down payments, and (after I deducted out of this $500 for his "hardships and disappointments,")

he gave me a mortgage of $3000, which I turned over to Asa W. Douglass (through the agency of Mr. Buck,) who cashed it when I required the money to meet my purchase of R. M. Skeels of one-half of his interest in the Lockport Daily Union and Weekly Democrat, bought at $6000 in September 1871. For about two years previous to 1855 I kept my official records in the office of Willard Crafts on the corner of Genessee and Fayette streets. Mr. Crafts was an estimable man, a safe counselor, and personally very kind to me attending to enquirers or correspondence, as asked, during my frequent absence at Court or otherwise. In the autumn of 1855 the City Hall was finished, and I was the first occupant in that building and had the choice of either front room on the main floor, as the office of Clerk of the U. S. Circuit Court. O. R. Matteson, as the member of Congress from Oneida County had succeeded in getting an appropriation of $12,000 for suitable rooms in the City Hall for the U. S. Courts and especially a room and vault for the Circuit Clerk and his records. An adjourned term for Utica in March was established. We had a large Court room and two jury rooms, besides mine, for use as needed. I obtained allowance for necessary furniture therein. As I now picture to myself the official acts and correspondence carried on by me, or by my half dozen deputies employed at different times, in that pleasant room fronting on Genesse street, where I saw the beautiful row of elms grow up to shade my two windows; and as I reflect upon the incidents and anxieties centering in and about that room from 1855 to 1870, when I resigned office and left for private pursuits, it all seems like occurences of yesterday. In January 1856 Col. Jewett and wife left us and removed to Albany, as I have previously stated. Some time during that year, and about autumn, as my impression is, I began a

journal of private or personal events, and I kept up this journalizing until and somewhat after my going into the newspaper business in 1871, which I found so exacting that it broke up my habit of frequent journalizing a page or so, as I had leisure. These journals, in some dozen written volumes of two hundred pages each, I find have been mislaid, but I hope to find them before I conclude these biographical sketches. My custom was to write a page or less almost daily, except when at Court, or preparing for it, or finishing up my records or accounts after Court sessions, as this last employment was the hardest and most responsible of my duties. On some occasions I found it necessary in the City Hall at Albany, and in the Court House at Canandaigua, to write long and late, which reminds me how careless I once was in that big room at Albany, as informed by the janitor the next morning that I had actually blown out the gas jet in lieu of turning it off, so that as he opened the room the stench nearly knocked him over and might have thus exploded and fired the costly edifice, by a person entering the room unawares with a light.

In the summer of 1857 Col. Jewett began organizing his scientific class for geological explorations over different sections or counties of New York State, especially among the Heildesberg strata or rocks of Albany County, among the limestone ledges of Trenton, Oneida County and among the interesting mountain ridges of Niagara County, and also at Potsdam and other localities in northern New York. On the return of this first class to Utica, we entertained the half dozen of them at our house on South street, one evening at least. We found them a very delightful set of young men, gathered some from northern and some from the southern States. Col. Jewett was there and then at his best, yet he was always remarkable as a conver-

sationalist. While wonderfully well informed in natural science and history, (for which he found me a dull scholar,) he was to me in the many hours of relaxation spent in his society, for over forty years, the most original thinker that I ever met.

Among the most important cases tried in our Court was one before and the other during the "war period," as far as I recollect—one a law case and the other an equity suit. The first was that of Winams of Baltimore vs. the Erie Railroad Company, being for infringement of his Letters Patent issued to him "for improvement in the 8-wheel passenger cars by means of the bearing of the carriage or body upon the wheels, the motion was better regulated in the turning of curved lines and passing over any inclinations of the track, etc." The case was tried at Canandaigua before both Judge Nelson and Judge Hall and lasted four weeks. For the first time, two reporters from New York City were employed. Their stenographic notes, taken down in a five-hour's session each day, were written off every night in long hand, so they were enabled to have duplicate copy on the table of Counsel on each side for the session on the subsequent day. The Plaintiff was represented by Wm. H. Seward, Samuel Blatchford, E. W. Stoughton and C. M. Keller, the two first residing at Auburn, and the two last at New York City. The Defendant corporation, standing especially for the New York Central railroad, whose financial agent figured quite conspiciously in and about our Court at that time, was represented by the adroit William Whiting of Boston, and Mr. Hubbel of Philadelphia, both being experienced Patent lawyers. On the witness stand several experts were kept for many hours in minutely describing the Plaintiff's improvement or invention, and during the direct or cross examination the whole history of our railway struct-

ures was investigated and shown by drawings and models. After hours of my elaborate summing up by two Counsel on each side and a lengthy charge to the jury by Judge Nelson, a verdict was rendered in favor of the Plaintiff—no better jury was ever drawn from the intelligent farmers of Ontario County. The other case to which I refer was one in Equity, being that of the Hudson River Bridge Company of the City of Troy vs. the City of Albany. William A. Beach was Counsel for the Plaintiff, and John H. Reynolds Counsel for the Defendant. Yet I think the distinguished Reverdy Johnson of Baltimore argued it once, when heard in our Court the second time, at the conclusion of which hearing the Judges divided in opinion, thus enabling the record to be made up on appeal to the U. S. Supreme Court. Here the higher Court gave its final decision, concuring in the opinion of Judge Nelson that the bridge would not be a substantial obstruction to navigation on the Hudson river. I might cite other important Equity cases argued in our Court before Judge Nelson during the intermediate period of my clerkship, one of which was that of the copyright to the publication of the New York Appeals Court reports, as argued by Judge Hiram Denio for Francis Kernan, reporter, and by the equally able lawyer John C. Spencer, for Henry R. Selden reporter, each for several years in that office. Usually in the Equity cases and in all Admiralty appeals Judge Nelson sat alone, at the regular Albany and Canandaigua terms, as also at several Chamber terms in Cooperstown and Utica, which were always made agreeable from the patient hearing to all, as given, and especially to younger Counsel appearing before him. Equally satisfactory was Judge Nelson when presiding in criminal trials of importance. While he seemed to be indulgent in giving a prisoner before him all his rights, yet Counsel understood that no

trifling or pettifogging could be allowed. While Judge Hall held most of the sessions of our Circuit Court alone, and had almost exclusive charge of our criminal business, during the "war period" as well as before and after it, it is due to his memory to refer to the exhaustless patience and industry shown by him under very many pecular circumstances of annoyance by the U. S. Attorneys before him, for the eighteen years I witnessed him as presiding. We had, during this period the following successors to George W. Clinton, each serving about four years, viz: James R. Lawrence, Samuel B. Garvin, James Spencer, William A. Dart, and William Dorsheimer. These were all able lawyers, but different in several respects. Mr. Lawrence was experienced and forcible and generally successful. Mr. Garvin (who was an intimate neighbor of mine,) was a man of very decided native talent, and eloquent as an Advocate in criminal cases, but from indolence he shirked the hard duties of his office, and sometimes provoked Judge Hall from his dilatory manner. Mr. Spencer had less ability, but by perseverance and a certain obstinancy accomplished more than was expected. Mr. Dart had thrown upon him the heavy and responsible Internal Revenue and other fiscal duties of the war and reconstruction periods. He was very ably assisted therein by his deputy Charles O. Tappan of St. Lawrence County, where both Spencer and Dart resided, but of quite different political views. Mr. Dorsheimer was an orator and a finished scholar, graduating from Harvard College, from whence he came out with reputation as a literary writer. I think he was the only one of the five U. S. Attorneys who had a liberal or college education. His assistants, Mr. Folsom and Mr. Sicard were well adapted to conduct the miscellaneous business of that four years period following the second term of President Lincoln. At the opening of

our Court and securing Grand and Petit Jurors and numerous witnesses while the U. S. Attorney was occupied in criminal cases, the civil cases were taken up, tried and disposed of, occupying usually the first week or more. Then Grand Jury cases, on indictments found this or previous terms were tried, or put over on Recognizances, usually during the second week. Toward close of the term prisoners pleading guilty or convicted after a trial, were sentenced to Auburn States Prison or to the Albany Penitentiary, and after the Clerk's warrants were made and delivered to the Marshal the Court was soon finally adjourned. A mass of miscellaneous papers, civil and criminal, were gathered up and put into the Clerk's leather bag ready for railroad transportation to his office at Utica. Next a semi-annual report of fees must be made up and forwarded to the First Auditor at Washington. But the most laborious duty was to make up in detail the Clerk's account of all fees due him for services from the last to the present term, including attendance at $5 per day, and travel 10 cents per mile. This account was sent to the District Judge at Buffalo for examination and certificate of approval. Seldom was any material reduction made, and when returned the same was transmitted to the U. S. Treasury department, when in a few days a U. S. Treasurer's draft was sure to be forthcoming, sometimes for near $500. The fees in civil business was more or less than this amount from term to term, as received out of Court, quite promptly, for services rendered. I will have to state that all my intercourse with members of the Bar, practicing in our Court, was most agreeable and pleasant during the twenty-one years of my clerkship, with perhaps one exception. It was a pleasure to meet and shake the friendly hand of lawyers foremost at the Bar. I listened with gratified interest to their arguments and

summing up for hours. All, almost, of those bright minds have passed away, including the kind officials about our Courts, who all expressed thanks for my prompt attention to duty.

Dear Ettie was born April 10th, 1855 and she became extremely dear to us. What especially occurred to us the next winter and summer I cannot particularize, but along in November 1858 the child was stricken with scarlet fever, and after weeks of danger seemed to have recovered, but a relapse took place and she died December 12, 1858, at the tender age of three years eight months and two days. Our grief seemed to be more than we could bear. "The light of our house has departed," as I chronicled in my journal. She is buried at Cold Springs Cemetery in Lockport, beside our other dear ones. In the month of June 1859, Sarah accompanied our young lady friends, Kittie Douseman and Martha Brown, home to Milwaukee from our Utica Female Seminary, where they had been educated for a year, and occasionally visited at our house, as Mrs. Douseman had been a schoolmate once with Sarah. After finishing my June Court, and other business, in July I started west, and after making a pleasant stop in Detroit, I joined Sarah early in August at Mackinaw, where I met her and friends for a day's sojourn in that cool retreat, so noted for its white fish and potatoes. We had as commander of our steamer, the Lady Elgin, the bright and jolly Captain Wilson (afterwards lost or wrecked on the same pretty boat,) as we merrily passed down Lake Michigan 250 miles to Milwaukee. Here we spent some three days in a visit with the Dousemans and other friends. Starting the same week by rail through Madison, the Capitol of Wisconsin, we took steamer at Prarie Du Chien for St. Paul, several hundred miles up the Mississippi River, which we found very delightful in its scenery. After

landing from our steamer we next day took carriage by way of Fort Snelling to Minnehaha Falls, and returned by way of Mineapolis to St. Paul, where I called upon Hon. Rensellaer Nelson, U. S. District Judge, who I had met at his father's house in Coopers-town. Both these now large cities were, in 1859, almost unknown towns. Returning down the River Mississippi to Fever River of a quiet Sunday afternoon we soon landed from the steamer on that sluggish stream at Galena. Here we stopped over-night and in the morning had a few hours to go about the broken ground inspecting the lead ore mines, for which this queer and busy place is famous, not only for its mineral resources, but also for having been once the home of General Grant, when an obscure young man, whose genius was then undeveloped. Our railroad trip of over two hundred miles across northern Illinois to Chicago gave us a birds-eye view of several prosperous towns like Belvidere, Elgin, etc. Our stay in the young city of Chicago was brief, and at that period, of just thirty years ago from my present writing in the month of August, 1891, gave but a faint idea of the future growth of this giant city, now the cynosure of all eyes. Chicago, about twelve years thereafter, was swept down to the level earth by the great fire of October 1871, to be restored "Phoenix-like," until now it is, or soon will be, peopled with a million inhabitants. We left Chicago in an evening train on the Michigan Southern railroad, stopping off at La Porte, Indiana, at which town we staid over-night at the Tea Garden House, where, upon registering my name, I was at once recognized by my early Cortland friend Chauncey Blair. We had been boys together there, near forty-five years previous to that time. Mr. Blair had now become a wealthy banker, and has within the present year died in Chicago, a millionaire, at an age of over

four score years. We reached Utica on the 15th day of August, as Sarah advises me, after that most delightful journey which rests in my memory as an oasis in the meridian of our life, which seemed to be followed by a decade of more domestic gloom, and yet mingled with much prosperity. It was in this year of 1859 that we consented that Will should take a trip or sail from Buffalo to Chicago upon one of the lake schooners being despatched by his uncle Jack Jewett, who was then engaged in the ship chandelry trade. I think it must have been this voyage which gave Will such a special liking for "life on the ocean wave," and which induced him to start off on a whaler near ten years afterwards.

The political events of 1860, which culminated in our Civil War of 1861 to 1864 I need not describe here. I have often wished to draw a veil of forgetfullnes and "oblivious memory" over many recollections of this period. After our sad strife had raged for some short time in bloody carnage, and also in great doubt as to its final result. President Lincoln had a call issued for more men, and a draft was made at Utica for its quota, to be drawn for all liable for military duty, over eighteen years and upwards. Everyone drafted must equip and serve with the Union Army, or else hire a substitute, and pay the current rate, which I think was then about $1000. This draft was made, I think, in June or July 1863, soon after our son William became liable at twenty years of age. As soon as notified that his name was among the first drawn by the U. S. Provost Marshal, I proposed to furnish a substitute, as we believed William was too young to endure the hardships and exposure of army life. But he says: "No father, I will equip and go and thus save the cost of hiring a substitute." Accordingly we soon fitted him out and he reported to headquarters in Albany,

from whence he was sent forward with his regiment, commanded and officered by Germans. The privates were also, unfortunately I think for William, mostly of foreign birth. The regiment was ordered to the forts in and about the Harbor of Charleston. Some discord grew up among the officers and men of rival nationalities there. After serious cannonading and fighting by our navy and army forces, so that the result was unfortunate, William finally left and came home. The sorrow of 1863 was accumulating upon us. Mrs. Jewett was taken sick at Albany, and during this summer was advised to come up to Utica for more comfort and to have medical treatment by our physician Dr. Thomas, with the counsel of his elder associate Dr. Coventry. At first all of us had hopes that her disease was only temporary, but after some months when it was pronounced to be ovarian dropsy, and we saw the change, and the suffering our dear mother was undergoing, hope of recovery gave way, and sympathy for her sufferings followed. With the heroism which characterized Mrs. Jewett, during the trying and eventful scenes of her mature womanhood at Fort Niagara, down to this close of her Christian life, ending in November 1st, where she breathed her last in our chamber, of that home so dear to her in Utica. She was remarkable among all the women I have ever known. Her funeral was a sad one to us all, and her remains we followed to that Rest under the shade of Forrest Hill Cemetery, south of the city of Utica. The next year, to cheer us up, we planned a visit to New England. But before describing this I must mention an eastern trip to Boston, made under the following circumstances, but in what precise year I do not now recall. Soon after we had settled in Utica the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder made a somewhat professional visit to the Pacific Coast, where he was received with honor by all Horti-

culturists as the man who had surpassed all fruit growers in the introduction of the Darwf and Standard pears from France, and also in the propagation of hot house plants and cut flowers for market. Col. Wilder was the brother-in-law of Col. Jewett, having married his elder sister Miss Tryphosa Jewett, whose father was an eminent physician of Rindge, Chesire County, New Hampshire. In his passage through Utica we met Col. Wilder and wife at the railroad station while taking their lunch, and I was so pleased with his noble face and friendly manner that I resolved to sometime visit his home and surroundings at Dorchester near Boston. So when in the following year he sent to Col. Jewett and myself an invitation to attend the National Agricultural fair to be held during that autumn in Boston, I urged Col. Jewett to join me in the trip. As he declined I started alone, going via Albany through Pittsfield, Springfield and Worcester to the old Tremont Hotel in Boston, and next morning into the fair grounds. At once Col. Wilder recognized me and gave me a pass, good for the week, to witness all the displays and final speeches at the Pavilion, where I heard Edward Everitt deliver a splendid oration. After accepting the hospitality of Col. Wilder at his charming home for a brief period, I started homeward on the Fitchburg railway, to stop off, as I had promised, at Winchenden station, and thence by stage about seven miles to Rindge, the barren little town where my dear wife was born and first saw the light of day. Stopping about dark at the house of Stephen Jewett, the only brother of the Col., I was made very welcome when I announced myself as the husband of Sarah Jewett, the dear girl neice with whom "Uncle Stephen" had taken such comfort in trotting her upon his knee, until about five years of age, when she left the thin white soil of that spot for the army post of Sackett's Harbor, New

York State. As above stated Sarah and myself started for New England in the summer of 1864 via Troy and Salem to Rutland, where we stayed over-night and early next morning passed through the Green Mountain range to Bellows Falls and on to Westmoreland, where we stopped off a few hours to visit old Dr. Dunbar, once a schoolmate of Mrs. Jewett, then known as Miss Elizabeth Arnold of Westmoreland, who was married there to Lieut. Ezekiel Jewett of the U. S. army, when but seventeen years of age. Next we visited Uncle Stephen Jewett's house in Rindge, who seemed blessed with a large family of girls and a few boys. Next day we spent viewing the strong old house where Sarah was born, then occupied by its owner, Grandfather Dr. Jewett. We also strolled over one or more of the wooden ware manufactories where all sizes of bowls and many nicknaks are reeled rapidly off, and which seemed to be about the only profitable production in that obscure birthplace, whence most children when grown up, are bound to migrate to some livelier locality. We stopped around that neighborhood with numerous aunts and cousins of my dear wife, that all might see the sizable woman she had then become at forty-four years of age. We journeyed along to Boston and rapidly passed through it, taking a train for Medfield, a short hour's ride, we first met our dear and good cousin Nancy and her shrewd Christian husband, the Rev. A. G. Bigelow, a Congregational minister, who became an intimate friend, and afterwards visited us in Lockport. Our return homeward, I think in August late or September early, was by rail and boat to Newport, and through Long Island Sound to New York City, and thence up the Hudson to Albany and Utica. After working another winter and spring it seemed best we should spend the summer of 1865 principally at home, taking short and pleasant trips about,

one of which I think was an excursion to Cooperstown, when Judge Nelson held a special or Equity term. Sarah accompanied me this time, going by rail to Fort Plain, and thence by stage to Springfield and along down the west side of Otsego Lake, from ten to fifteen miles across pleasant scenery and prosperous farms to Cooperstown. A few days spent here in social intercourse, and in view of the romantic scenes of the Indian story of Cooper's "Leather Stocking," gave to us a season of delightful rest. To wind up the pleasure of this week's trip I engaged an easy carriage to bring us that bright afternoon over the hills to Richfield Springs, and thence down into the Mohawk Valley to meet the cars at Herkiener for Utica. This last ten miles of our carriage ride gives the traveler an outstretched vista of the valley for twenty-five miles on either hand. Many of these old farm buildings dotting the landscape, were erected by the Dutch settlers nearly one hundred years ago. In 1865 Col. Jewett broke away from his lonesome life at the Natural History rooms, in the State Geological Hall at Albany, and came to Utica to live with us. Finding our house inadequate to store and properly display his collection of shells he expended near $1000 in an addition of about four rooms on the easterly side of our two-story house, fronting on the Seymour Avenue side. One large room had ample space and light for the five cases or cabinets which contained the numerous drawers for this collection of marine and land shells, gathered by the Colonel from distant quarters of the globe by correspondence and by his own searching eye and hand. The whole was valued by him at $12,000.

In the summer of 1866, with our younger son Jack, and also Laura, (who we had adopted and named as our child in the autumn of 1859, to, if possible in some measure, and being of similar age, take a place in our

hearts made vacant by the loss of dear Ettie, in the year preceding,) we started about midsummer to visit New England. Arriving at Boston we soon visited Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow at their pleasant home in Southboro, sojourning in that vicinity for a few days, thus affording the opportunity to inspect Mr. Hunnewell's magnificent grounds, near a pretty lake which bounds on the opposite side the famous Wellesly Seminary, as so generously established by him as a memorial to his lost daughter, and where the daughters of others might receive superior educational privileges in that charming retreat. Next, as familiar ground to our friends Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow, we rode over to the quaint and quiet village of South Dartsmouth where once, in a former day, some commercial transactions by ships seemed to have been carried on, but where now only a few old sea hulks lay in that harbor, a bay of the Atlantic Ocean. Here we stopped at the house of a pleasant and intelligent Capt. Baker, who had spent many years on a whaler. I remember his giving us many vivid incidents of his perilous voyages, especially one where he was shipwrecked off the Cape of Good Hope by a typhoon or tornado, which swept over and sank his ship. All on board were drowned save himself and his "Kanacca" sailor. By grasping some supporting material, and with only a large pumpkin to sustain life for many hours, they were finally seen and rescued by a passing vessel. After fishing mornings for the plentiful Quohogs, and taking an easy life, rowing about the bay and having social talks each afternoon and evening. We left there and next visited Martha's vineyard and its attactive surroundings until it was time to say good bye. Taking cars for Taunton and Providence for a stop over-night, we were rapidly whirled west the next day through a continuous line of villages, where manufacturing of "King

Cotton" seemed to be the only occupation of its people, for near one hundred and fifty miles, until our arrival at the city of Hartford about 4 p. m. Here we were kindly met by the Hon. Wm. D. Shipman, U. S. District Judge, and by an understanding or previous invitation, (as the Judge had once visited at our house in Utica,) we stopped over-night with his agreeable family. The next morning the Judge had a carriage ready to show us about Hartford. We found the city full of attractions, especially in its suburbs. That afternoon we all bid them good bye, with thanks for their kind hospitality. Taking the cars for Springfield, we enjoyed the half hour we spent at the supper table of the Massassoit hotel, where I purchased extra loafs of their famous Boston brown bread, which was eaten the following morning, upon our own table in Utica, after our night's ride of about two hundred miles. Along in in 1867 and 1868, as Will was then about twenty-eight years of age, I proposed to take him with me to our terms of Court at Canandaigua and at Albany to assist, and as far as it was legal to appoint him my deputy. He wrote a good hand and was quick and accurate, but after trying this for awhile, I got him a position to study in the law office of John F. Seymour Esq. which promised to suit his taste and inclination. My pecuniary affairs at this time were prosperous, and I had been putting aside for some years an average of $1000 per annum, above my family living expenses, which I am quite sure exceeded $2000 per year, on the average, from 1855 to 1865. I had been able to expend near 1866, about $1000 in additions to the inside of our house, and we had paid $500 cash for railroad stock in the Black River railroad, which sum was afterwards lost by the "freezing out" of all small stockholders—also a subsequent subscription and payment of about $75 in Chenango Valley railroad which was

lost as worthless. I also bought, (under the advice of my friend Mr. Brayton,) $2000 of stock shares in the Second National Bank of Utica, as I paid for it gradually. For several years I kept my private account, and also all official deposits in this bank, doing business with Geo. R. Thomas, its pleasant cashier. Still in an earlier day, when keeping my records in the office of Mr. Crafts, I was needing $500 so much that I borrowed of Dr. Douglass, (living next the Female Seminary,) this sum and gave him a mortgage for it, as security, upon our homestead. (interest at 7 per cent, payable semi-annually.) And what is more surprising, I kept on paying the $17.50 every six months, for over five years, in lieu of paying it off much sooner, as I have since thought ought to have been done by me. The many vicissitudes of this meridian of our life seem strange now, and almost wonderful. I need not enumerate many of them, I did not apprehend that anything but the death or resignation of Judge Nelson could deprive me of an income ample for the present, and which, as I calculated, had given me a few thousand dollars in store, against any ordinary reverses in my affairs. When politicians sought to assess me for party purposes, or threatened secretly to disturb me in my honorable and popular clerkship, I felt independent of all such influence.

In the summer of 1869 Col. Jewett invited our Jack, who was then seventeen years of age, to accompany him on a vacation trip to New England towns and the seashore, and on their return Will seemed resolved to try a voyage upon some whaleship. Having heard that a good ship was soon to sail from the port of New Bedford, or near there, Will persuaded his mother to get up an outfit of everything needful for a comfortable voyage, and about August or September the Colonel and Sarah started with him and his luggage, but on

reaching there the said ship had sailed, and after visiting the old village of Edgartown, and finding there a vessel fitting out for a long whaleship voyage, Col. Jewett concluded to return to Utica and send me down to see the Captain and ship. On my arrival I found at Edgartown, (near New Bedford, where I had previously visited with Sarah,) Captain Smith nearly ready to sail on the Nautilus for a three year's voyage to the South Pacific, and if unsuccessful for whales there they might change their route and aferwards go elsewhere. The Captain said Will must ship as a common sailor and take his chances. If the catch was good he was to have a seaman's share. His wife was to sail with him, and we found her a pleasant young woman and considered this a fortunate circumstance, as she seemed to take an interest in our son. Accordingly, shipping papers then and there were signed by Will. Whether I signed anything I am not certain. As my preparation for October Circuit had to be made, we could only go aboard of the good and staunch ship Nautilus and inspect where Will was to mess and sleep, when not on the hard or perilous duty before him. On our saying the eventful and painful words of "good bye, God bless you my son," we started for Utica and on arriving home I am sure we sent on other supplies to reach Will in time, for, (as Sarah says,) he did not actually sail until October. We heard nothing more from him until the next spring, in 1870, when a letter came from the coast of South America, dated or mailed from Saint Catherine's, an island off the coast of Buenes Ayers. In it he gave account of how they pursued whales, and the perils he went through in the small boat, throwing the harpoon and thence rapidly dragged for a long distance by the plunging and infuriated whale. From this coast he sailed to the coast of Africa, and after stopping on or near the island of Saint Helena, he

went ashore for water, etc., at the island of Annabone. As Will by this time seems to have got enough of sea life he managed to get discharged from the whaler, and then shipped on an English merchantman coming from the East Indies to New York, aboard of which he had to work his passage before the mast. Thus after about fourteen months absence he arrived home in November or December. After about a month in Utica he again started off and at Pawtuckett, Rhode Island, shipped again for his last and final voyage of a few months, ending his checkered sea-life, safely from many perils. Our son Jack, while fond of reading and his school studies, was from early life given to athletic exercise. He was strong and healthy and always fond of his Saturday's tramp, sometimes going up to the house and farm of our butcher, Savage, with the Foster boys as his companions, and sometimes to more distant points with his grandfather. He soon developed a taste for Ornithology, or rather for the eggs of all birds, great or small, and finally secured a collection, which is very beautiful and may some day give him quiet amusement as he thinks over the hazards he went through in climbing high trees to secure eggs of big birds. It was after we found out the perils he experienced with the spar-hooks fastened inside against his ankles to better climb up the body of large trees, that we had to veto all these dangerous excursions. At the advanced school on Charlotte street, Utica, he studied hard and took a fair rank for some years, when he was admitted to the higher course for a similar period at the Utica Academy. After faithfully pursuing the mathematical and classical studies, as required, he graduated there at the age of about seventeen, in 1869, on which occasion he was chosen or appointed as one of the contesting or prize orators in his class, to speak that night, when we went down

and heard his very creditable oration. Sometime in the autumn of 1868 his grandfather Jewett invited Jack to accompany him to Florida, where they spent the winter months on the west coast, boarding in the family of Mr. Webb, who had been a druggist of skill and much information years previous in Utica. Dr. W. Newcomb and wife, then of Albany, went along and spent several months thereabouts that same winter. We have always considered that the knowledge Jack had acquired in this daily intercourse with older men of such natural history, was one of great value to him physically and intellectually. He hunted and fished, besides spending many hours in boat-rowing upon that quiet side of the Mexican gulf. To bring down a wild turkey in the early morning, was of not infrequent occurrence, or I might say an achievement. Awhile after his return, on resuming study Jack was for some time troubled, (as I had been one entire season before my marriage in 1841,) with weak eyes (or inflamed eyesight,) so that he concluded to abandon his favorite study of the law and go with Horatio Seymour Jr. to McKean County, in Pennsylvania, where he was actively engaged in subordinate duty with engineers in the building of a railroad and working at or about a coal mine there, for transportation of its product to market. Next, after his return to Utica, Jack for several months was employed in the hardware trade and store of Thomas Foster, afterwards Foster & Sons, on Genessee street, near the canal bridge, The exercise he had in these places, and especially the hard and practical knowledge acquired will long continue to be useful to him for the business of his profession.

Sometime before 1868 I had been agitating in my mind the propriety of collecting some materials for, and writing out a book on the "Practice of United States Courts," especially adapted to that in the

Circuit Court of the northern district of New York, for the information and instruction of younger members of our Bar. As John H. Reynolds Esq. of Albany was one of the most able lawyers at our Bar, I consulted him about the book and he at once advised to undertake it, promising me his assistance in reviewing my work, if he could find time. I may have mentioned this project to Judge Nelson, but know I did to Judge Hall, and I remember he advised against touching upon, or making special reference to the U. S. District practice. Accordingly in the autumn of 1868 I gathered together rules and forms of proceedings in the Supreme Court, as also in the several Circuit and District Courts for my better information. With the aid of "Conkling's Treatise," published for or by the Hon. Alfred Conkling, many years previous for Bankruptcy and Admiralty practice, as well as that in Law and Equity, and also collecting some other books on U. S. practice, and finally shut myself into our private wing room, and for hours each night, for nearly twelve weeks, I wrote out my book as published, entitled "Boyce's Manuel of U. S. Practice." Dividing the subject into parts, I discussed the Law, the Equity and the Criminal Practice in their order, making one hundred and forty-five pages of original elementary matter, in the quarto size as printed. To this I added all the rules and forms necessary as a guide for ordinary U. S. Circuit Practice of about 424 pages more, thus making a law book of the respectable size of 579 pages. I had negotiated with C. Van Benthusen & Sons, printers or publishers of law books at Albany, to print 1000 copies at $1 each, or $1000 as their minimum price. Then another similar firm, named Wear C. Little & Co., were to bind the same in the usual sheepskin for law books, at fifty cents each, making $500 more. This $1500 was to be paid to or retained by Little & Co. out of the

sales of the book, which they were to put upon the market, and press the sales as rapidly as possible. The price of the book was fixed at $5. I sold several copies to New York City lawyers, calling upon them at their offices. In nearly every instance they cheerfully purchased and paid their $5. I may have sold a few dozen elsewhere among my friends of the legal profession. I think Little & Co. sent off several to book-sellers in Boston, and Philadelphia. As soon as they reported the sales had paid up this $1500, I occasionally got a small bank check from them, but soon found the sales were slow. I also found that this firm had charged the $500 for binding the whole number of 1000 copies, when in fact they only bound a few dozen at a time, thus charging for work they had not done, and I am sure that over one-half, or 500 copies, now remain unbound as "refuse" in their store. I did not dare to try to collect any of this deficency by a suit at law, under our written contract, which lawyers thought I might enforce. As near as I can estimate I have never received over $150 to $200 as my compensation for the months of labor spent in preparing or marketing my Manuel, a copy or two of which I brought to California and now have as a memorial, and of which I am somewhat proud. No one who has never written a book, for the public eye, can realize the care required in revising the proof sheets, and especially in dealing with the sharp publisher's of law books.

Along about the session of Congress in 1868 and 1869 an Act was passed establishing a system of Circuit Judges for the nine Judicial Circuits, for the purpose of relieving the pressure of cases which had been accumulating in the Supreme Court of the United States, where these Justices were several years in arrears. Among other provisions of this Act was one by which the Judge to be appointed for each of the Circuit Courts

was given power to appoint the Clerk of the Circuit Court in his district, thus taking in its effect, away from the Associate Justice of and in each Circuit, the power conferred upon him by the Constitution, to appoint the Clerk of his Circuit, and giving these new Judges a power of removal of those clerks there in such office. I have always believed that this clause was inserted on the suggestion of Roscoe Conkling, then a member of Congress from the Oneida District, which might enable the new Judge to supersede me as such Clerk at Utica, for some more pliant Republican politician. The vote I gave my early friend at Utica, Palmer V. Kellogg, when running for Congress against Mr. Conkling had rankled in his malignant mind, as I judge from a threat dropped during that campaign, so that when the chance should offer he resolved to "get even" with me by causing my resignation, as he could find no direct cause for my removal. The sequel showed that my suspicions were correct. The President soon appointed as the new Judge for our second Circuit, a New York City lawyer named Woodruff, (whose Christian name I forget.) and who served on the Appeal Bench of New York State, or rather, as I now think, had been beaten for that position on the same ticket with Charles Mason, a lawyer in Madison County. It was at our June term 1869, in Canandaigua, that Judge Woodruff appeared and took his seat with Judge Hall, I am quite sure, and served in place of Judge Nelson, who could not attend. During a recess of Court I presented to Judge Woodruff, as I had to Judge Nelson and to Judge Hall, a copy of my Manual and he accepted it pleasantly, and nothing occurred to my official prejudice, as I was then aware. Again at the October term of that year, when Judge Nelson presided at Albany, on the Bench with Judge Woodruff, nothing indicated Woodruff's intention to

displace me. At the adjourned term in Utica in March 1870, I noticed political influences at work which indicated the result which was announced to me by a letter from Judge Woodruff in New York City, mailed there some time the fore part of May I think, in which he stated in substance his desire to put another in my place, as soon as I could close up current or pending official business. He gave me no intimation of who my successor was to be. On the receipt of this letter I at once started with it in my pocket via Albany and Susquehanna railroad for Cooperstown to consult Judge Nelson, and find if any steps could or best be taken to prevent this official change, as I felt sure that if the judges and lawyers of our Court could decide it they would advise against any removal or resignation. But my good and best friend, Judge Nelson said: "I see no way to prevent the change, as it is entirely optional with Judge Woodruff," or words to that effect. After quite an interview with Judge Nelson, he evidently saw some political and party Republican movement, in this proposed change because I was a Democrat, and not because anything could be brought against my official acts. Upon my return to Utica I made up my mind that no influence within my power could retain me in office. As no time had been fixed or indicated for an early withdrawal, and as the business for the June term near at hand absolutely required me to attend and act throughout the session I prepared my resignation, "to take affect at the end of this term," and on the morning for opening our Court, (as I think it was,) I handed the same to Judge Woodruff. He replied in a desire to have me "act for the present," or "until a successor was qualified to take the clerkship," as I understood it. Although some of my friends urged me to stand out and not resign, but to let him remove me if he would, without any good reason but "political

urgency." I did not coincide in any such opinion or step, and finally wrote a change in my resignation to "take effect the first day of August, 1870, by which day it was presumed all official (needful) duties and accounts could be closed, certainly with the Government. As to all accounts with the lawyers who owed me, I must take my chance for their collection. The being "out of office" after August 1st prevented the settlement or payment of several small accounts which I was unable to get for miscellaneous services over-due for months or years past. At first I was allowed desk room in the clerk's office room. Then I found that the appointee, Charles Mason, had no intention of staying there, as about this time he removed from Madison and opened a law office at the lower end of Genessee street, having two clerks, one of which he ordered up to the U. S. Circuit Court clerk's office to stay constantly and the other and older one to appear daily to assist, both to learn of me how to view matters. I suggested that while staying and occupying a seat there, to settle up my accounts, I might act as an informal deputy meanwhile, but to this Mason replied it was not for his interest to engage me, so I soon saw the truth of the maxim "there is no friendship in trade." This office was given to him as a sinecure, the duties of which were to be almost exclusively discharged by subordinates, on a minimum salary, while the maximum proceeds of this important and honorable office were to go to him alone. The result was that Mason, I think, never attended in Court and officiated during any term of this Court. As both Judge Woodruff and his clerk, Mason, have been dead now several years, I prefer to make no farther comments on this subject, or shall I pronounce any estimate on the character of either. About September 1870 I removed down Genessee street and took a table for my books and

papers in the law office of Seymour & Weaver, where I spent six months or more in collecting and settling up my accounts. I soon discovered that my U. S. Commissioner's business was not to be given me by or through the Deputy Marshal, but that all of this originating in or coming to Utica, was to be done by U. S. Commissioner Mason or C. M. Dennison a favorite politician. By spring I resolved to look about and probably to remove my residence from Utica, where I had plenty of friends while in official position, but some few of whom I found to be less cordial since my published resignation. Some time in the summer of 1871 I took a trip to Niagara County and visited Lewiston, where I was impressed with the belief that it was a cheap place to live in, and that from having so many pleasant associations connected with the Niagara frontier, and so many friends thereabouts, that we might find our future home quite satisfactory there. But as I did'nt find the land or residence to suit me there, I went to the Falls and called upon my friend John T. Bush, ex-U. S. Marshal, who lived on the Canada side in a costly residence. Near by he had a few acres of forest land, near the railway, suitable for a "Royalist of means" to improve and occupy, but I soon saw the folly of my purchasing it. So I came back and stopped off at Lockport. Knowing that my son William had intimated a fondness for newspaper life, and learning that an interest could be bought in the Daily Union and Weekly Democrat, established, I was inclined to consult two business men about it, viz: James Jackson Jr., and John T. Murray, the latter has been our life-long freind. They both spoke in favor of my buying an interest in this concern. Accordingly I called with one of them and was introduced to R. M. Skeels, who then was sole proprietor, but to my subsequent surprise, was very considerably in debt. He

offered to sell me the one-half interest in this newspaper establishment for $6000, part cash and part on credit. It was to be appraised in all its fixtures, materials and good-will (or list of subscribers,) advertisers and job printing patrons, and to be valued by my friend and relative, Hitchcock of Syracuse. Mr. Skeels was a shrewd man, and experienced as a proprietor in newspapers, but unfortunately was indolent and a man of somewhat intemperate habits. Besides this he belonged to the "Canal Ring," as I afterwards found to my surprise. He had in the previous year, been a member of the New York Legislature, and then had joined the "Tweed Ring," to in some way make money by his vote there. Anyway, by his representations that his newspaper was a pleasant and profitable one, I was induced to purchase the half interest at $6000. I always intended to be careful, but here I was too hasty. Had my two advisers known the full situation of both of us, I believe they would have said no. Probably they over-estimated my means, or forgot my inexperience in such an undertaking—My resignation from necessity was a misfortune—my purchase into a newspaper was a serious mistake. A three and one-half year's experience of hard and somewhat disagreeable, as also unremunerative labor in it proved this to me, as the business manager, and also at first the exclusive and afterwards the associate editor meanwhile. After returning to Utica and informing Sarah and Will of my proposal to engage in the Lockport Daily Union, giving him the position of local editor, I set about preparations for the change, and on the last day of September I left with Will and arrived late in the evening at Lockport, going to the Smith's boarding house on Walnut street. After resting the next day, being Sunday, we began our duties on Monday morning October 2, 1871, in the business office on the second floor, for myself,

and editorial room on the third floor for Will, of the Daily Union, situated on upper Main street. This was my rendezvous by day, for over three long and weary years. I had everything to learn, and as cashier received and paid out all monies coming in from subscribers, advertisers or patrons of our paper. Every Saturday eight or ten typesetters and job work printers came forward to get their pay for their week's wages, which averaged from $10 to $15 each, for their six day's work. Beside this draft on our funds in the vault, we had to pay, about monthly, to a Syracuse company for some dozen reams of blank paper from $100 to $150. Then rent for use of the cable power to run our presses in the basement room, also rent quarterly of our printing office establishment, and numerous incidental expenses all amounted to an aggregate sum which I soon found exceeded our income and left us editors and proprietors no margin for pay or profits. Custom, I found had established a "barter" system of drawing orders on the different business firms who patronized us, in favor of our employees, for nearly half their weekly wages, thus saving us cash for such amounts. Soon I had to go around collecting the accounts due from our job work customers and our advertisers, and even from subscribers to our Daily and Weekly. Being "short" some Saturdays I had to borrow, and sometimes advance out of my own pocket, as I felt a personal responsibility that all our men should be paid promptly. Mr. Skeels showed little disposition or ability to help. We finally had to make a $500 loan at the bank, thus postponing the evil day. At length I found a dentist named Porter, who professed to have money to invest in our establishment, and we took him in as an equal partner, but after some months' trial, finding him a sanctimonious hypocrit, and a business fraud, we were glad to see him "step

out" somewhat at our pecuniary loss. Thus my utmost energies were devoted to running the pecuniary affairs of the newspaper, which gave me no rest day or night. I soon found that my evenings must be devoted to read up our exchanges and then write off some editorials upon current topics, and take these over quite early next morning to "hang on the hook" for the typesetters, as ours was a 4 o'clock p. m. daily, and every Thursday a weekly. As Sarah and her father, the Colonel, remained in Utica until we could sell our house, and then have an auction of furniture, etc., I had some lonesome hours in my boarding-house room at Smith's, in the winter of 1871 and 1872. After correspondence with our real estate agent, Lewis, in Utica, I found he had negotiated and sold our house and lot for the good round sum of $12,000, to a Mr. Spath, a butcher of west Utica, who was to at once erect two brick houses on the lower end of the lot, along Seymour Avenue front. Spath was to pay part down and part by bond and mortgage. I needed some to pay current debts, beside what was in arrears on my newspaper purchase. At length I was able that winter to make a short visit to my Utica home. Will accompanied me and remained for some time. About the first of May the family closed all up and came to Lockport, where we boarded at the Smith's for about one year, having our dear friends, A. K. Potter and his pleasant wife as neighbors in adjoining rooms. We stayed thus for just one year, by which time we all tired of boarding, and rented the Sanders house on the south side of East Avenue, from May 1873 for one year, or longer, if agreeable.

On the 30th day of April 1873, our son William was married to Virginia J. C. Moissenac at Buffalo, in the house of our dear old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Farnham on Main street, of a pleasant noon hour, by

the Rev. D. R. Frazer. The ceremony was had soon after our arrival on the train from Lockport, and it was followed by congratulations by a score of relatives and friends in attendance, and by the usual sociability of such an interesting occasion. We were then and have ever since been very happy over the good fortune of having such a lovely daughter-in-law. It was arranged that William and Virginia should come on to Lockport, (after a short trip to Rochester,) and keep the spacious house we had rented, for all four of us, including the Colonel and Laura, thus making with them a family of six persons. Grandma had gone down town to live with my brother Curtis and his ever kind and lovely wife, Maria, (now a lonely widow.) The change of residence gave us a walk on Sundays to Grace church of perhaps one-third of a mile, but the neigborhood and surroundings were more pleasant than on Walnut street. It seemed but a pleasant walk down to Vine and Market streets to visit our aged mother, who only survived to us all until October 21st, 1873, when she passed away at the ripe and unusual age of ninety-five years. As we saw that late in the summer of this year she was suffering from heart failure, and was unable to occupy her lonely hours with needle work, or to read much as she had done quite regularly for many years, and that her eyesight and hearing were gradually giving out, we could not pray to have her kept to us much longer. We knew she suffered, so as to be kept sitting up in bed to the last moment for the want of breath. The obituary notice as published in the Lockport Journal and written by my brother, was a beautiful tribute from the "Sainted son, to his Sainted mother." At times, during the three years and over, that I was kept about the Union office, I was able to attend in an adjoining building to the duties of U. S. Commissioner in criminal cases, by the

signing of warrants and hearing and deciding the same. On looking over my account book of fees in this business I find that during the three years I received for this from the Government about $1200. One season, I think in the summer of 1874, I obtained a pass for us from the superintendent of the Erie railroad for a trip from Buffalo to New York and return, in payment for publishing the time-table for that season. I also wrote for publication in our Union a column sketch of my trip, in which I praised the especial merits of this route through the southern tier of counties, sending a copy to the railroad superintendent. This relaxation from newspaper duties gave us a fortnight of solid enjoyment as I well remember. As I was bound to get out of newspaper life as early as practicable, this seemed to have been favored by the dislike of William to remain in a field which he saw and felt could only give him a bare livelihood.

On the 30th of January 1874, Virginia rejoiced us by giving birth to a dear little boy, who was at once named Louis Farnham Jewett Boyce. The first name was after a ship-mate friend of the father; and the second after the name of the foster-father of Virginia; and the third after the Colonel, who was the great grandfather of the baby, and at whose appearance, near noon on that winter day so pleased the Colonel that he at once rewarded Dr. McCollum for his successful services on that occasion. We all enjoyed the season of 1874 in many social ways, but business remained unprofitable. In the autumn of that year the westerly counties of the State held their annual Editorial Convention in our Lockport Opera House. William had invited David Gray of Buffalo, who was the accomplished Editor of the Daily Courier, to come down and deliver a poem there in the evening, and after the pleasant exercises were over he tarried at our house all

night. I had then little thought of the intimate acquaintance which I should afterwards form with this highly gifted man. After winter set in William resolved to "pull up stakes" and migrate to California. At length we reluctantly consented to the removal, as it seemed hard with their limited means, to take such a voyage, and with the many risks we could not anticipate. But they left us for New York City, and thence sailed for Panama on the steamer Acapulco on New Year's day at noon, 1875, when their Louis was just eleven months old.

Very soon after this I succeeded in effecting an arrangement by which I re-sold Skeels my half interest in the Daily Union and Weekly Democrat newspaper establishment at the price of $6000. This was the sum I had paid for it in hard cash, but in the interval from October 2, 1871, to this period, being three years and over three months, I had actually sacrificed in payments, advances and liabilities, as it subsequently proved, at least $1000, beside my faithful time in genuine mental labor. It required, however, the kind and skillful aid of our dear lamented friend, Dr. B. L. Delano, then a banker at Niagara Falls, to actually settle with Mr. Skeels, whose proverbial procrastination was quite annoying, as shown by his correspondence with me, when a year after our partnership dissolution I was living in California. One reason suggesting itself to my mind why I had better come away from Lockport and thus compel a final settlement of the lingering accounts due to and owing from our firm, and which Skeels had assumed, was really what induced me to hurry off to the Pacfic Coast. Therefore, along in April and May I began making preparations for the journey. Sarah accompanied me to Buffalo, where we made a sort of farewell visit to Mr. and Mrs. Farnham. We drove around the interesting points of

that beautiful city, and I recollect of his showing us about the splendid new City Hall, then just about finished, as I think. Next we visited Dr. Delano and his pleasant wife at their delightful home at Niagara Falls, where we nearly spent, very sociably, one or two days and nights. We also said farewell to many Lewiston and Lockport dear friends and relatives. I was then packing my two trunks and engaged my railroad tickets through to San Francisco, at the then fixed rate of about $137 railroad fare, over or besides meals, sleeper, etc. About the last day of May our son Jack came on from his mining and railroad employment in McKean County, Pennsylvania, to see us all and to bid us a good bye. He had been hard at work and looked first-rate. What would be the result of his deliberations for a future pursuit I could hardly conjecture. We then did not realize how superior a lawyer he was to become in the near future. At length, after changing, very fortunately, my first plan of a sea voyage to that by rail. I kissed good bye to my dearly beloved wife, as I then thought for a brief few months only, to see and visit our dear ones on the Pacific Coast. I had in my trip to Buffalo called in the Editorial rooms of the Courier, and after talking with David Gray, its chief, he asked or urged me to write an occasional letter for publication in his paper, which should be desciptive of the country, and of my general impressions of it. I promised to do so but I then had but a faint idea of the forty letters I wrote, as published in the Courier in 1875, 1876 and 1877, on various topics. Mr. Gray then said nothing about any payment for my correspondence, but after sending me his Sunday Daily Courier, in which every three or four weeks my letters were quite regularly published with often a complimentary notice. He stated several times his hope that the treasurer could send me a bank check,

but from no fault of his the check did not come. His correspondence letters to me, always so kind and pleasant, I fear are now lost. I left Lockport for California on the evening railroad train June 9th, 1875, and passing over the suspension bridge by cars of the Great Western Railway, had an all-night's ride through Hamilton, London and other Canadian towns to Detroit River and across to the depot, where, by arrangement, I took conveyance out a mile distant, to breakfast with an old friend, Eugene Skinner, who had married Miss Phileo, a teacher in Utica, where we had known them both quite well, a few years previous. After a couple of hours in social conversation I started with Mr. Skinner to take the morning train on to Chicago, but being five minutes late, we missed it, which compelled me to stay that day in visiting other old friends in the beautiful city of Detroit. Starting west near dark, I got, during the night, imperfect glimpes of Ann Arbor, Kalamazoo, Jackson and other towns, and was glad to reach "wide-awake" Chicago for an early breakfast at the Sherman House. Soon after I called upon friends in different parts of the city. Awhile after supper I was accompanied to the Burlington depot by my friend Mr. Potter, who was a brother of Judge Potter of Lockport. While occupying a sleeper that night I could spy out some of the prairie towns of central Illinois, as we glided along to the Mississippi river at Burlington. Crossing here we were soon landed at Otumwa, where I had promised to stop off and visit a distant relation for a few hours. Before midnight I was again on the way, and as daylight appeared found that our route for some hours in Iowa was over a soil of very dark loam, where the newly settled farms showed thrift and comfort on either hand, until we reached the turbid Missouri river, where turning to a more northwesterly course beside that dark

stream for several miles, we arrived at Council Bluff station before noon, and soon were borne across to the city of Omaha. Here I spent about twenty-four hours visiting the family of Jack Jewett, who is my wife's brother. About noon I proceeded west on the Union Pacific railway, for the run of near 1000 miles in about forty-eight hours to Ogden. This was to me an interesting ride, as we had the broad and sluggish Platte river near at hand the first afternoon, and on the day following our interest was awakened by barks of the little prairie dog, as he skedaddled for his hole among the bushes of endless grease-wood, continuously in sight. The Grand river region of the now State of Wyoming, was a slight improvement on what we had just passed, but at that period, of over fifteen year ago, the whole country seemed as hardly worth accepting, if offered as a gift. At Ogden I took a branch road, of some two hours ride down southerly to Salt Lake City, by which I was enabled to see the banks and body of that large acrid water-bed, which has since become utilized as a popular resort. I stopped (by the advice of our friend, Judge La Mont, at Lockport,) at the "Mormon" Hotel, kept in opposition to the "Gentile" House. The flow of that limpid stream, as it coursed along near the window of my room by the side of the street, was very musical and refreshing. I walked and rode about the streets of what has since become a prosperous and anti-Mormon city of wealth and increasing population. In visiting the big unfinished temple I encountered a man of over sixty, who came there from Buffalo, and who undertook to convince me that the Mormon faith and practice was laying the foundation for a vigorous generation, to supply the degeneracy of this modern age. If I had stayed until doomsday to reason against his fanaticism it would have proved a useless waste of words.

Proceeding west from Ogden on the Central Pacific railroad I was constantly interested in the rugged scenery of that long stretch of mountains and deep canyons, which met the eye on either hand, culminating, as it were, in the sublime peaks of gray rock, which divide the barren regions of the Sierra Nevadas from the fertile valleys of the Pacific Coast. After breakfast at Colfax, we soon looked out upon the verdure of June irrigation in and along the mining towns of the upper Sacramento, and its tributary rivers. As we reached the level of that valley, in our approach to the Capital city, on that quiet Sunday afternoon of June 20th, the sight of inumerable windmills was both novel and interesting. The old or former route, via Niles, was longer than the present one. As we neared San Francisco bay I was very glad to meet my son William, a few miles out from Oakland. Here we took the ferry, landing us in the city of San Francisco, so peculiar to the eastern people as they first traverse its streets, filled with men and women of all languages, costumes and foreign customs. Glad was I to greet Virginia and the little boy Louis, at their cosy cottage on Hyde street, near the Clay street cable cars engine house. This ride by cable power, up the grade over half a dozen cross streets, from Kearny street was very interesting, this being the first time I had known about what I soon after critically examined. As I started out the next morning to ride down, Will says: "take along your overcoat, which you will need by night, if not by noon." When the afternoon fogs came down with a somewhat raw air or wind from the north, I soon learned what a contrast there was between the mild mornings and the chilly evenings at San Francisco. What most interested me was the change in language and manners from what one hears and sees in eastern cities as you cross along the streets.

Another thing which interested me was to see and eat at the innumerable restaurants, where, for "two bits," or twenty-five cents, a very comfortable lunch is furnished. At this early period, in 1875, the cheap ride of several miles on several lines of cable cars at five cents, and the wonderful success of this cable system was unknown. Of course I visited the Cliff House to see the swarm of seals clambering up the rocks upon their island home. As the kind old friend of Will's had invited me to take this ride of ten miles out, before breakfast, I remember the early morning was chilly enough to start a good appetite. After circulating about the busy streets and looking at the sights in Woodward's Garden, to view the curiosities of animal and vegetable life, in what then seemed its most attractive variety, I accepted an invitation from an old Lockport friend, Francis De Long, to visit his ranch at Novato, in Marin County, some thirty miles distant. On my arrival at his hospitable home, I began to learn what was meant by a big California ranch. Upon his grounds he had thousands of bearing fruit trees, especially of the apple, pear, plum and peach kind, beside his vineyard of grapes. But his nine dairies pleased me most, where, upon each, the one hundred milk cows, aggregating about nine hundred head, in addition to hundreds of calves, bringing him in a large income. It was a pleasure to have a morning and some days an afternoon ride, beside the sociable old farmer, and hear him describe how he with his partner, Mr. Sweetzer, had changed here the wild aspect of Nature into a profitable investment and most attractive home, by the exercise of taste, combined with a dozen years of judicious cultivation. The next point I desired to visit was San Jose, one of the early settlements in California, which was once the location of its Capital. Taking a small steamer one morning about the first of July, we

passed up the bay, southerly for about twenty miles, and thence up the many sloughs along that shore where at the landing a short stage ride brings the traveler soon to the city of San Jose, in Santa Clara County. Upon looking about, past its cultivated gardens and lawns, I saw how abundant in this locality must be their choice fruits. A street railway gave me a pleasant ride of three miles down to the more ancient looking village of Santa Clara, where my first impressions were favorable, because a house and pleasant lot was offered to me very cheap. Returning the next day by rail to San Francisco, I witnessed, on Independence Day, July 4th, a grand procession of all the military and social organizations for which the city is so celebrated. Every nationality seemed to be represented on this patriotic occasion. Of course I had the opportunity, by complimentary tickets, issued to William from the dramatic critie of his newspaper, to visit the theatre occasionally. Finally, after a three week's stay in the city, I engaged passage for July 10th to Santa Barbara, a voyage of near 300 miles down the Pacific Coast. Starting then upon the steamer Ancon at 10 a. m. on Friday we reached Santa Barbara at 4 p. m. on Sunday. This being my first sea voyage, I enjoyed the gentle rock of the boat, and was not at all seasick, as I have partially been in a dozen trips since then, over the same route. The swarms of sea gulls following us, the dolphins nearby bobbing up in shoals and the spouting of a whale in the distance, as also the glassy surface of the water between us and the shore plainly in view, kept me on deck until dark intervened. It was a delightful run of some forty miles down from Point Concepcion to Santa Barbara, and as we neared the old wharf our friend Archie Rice met me and soon escorted me to his buggy for a ride of one mile up State street to his house,

where I was glad to meet his wife for a prolonged visit. Mrs. Rice had been for many years an inmate or boarder in our house in Utica, as one of the friends of our family for ten or twelve years up to her leaving Utica for California in the year 1886. In passing up State street the ties were being laid for the street railroad track, if I am not mistaken. Looking around the next day, I at once appreciated the charming aspect which Nature had lavished upon this locality, or rural city, in its surroundings of land and water. The wilder scenery and more antiquated buildings, and especially the Spanish-speaking people have now been changed since my arrival here over sixteen years ago. Certainly the civility, hospitality and quiet intercourse of its inhabitants, made Santa Barbara quite as attractive then as it has become since the universal advent of the "ubiquitous Yankee." Among the first persons to call upon me was the then distinguished lawyer and afterwards Judge and Mrs. Fawcett. Soon afterwards I had a pleasant stroll around Burton Mound, and also through the garden of Judge Fernald, where I ate my first feast of figs. On Monday the 18th I rode up to the Hot Springs, about five miles from town, upon the good horse "Stockton," which, during the summer was my favorite for riding, and reminded me of the enjoyment I formerly had in horse-back rides in and about Lockport, before my married days. It was upon 'Stockton' that with Mr. Rice I soon after explored the rough trails, up and along Mission Creek, to the old dam built one hundred years ago, and when on the high land we started a trio of wild deer. It was this trip up Mission Creek that finally decided me to accede to Mr. Rice's proposal to take one-third of a tract of 153 acres, adjoining the dam. I purchased it at the low price of near $7 per acre, all of which was uncultivated, save a few acres which had a vineyard growing

upon it. As this bargain and other considerations, operating upon my hazy state of mind, resulted in a conclusion that it would be advisable for our family to break up and remove to Southern California, I must here acknowledge that this was another mistake in my life. If I had returned back, after visiting William and his dear wife and boy, without these false impressions made upon my mind by the highly colored and descriptive pictures of Nordhoff's book on Southern California, as read by me before starting for the Pacific Coast, it would have been fortunate for my finances. I now confess it would have been but according to the advice of my dear wife, whose counsel I ought oftener to have sought and followed. As too often with me, I did not wait for the "sober second thought," as suggested by President Van Buren to the people, in one of his messages. My faithful wife soon packed up at Lockport, disposing of many things at a sacrifice, and about the last of August started with the Colonel and Laura, to join me at San Francisco. As Mr. Rice and wife said it was necessary to remove and stay six months on the Mission Creek ranch, in order to perfect their title of pre-emptionists, from the Government by Letters Patent, I was inclined to lease their house on Micheltorena street for one year from November 1st at $5 per week, being $260, and this rent I paid about monthly to one of them. After a trip to Ventura by stage, to visit the family of Mrs. Wm. Rice, whence I was shown the attractive ranch house of Archie and Wm. Rice, across the treacherous current of the Santa Clara river, as situated five miles easterly from Ventura. Also taking a two day's trip on a twenty-five ton schooner, over to Santa Cruz Island and back to see a "big sheep corral" as recommended by a Buffalo friend, and after spending my pocket-money in various ways of sight-seeing, I concluded it was near time to start

and meet my wife at San Francisco. Taking a way steamer, I arrived at Santa Cruz on the second night. Next day I called on the Prays, and around onto the beach, where visitors congregate. The morning following I took a "deck upper" seat on the six-horse coach, over the mountains to San Jose. In company with a couple of young lady travelers from Maine, seated above the driver, I was delighted at the tall big Redwoods on either hand, as they stretched up hundreds of feet from the succession of canyons below us. In descending to Los Gatos, toward noon, we had many splendid views of the country northward. Upon our arrival at San Jose we at once boarded the railroad train and in two hours more were landed at the depot in San Francisco. Soon, by street and cable cars, I reached the cottage on Hyde street, occupied by Will and Virginia. I am not sure how many days after my arrival before I crossed the ferry to Oakland, and thence out by rail a few miles, where, by appointment or notice, I rejoiced to welcome with a hearty kiss, my dear wife and her father, with Laura. That night was one of close quarters in our little cottage. A room in adjoining house had been provided for the Colonel. How the rest were distributed in their four rooms, only a good calculator like Virginia could plan for. After a few days spent in sight-seeing, I found it unadvisable for the family to accompany me down then to Santa Barbara, especially as the household furniture would not arrive for several weeks. So I started alone and upon arriving at the Rice cottage in Santa Barbara, as I remember it, continued to take my meals at Mrs. Thornton's on De la Vina street. I am quite sure that I felt pretty lonesome until my wife arrived. Sleeping upon a "creek bed" and reading by candle light each evening. I spent portions of most days about this period, in writing for the Buffalo Courier my bi-

monthly letters on Southern California. Gradually I was learning the business ways of men, especially those dealing in real estate. It seems I was unwise enough to make some unreliable acquaintances, and as it turned out, some for me unfortunate investments. After the family reached Santa Barbara, as I think in December, and with the buying of our winter supply of wood at $8 per cord, butter at $1 per two-pound roll, and provisions, clothing and incidental expense of living, at a price higher than at the east, and generally higher than for ten years past we have paid here, I began to realize that I ought to labor and earn something. But what could I do, except work in my garden? About the first of January, 1876, I found it necessary to buy and keep a riding horse, in place of depending on Mr. Rice's stable. So it happened that my good old grey (called Dick,) was taken up as an estray and sold by the Marshal for his keep from the public pound. He was struck off to me upon my bid, at $25. By the way, I also bought an easy but unsound mare at Rice's stable for $15, and soon after the horse Ben, at $13, as auctioneered to me. Dick remained as my easy riding horse for ten years, and Will rode Ben, with sundry luggage on his back, for two years while living up on our ranch. It was along late in the autumn that I set a big Irishman to work upon our ranch with a mattock and axe to clear the high land of very heavy white sage, and after this of chapparal for the orchard ground, so by the next spring I could set out fruit trees and grape vines. This business of clearing and cleaning up by fires, occupied my time and often my hands, with assistance of two or more California "Greasers," during 1875 and 1876—and somewhat for years later. During the winter of 1875 and 1876, and until the winter of this last year we all managed to live pretty comfortably in the Rice

cottage, but when bed time arrived my business was to move out a small creek-bed to the diningroom window, where I slept alone until morning, when on looking across the street I could often see Dick shivering by the fence, as rain poured down on his back.

Early in February 1876, a message from Will or Virginia summoned my wife to come up, and soon after her arrival at the cottage the news reached us that: "a girl is born to us. "Dear grand-daughter she is to us here, as named Sarah Jewett Boyce, and now fifteen years of age, the 13th of last February, 1891. After a few weeks my wife returned home and soon it was settled that William should break up in San Francisco and remove his wife, Louis and the baby down to Santa Barbara and locate up on the Mission Creek ranch, as soon as a house and shed, with chicken house, etc., could be built for them. Since Will had been in San Francisco he had been engaged for the first season as reporter on the Rural Press, a nice weekly, and afterwards upon the Daily Examiner, but neither of these papers seemed to satisfy or give him adequate salary for support of his family. Early in April, 1876, I went down to the wharf one morning, as notified, and there met Will, Virginia and Louis, with sweet baby girl Sarah, who had the dark eyes of her mother. All of them stopping with us for a few weeks at the Rice cottage made it rather crowded, but somehow by the skillful management of my wife and daughter-in-law, we all enjoyed our close quarters, and within a few weeks thereafter, the dear baby girl was duly and churchly christened in the parlor by our Rev. James Abercrombie. Soon we settled upon plans for the house, shed and other improvements upon the ranch, as William took hold with energy to work with the mattock, spade and hoe, riding up and down on his horse Ben. I made a contract with two men for a

house to cost about $500, a barn $60, etc. Afterwards I bought of Edwards & Co. 1800 feet of three-quarter inch pipe for bringing the creek water down, which with fixings or couplings, cost me $200 cash in hand.

Along sometime in May our town had a visit from Judge Danforth of Rochester, then a member on the Bench of the New York State Court of Appeals. Upon my talking with him as an old acquaintance practicing in our U. S. Circuit Court for several years, he expressed an anxiety to visit our ranch on horseback. So we started the next morning, and as we reached the high hill upon the old circuitous road where it overlooked the site of the house, as I well recollect, we met Will in his shirt sleeves, with a team he was driving, drawing a load of lumber, (all of which seemed to please the Judge.) He was especially interested in the fine and extensive views of the surrounding country. In fact he questioned me as to the price of similar lands about our canyon and vicinity. I think that before the first of June the family of Will had moved up and were settled in the house, with the hired girl they had brought out from Canada, as the nurse of Louis. Soon a cow was bought at $60—afterwards three pigs, chickens and considerable provisions and feed for all. I engaged of Sexton a load of fruit trees, and these were set as early as the chapparel was cleared off and the ground ploughed. I found Philip and two other Californians ready to work by the day or job, and soon the appearance of things began to change. Will and Philip dug and drilled among the rocks, and blasted big ones by powder. Although the wild-cats made a descent upon the chicken corral, and rattle-snakes were found under the house, and pails of water were tugged up the trail from the creek, fifty feet below, before our pipe was hauled up anp laid in order, yet by patience and perserverance things, or improve-

ments were so far advanced that the Colonel, my wife, and myself, after sundry brief visits, were able to accept their invitation, and partake of a nice dinner at the ranch on Independence Day, July 4th. Well do I remember how all three of us rode up on horseback. The Colonel and Sarah went ahead, and I followed an hour after, when the exercises and address by Mr. Huse were over, in the oak grove back of the old Mission grounds on the west bank of the creek, upon that memorable occasion. The rains of 1875 and 1876 had been exceptionably good about Santa Barbara. They began to fall the first of November and continued at intervals, more or less, every month to April 1876, so that fruit trees and crops did unusually well, as the total rainfall here was about twenty to twenty-five inches for the season. Just how many trees and vines were put out by us that spring and summer, I am not sure, but Will and myself on horseback, each, rode out to Harper's nursery in Montecito, where I purchased twenty-eight trees in boxes of two or three feet high, for fifty cents a piece. I also put out a dozen or more orange trees, and several hundred of choice kinds of grape vines in 1876 or early in 1877. As we wanted a few eucalyptus to grow about the house and barn grounds, I concluded to buy of Elwood Cooper a whole box containing several hundred of these euculypti, or blue gums, paying him his price of $5. So, having a surplus, and after Mr. Rice had ploughed the ground for us, on the high hillside on our south line, (which shows up so conspicuously from the city.) One pleasant morning Virginia joined Will and myself and we started up with our loaded baskets, and in a few hours planted out over 200 of the eucalyptus, at an average height of three or four inches. These are now growing, about one-half of them, at a height of about seventy-five feet each. Along in the summer of 1876 we made

up our minds that it was best to buy some comfortable home of our own, and settle in it, to suit all of our own small family of four persons, including the Colonel and Laura, so the dear old man, then verging on eighty-four years of age, had enough left to carry out his offer and provide his only daughter with what should give her a home for us all while he lived, and afterwards to be secured as hers during life, and then to her children, share and share alike. The Colonel, as I think, as here previously stated, had given her a writing, conveying all ownership and right to his collection of shells, (sent on here from Lockport in 1886.) We looked around and hesitated upon what street to locate, and what moderately priced house for sale we had best buy. Finally we fixad upon our present home, in block 32, on the south side of Anacapa street. The house, now numbered 1717, is a one and one-half story house. When purchased it had but three rooms beside kitchen below, and three rooms including garret-room above, with a cheap shed and conveniences attached in the rear. The lot, of forty-five feet front and two hundred feet deep (beside an alleyway of twenty-five feet in the rear.) with these buildings, well constructed, was thus bought and paid for in cash by the Colonel at $2500. The agent making the negotiations and sale was P. J. Barber, an architect, the .title coming from Mrs. Spencer, a widow, whose husband was an architect in the office of Mr. Barber until his death, occuring some weeks or months previous, quite suddenly, leaving his wife this property encumbered by a mortgage, which compelled a sale to pay it off to C. W. Gorham, out of the price paid by the Colonel. Finding this forty-five foot frontage too narrow, as advised, I next purchased of the daughter, Miss Spencer, the adjoining one hundred feet front westerly and in depth two hundred feet, beside the twenty-five foot

alleyway right, and for which I paid at $7 per foot, $700 cash, and have title deed for it from Miss Spencer. These two conveyances were made about August 1876, and soon after a contract was made with Mr. J. T. Holmes, a builder living on Garden street, by which he was to at once put up and complete an addition in the rear of three good-sized rooms, viz: two bedrooms and a diningroom in the center, with other work and improvements, costing in the aggregate about $1000. While this addition was being done, and the old kitchen moved back to make room for it, our dear Jack arrived from the East, having decided to break up from his very pleasant companionship and promising employment in Pennsylvania to make a new home with us, and to practice law in California. I remember he at once took off his coat and went to work nailing slats of lathing around the basement, and then whitewashed the kitchen, outside at least. During this time and this work, I recollect the arrival of that wayward nephew, Hamilton Boyce, who had worked his way down the Coast to see us, and get some employment, as he seemed to be rather short of means. So I soon arranged that he should go up to the ranch and work for or with Will in clearing up the ground around the ranch house, for which he was to have board and $1 per day cash, at the end of the month. Hamilton seemed content and to be doing well for some weeks, until I paid up, when he left us saying he would again try peddling of some window fixings, a business in which he claimed to have had success. I think he started off with $20 cash, but (sad to state,) he has scarce been seen or heard from since. If alive, we cannot at this distance of time, expect that he will bring comfort to relatives or friends.

Our furniture had arrived from the East by rail while we were still in the Rice cottage, but the boxes

shipped from Lockport to come around by sea, I think arrived in October, after we had moved up to our clean and pleasant new house or home, which was hardly completed until November, or even later. But we all enjoyed being once more nearby, or together as a family, larger than for years, viz: Col. Jewett, Sarah and myself, Jack and Laura, with Will and Virginia and the two dear children only two miles away on the ranch. The winter of 1876, to its mid-part, seemed promising as the last had been. At least we enjoyed our horse-back rides daily, and our social evening fire-place conversations, with reading and visiting more or less. The Colonel had his walks to the postoffice, or elsewhere, with calling on his limited acquaintances. Jack had begun his law reading with Judge Fernald. Toward spring Sarah noticed that her father was getting somewhat debilitated from over-exertion in walking or otherwise, and finally Dr. Stuart, as a pleasant and intelligent friend of the Colonel's, was called in as medical adviser. Symptoms of a serious kind soon alarmed us, as the Colonel became confined to his room and bed, in the west room, which was designed and built for his especial comfort. He continued to grow worse for several days, while Sarah watched so faithfully and tenderly over her dear father, and finally on Friday, May 18th, 1877, Colonel Ezekiel Jewett breathed his last, at the ripe age of eighty-five years. Two very excellent obituary notices appeared in the Santa Barbara Daily Press of that same evening, the one written by his grandson, William A. Boyce, the other by Rev. Stephen Bowers. In the first-named one there was a sketch of the military career of Colonel Jewett during the war of 1812 to 1814 giving account of his bravery at Lundy's Lane, and other battles on the Niagara frontier, especially of his personal courage at the "sortie" from Fort Erie,

which was so marked as to call forth from his superior officer, General Winfield Scott, words of praise. Soon after the close of this war and needful rest in New Hampshire, around home, (as more particularly detailed in these obituaries,) Col. Jewett, yet only a Lieutenant up to that period, in our 11th Infantry, with other of our army officers, was induced to volunteer and sail from New York to aid General Carrera, President of the Republic of Chili in the struggle to preserve their independence. Carrara had come on to New York City, and was aboard with these officers when the vessel arrived at Buenes Ayers and all were arrested. But soon young Jewett was released and sent forward with despatches across the Pampas Plains, a distance of 900 miles, which he performed in about nine days, on relays of wild or untamed horses, yet trained for the saddle, at stations twenty miles apart. Arriving at the foot of the Andes he was cautioned not to attempt to cross over for Chili from Mendoza at that inclement season. Yet the answer was: "I must go, and shall try, or perish in the attempt." He was successful, and when appearing on the Pacific side the inhabitant he met regarded him as having descended from the clouds. Soon he was appointed Colonel of a Regiment of Cavalry and he served as such, doing valiant warfare in numerous battles, until victory crowned the Republican banners, when in 1818, after two year's absence, he returned to his native State of New Hampshire. Soon after this on June 10th, 1819, (in pursuance of their early engagement,) he was married to Miss Elizabeth Arnold of Westmoreland, adjoining the town of Rindge in Chesire County, where my dear wife, Sarah, was born to them on the 2nd day of April, 1820, in that strongly built old house of Dr. Jewett. I visited the very room with Uncle Stephen Jewett, who showed me around,

now about thirty-five years ago. Having received the appointment of a U. S. Quartermaster in 1826, Col. Jewett was ordered to Fort Niagara, New York State, to which he removed, after a brief stay at the Sacketts Harbor military post. When the Colonel came with his young wife and daughter to dear old Fort Niagara he could hardly anticipate that this spot was to be his home for seventeen years, or until 1843, when they came over to join our circle at Lockport. As above stated the Colonel's death occurred on Friday, and the funeral took place on the Sunday following, at our house on Anacapa street, Rev. Mr. Abercrombie officiating. On this pleasant afternoon many friends followed us in the burial services to our lot in the cemetery overlooking the Pacific sea.

The rains for the winter and spring of 1877 fell only twice, in any considerable quantity, making in the aggregate only five inches, giving us the sad "dry year," such a one as I never wish to see or experience again. Until the last rainfall then, and which I think was in April, we could not realize what was upon us, for no such event had happened to Southern California for twelve or fifteen years previous, or since the desolating drought of 1862 and 1863. Then immense flocks of sheep were starved, and covered the ground in all these surrounding counties. Of course our mission ranch had nothing left growing to keep man or beast along, so that Will had to buy barley ground up or in hay for his horse, and bran and shorts for his cow, and corn for his pigs and chickens. Until along in May we had hoped and looked for showers of rain. We had the trail down to the creek, to bring up pails of water for the house, and could lead the horse and cow down to drink above the dam, but it was hard to realize how destructive and discouraging this drought was to be until along in the summer months. Early in June, and

as I think, it was Tuesday, the first day of June, about noon, I started on Dick, with my good and dear friends, Henry Tallant and Robert Chamberlain for the famed Ojai Valley, about forty miles easterly from Santa Barbara. We rode quietly along on the shore and land road to Carpinteria postoffice. Soon after we reached the vicinity of the home of the Knaps. Stopping briefly at T. L. Knap's we accepted an invitation to lunch with them upon our return about four days hence. Then I separated from my companions and struck out for the Pardee (now ostrich) ranch, up the hillside, when by invitation I was to look over an almond orchard and stay at Pardee's over-night. Mr. Tallant and Mr. Chamberlain passed along to E. J. Knap's ranch, where they tarried over-night by invitation, until my arrival on Dick, over the steep grade the next morning. Starting from Knap's about 9 a. m. we jogged along (each on his favorite steed,) for a few miles, until we came to the "Divide," which was a ridge of high land, at first quite accessible, but what, about mid-day, proved to be thickets of dense chapparel, of various small timber trod down by the stock of ranchers. Here the only chance to keep on my horse, with the sack of clothing and lunch bundle tied behind, was to occasionally dismount and spy out my route, "helloing" to my companions on an adjoining trail. Thus we kept up and down to the Ventura River bank, where all three of us joined together again, and very gladly stopped to take our lunch and rest ourselves and horses for a good long hour. At this time the Casitas Pass road had not been opened. Since 1887 or 1888 it has become famous for its curved line of beauty and its views of mountain scenery, especially in the springtime of wild flowers, in their varied and luxurious colors. At about 4 p. m. we reached the Ojai Valley and soon were given a room each in the cottage host-

elry of Landlord McGee. After a good supper and social chat we retired to sound rest. After breakfast and a morning stroll, and more talk, Mr. Tallant and myself mounted our horses, leaving Mr. Chamberlain behind at his request. We passed down the valley a few miles and up the grade, bringing us to the upper Ojai, where, for an hour's ride we passed along cultivated lands occupied by prosperous farmers, until we reached the oil-covered streams of Santa Paula creek, or its tributaries, thence down the canyons of several apiarists, or "growers of the honey of bees," which then seemed to be quite the main business of those persons living in the uncultivated regions of Ventura County. Arriving at the modest village of Santa Paula in time for supper, at what seemed to be its only comfortable hotel, we found the atmosphere growing warmer, so that by bed-time this was pronounced to be a "hot wave from the Mohave Desert." Of course we passed a rather sleepless night, and after a somewhat "torrid" breakfast of moist butter and chicken fixings, we were obliged to spend the forenoon about the bar-room, with its sprinkled floor of disagreeable odors. Starting again by 2 p. m. we rode along the fifteen miles to Ventura at a quite moderate pace, past prosperous crops of alfalfa and other grass, with the nice young orange orchard of Mr. Blanchard nearby, on our right. As the west wind began to blow before night, we pushed on and by supper-time put up at the very comfortable rooms of the Palace in Ventura. Next morning we urged our steeds into an occasional gallop along the seashore for twelve or fifteen miles, until we turned off to the right to meet our appointment for noon lunch by 1 p. m., at the house of our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Knap, (now both gone to their final rest.) After two social hours we journeyed homeward, although all the afternoon the

hot wave was around us, and as I found by the wilted vegetation in my garden, the two day's heat had done very considerable mischief in Santa Barbara.

I forgot to mention a slight circumstance, or loss of $12.50, happening to me the Saturday before taking my Ojai trip. I called at the bank and got five gold pieces of $2.50 each, which I thought would be enough, and of most convenient size for my journey. I called at a fruit stand soon after and bought fruit of a choice kind, imported from the north, as all such were up to this period. In taking up my small purse in which I had wrapped up the gold pieces, I handed the fruit-dealer a silver piece and carefully laid down the purse on the counter, and left it, as I am sure. After starting up the street I missed my money, and so told my son Will who was passing by. He remarked "you will find it at that fruit stand," but on returning and after enquiry and search I could find nothing of it—yet I have always suspected this dealer lied to me and got my $12.50 in that purse. Of course I had to get and substitute a similar sum for my journey on the following Monday. Here I may as well mention another interesting trip I had that dry season, upon the back of my strong and gentle old Dick. About the first day of August I started in company with friends, Judge Ord and Mr. Shedd, the latter of whom was an assayer of metal, and was acting superintendent of the quicksilver mines over the Santa Ynez mountain. We left with our sacks securely tied behind each saddle, at about 9 o'clock in the morning, and proceeding up the east creek by that Mission canyon trail, we met, about two miles from the Mission, a huntsman with two fat deer strapped across the back of his lead "bronco," coming to town. Quail were also very plenty all along our narrow and steep horse-back way. At a height of near 2000 feet we had a splendid view of our

city with its streets, like trails, and its small appearing buildings, mingled with ever-changing fogs. Before noon we reached the top of the Santa Ynez range and began to descend the trail, and soon finding water we lunched, and gave our tired horses a drink. Pushing ahead after a short hour's rest, we descended toward the river, finding on our way several mule teams with bags of cinnabar ore packed on each, to be transported to the mill station, which we reached before sundown. Here we unsaddled, and after supper enjoyed some hours of social chat before retiring to a hard couch of "solid repose," and to be for two days guests of this mining camp. The next morning I walked down and washed in the Santa Ynez River nearby. Then after a pork-bacon breakfast, with darkish hard-bread, I visited the quicksilver works, to understand the process of heating the ore and thus extracting the slippery metal by a long series of flumes, which I shall not attempt to describe. Next I rode down the dry river bed or along next and across its sluggish water in August, where I saw the lower works, now disused. Here a company from San Francisco must have improvidently invested thousands of dollars, which have brought no returning dividends. That night the head manager or superintendent, (whose name escapes me,) regaled us with an interesting account of the interview between our Union General, W. T. Sherman, and the Confederate General, John Johnston, as had at his house in North Carolina, at the close of our Civil War, and which interview resulted in their Articles of Capitulation by the Southern army after Sherman's successful "march to the sea" in 1865. The following morning Mr. Ord having to visit his son's ranch, where he had a flock of goats in keeping, several miles up the river, Mr. Shedd and myself began our return for home, on the mountain easterly from the route we had

taken in going over. After a hard climb of hours up and one hour and a half down, we reached level ground in Montecito, about six miles from Santa Barbara, where we were glad to find spring water for ourselves and our tired horses. After jogging along we both reached home by or before supper-time, thanking each other for our mutual intercourse, which had thus given to me so many new and interesting views of wild mountain life. It had especially added to my physique much of healthy ozone.

Up at the ranch Will continued to work, but owing to the dry year of 1877 he found ranch life unprofitable, and began to long to get back to Editorial employment. I think it was in October 1877 he started for San Francisco, leaving his wife, Louis and Sarah with us. In fact he quit working on the ranch months previous, and was engaged for some time on a Democratic daily in Santa Barbara, as the local Editor, called The News, as I think, published by a Mr. Pettigrove, a consumptive, who died soon afterwards. He (Will) would ride Ben down mornings and up at night, after the proof was corrected in type. By 1880 times grew "tight" for money, and although I had remittances from Utica on avails of the $2000 bank stock, and on payments from the sale of our house there, yet along in these years I was often "short" for current expenses. I had invested $3000 in a mortgage by old McKay upon ninety-eight acres on the Avenue road, near Goleta, as a permanent investment, which Winton & Woodbridge both said was perfectly safe, although the old man never paid me one cent of interest, and some five years afterwards I was obliged to sell my security for $1600, thus losing at least $2500, interest and expenses included. Then in a similar loan to Woodbridge, and also in similar investments at a higher rate of interest than given in the East, I was misinformed

and deceived, so that I must have lost from $500 to $1000 more. In dealing with our grocers, Rogers & Co., I was unable to pay the large annual account we made in our housekeeping, and in keeping the ranch supplied, so at one time I gave old Mr. Rogers a mortgage of $1000 upon the ninety-eight acres. A foreclosure being recommended as best to get title under my $3000 mortgage, caused some $200 extra expense. I also gave Rogers, afterwards, for groceries and cash advanced, two mortgages upon my Mission ranch title, for $400 and $450. For some five years I borrowed, along from time to time, in small sums from Winton, several hundred dollars, paying him one and one-half per cent per month for its use.

On the 10th of February 1879 the dear blue-eyed boy, Arnold, was born to Virginia one morning early, in the bed-room adjoining our parlor. At once the name to be given him was much discussed, and as his father was not here, the naming was for some months delayed, but finally the sur or family name of the boy's grandmother, Arnold, was given him. I think that Virginia and the children remained with us all the summer until they removed to San Francisco. For a year or more they kept their pleasant upper rooms on Union street, where we visited them for several days. The next time we went up to San Francisco we found them in the octagon house, (I forget the street.) This elavated location was near in sight of the North Beach. Here was where I found dear Mrs. Farnham, the foster-mother of Virginia. Here I visited them all in that octagon house, living so happily, in or about 1885. After Will had, along soon after 1878 and 1879, temporary employment on the Examiner and on the Chronicle, he secured an engagement as Reporter upon the Daily Morning Call, when he was advanced to be managing Editor of it at a handsome salary, and here

continued for 6 years, acquiting himself with credit. The position was a responsible and laborious one, as it kept him on duty at the office on Clay street, from about 7 p. m. to 3 a. m., with one night's interval each week.

As for myself, along from 1880 to 1885, I kept working about my garden in the mornings of winter and spring. During a few hours of most days of these times, I would chop and hoe up at my ranch, in a lonely and unremunerative way, as I seldom got any returns from the ranch land or house. One year it was rented to a Mr. Thayer and family from Boston, when they grew and irrigated strawberries and some vegetables. At other periods I had a tenant for a short time at the usual rate of $5 or $6 per month—as nothing but the house, shed and garden was rented. I had many loads of oak wood cut and drawn down to us. Ploughing each winter or spring cost a few dollars. My fruit trees or grapevines did not mature any valuable crop. All these ten years after Will had left the ranch I was debating in my mind what I had best do, whether sell the "thing" or lease and improve it gradually as I might have the opportunity or the means. During this ten years I must have worked a few hours per day, averaging at the least two or perhaps three months of full time in each year; this at chopping and burning brush, and afterwards hoeing among my trees and vines. True this gave the satisfaction of a good appetite and sound sleep, with constant health. Yet I became tired and dissatisfied. After talk with real estate dealers and partial negotiations, I took, occasionally, a man up and showed them about the house, with land and improvements. Finally Mr. Ford and Mr. Calkins drove up, and I rode and we looked over the ground. Mr. Ford had visited the premises when camping in the vicinity previously.

Meanwhile Mr. Squires, who owned forty acres above and on the opposite side of the creek, had made a good sale to Dr. Richter of San Francisco. Squires thought he might find a purchaser for me, and so advertised it on a State street post. I was to pay him $50 when a sale was complete. Finally a sale was made to Mr. Ford on May 2, 1887, but of this I will give details after mentioning other matters occuring previously which I omitted in the strict order of time. Along in 1886 I offered, several times, to sell the ranch for $3000. Will wrote me about a sale, and I replied I must either sell or give a large mortgage on it and get it cashed. Will's family I think spent most of the year of 1886 with us.

I must not omit to mention some of the important criminal cases tried or argued by Jack in the Superior Court here during this period, or before the Supreme Court sitting at San Francisco and Los Angeles. He was District Attorney for two years, and afterwards was employed to assist other Counsel on trials or arguments, sometimes to prosecute and sometimes to defend. He seemed to be successful in most of his cases, whether criminal or civil. His first great argument was in the People vs. Alex P. More, who was held by the Police Court Judge in $50,000 bail on the charge of killing a Chinaman who worked as a cook upon his great sheep ranch on Santa Rosa Island. More employed all the best lawyers in Santa Barbara, and then one of the best Advocates in San Francisco to come down and argue it for him. Not content with this, he, it is said, bought up and paid Judge Hatch, of our Superior Court to rule all proceedings in his favor, most corruptly and outrageously, for years, and finally to "quash the information and discharge the Defendant" all "in furtherance of justice," as ignominiously ordered in Court. This case went to the Supreme

Court on motion by Counsel. In the Examiner of 1887, it was stated as follows: "The argument of John J. Boyce in the More case was a masterly effort." Another important case was the prosecution vs. Dr. Crooks; also his successful defence in the San Luis Obispo County shooting case of the People vs. Dr. Mooklar; also the trial and conviction of two robbers of the Express Company's box of $1000, near Gaudalupe. Later on the highly interesting trial of Mrs. Lucy A. Brown vs. the executors of the estate of her brother, Wm. W. Hollister, which filled the Court room for one week, and resulted in giving the dear old "Auntie" Brown a verdict of about $2400. Judge Carpenter of Los Angeles was associated with John as the senior Counsel, yet each received the sum or equal of $1250 each. The splendid argument of both is written out and printed at the expense of J. W. Cooper, who employed them as joint Counsel.

I hardly need mention that having failed to get any office out of the election in 1876, as I had hoped for, and the Democrats having been beaten in 1880, when I reported our resolves in the County Convention I determined, after Cleveland's election in 1884, that I might fairly ask for something suitable and remunerative to meet my current expenses. First I corresponded with my early friend at Lockport, John L. Williams of Indiana, who had been appointed as Third Auditor of U. S. Treasury at Washington. A. A. Oglesby, a lawyer here, then of fair standing professionally and politically, also tried to help me, as he claimed influence with the Congressmen at Washington. I was foolish to think, as I did at first, that any office taking me away from home to distant Washington was desirable. Then I thought a position as Deputy Assessor of Internal U. S. Revenue would suit, so I got up my petition and letters of recommend, which were

very freely and kindly signed in my favor by leading Democrats in this District, from the Counties of San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara and Ventura. But the chief Assessor finally, fortuuately for me, appointed another man, away from our county. Then I asked personally, and through a political friend, that Judge Lawton, superintendent of the Mint at San Francisco, should give me a suitable appointment, at a rate of $5 per day, thinking at first how I could earn and lay by something over expenses of board, etc., near to Virginia and the dear children. After keeping me in doubt for nearly a year, with encouraging promises, I found other influences controlled all positions or vacancies, which fortunately kept me at home, as health and family affairs properly demanded. Next I was a candidate in the Democratic Convention a few years ago for nomination as Tax Collector, but was there defeated by Eddleman, present incumbent then of that office, and he was soon afterwards defeated at the polls by the Republican, Miguel Burke. As I now consider and can well appreciate, as I write these lines in the closing days of the year 1891, no one of these several appointments or offices, had I received either, would have compensated me for the loss of home and health, probable at my age of life. My regularity in habits and living as I have done for years past, out of doors and with quite constant manual labor or exercise, all have prolonged my days. During all these later years I was acting on the Vestry of Trinity Church, since 1880, and for the last six or eight years as its Secretary. Many meetings and discussions of our Vestrymen resulted in our selling and removing from the old church on Gutierrez street, and in the erection of a beautiful new church on the corner of Anapamu and Anacapa streets. Owing to discussions in the Vestry, and after the schismatic course of the Rector,

(McClure,) I with two others resigned as Vestrymen and Secretary. A younger Vestry was fortunately selected at last Easter Day election.

Work on our branch of the Southern Pacific railroad was begun in 1886. It was to run from Saugus, (on the main line from San Francisco and Los Angeles,) to Santa Barbara, about eighty miles. The distance from the main line at Los Angeles to Santa Barbara is about 110 miles. This and the wave of improvements in building at Los Angeles, brought on in the winter of 1886 and 1887 a sharp advance in the price of both town and county land, otherwise a "boom." In many city blocks or lots the prices doubled or thribbled. People became quickly excited, and in several instances made sudden fortunes, which often were lost by unwise purchases on credit soon after.

At this period, about early in the spring of 1887, hearing at what high prices land was held, or sold for adjoining my ranch, I fixed on its value or price as $4500, being at the rate of $88 per acre. Finally negotiations with Mr. Ford resulted in our contract at $4250, which is at the rate of $83⅓ per acre, for the so-called fifty-one acres and improvements. Mr. Ford has paid the $1250, i. e. by cash and notes of $250 each, I received all but the balance of $3000. As he promised to pay off a mortgage of $400 I had given to Mr. James some two years or more previous, and then over-due. Afterwards, I think it was in August 1890, the principle being called for by Mr. James, I agreed to allow him on our contract one-half, or $200, if he would then pay off and discharge the whole $400 of the principal and interest due on said mortgage. This was accordingly done, so that by endorsing the $200 "gratuity" as a payment, on our contract, the balance of principal due me thereon is now $2800, with some back interest due on 2nd of May last. Since

our contract of May 2, 1887, Mr. Ford has kept up the interest at 8 per cent for the three years up to May 2, 1890, and since then he has paid near one-half of the annual sum, all together, of interest paid to September 1891 about $800, beside on taxes and insurance on the house annually, for three and one-half years about $25. Total thus paid, about $2100 to $2150.

On June 9, 1887 at San Francisco I bid good bye to my beloved wife Sarah and to Virginia and to the three dear children, Louis, Sarah and Arnold, and to Will, at the boarding-house near the corner of Union street. My wife, for various reasons, could not then accompany me on my journey East. Out of the money Mr. Ford had paid, and was to pay that season, I made up my mind that after a twelve years' absence both were entitled to go, and that I at least would go at once and meet our many friends in New York State. I cannot enumerate the many reasons for my starting alone, and thus leaving my wife behind. The shells were yet unsold, and our golden wedding day would be at hand September 1, 1891, when I felt sure one or both of us could be in Niagara County to in some way commemorate this anniversary on that dear Frontier and perhaps at that dear spot, the Mess House of old Fort Niagara. Then the dangerous illiness of my brother, paralyzed and helpless for many months, hastened me on my journey, fortunately taken none too soon. I had railroad tickets by way of the Central Pacific to Ogden and thence via Salt Lake to Kansas City on the Rio Grande to Denver, and a stop-over at Quincy. This was called the Burlington Route to Chicago. From there on the Lake Shore railroad to Buffalo. For all this I paid $75. Meals and sleeper extra at a cost of about $25. Total amount I paid going East to Lockport about $100. I will not particularize all the events on my trip of eleven days until

my arrival at Lockport Sunday afternoon, June the 19th. I enjoyed every day spent upon the way, and as I watched the sublime mountains and the grand canyons daily in view until I passed Denver, and then the change to prairies, trees and fields, so remindful of earlier days of travel, I felt thankful to Providence for these sights, and yet I felt a regret that my dear wife was away from my side, and was not to accompany me where our many friends would say, very naturally, "why could not Mrs. Boyce come along with you?" I made no real stop until I reached Kansas City, where I stayed from morning until evening, as my expected train from Atchison had left for Quincy a short time before ours got along, having been delayed in the night by a "hot journal," so I saw what a wonderful rush of travelers and of trunks piled mountain high, and of streets thronged like a young Broadway, with its lines of cable cars and elevated tracks, buildings and improvements under way, was Kansas City. A night's comfortable ride, in my first experience of a chair car, brought me by sunrise to the bridge over the Mississippi River, and by a short ride up the hillside in Quincy to the hospitality of our cousin, Mrs. Cornelia Marsh, where I was entertained for just twenty-four hours, when I again took train for Chicago, reaching that wonderful city at 2 p. m. June 16th. Pursuant to invitation I went directly to the pleasant and hospitable home of William Blair at 230 Michigan Avenue, where I stayed from Thursday noon until Saturday evening. I had not met Mr. Blair for near sixty years, when we knew each other as neighbors or quasi grown up boys in Cortland, the place of our nativity. He had started off to the great West to seek his fortune about the period when I was beginning my academic studies. As a hardware merchant he had become one of the solid millionaires of Chicago, and had finally retired

from active business to spend his declining years in travel and reading. I found Mrs. Blair, (nee Miss Seymour of Ohio,) a beautiful and accomplished lady, whose refined taste was apparent in all the rooms of the comfortable home. That first evening I accompanied them to a social at the house near by, where Mrs. Lyman Blair resided with her son and daughter. Here I met the relations and friends of the Blair family, mostly residents of Cortland in early days. The next forenoon we had a warm drive to Lincoln Park, toward the north, and returned via Dearborn and other fine streets, lined with handsome residences. I wondered at the massive blocks and crowds of vehicles and people along all the business portion of this city of three-fourths of a million of inhabitants; a town burned over and consumed in October 1871. As I awoke and dressed quite early the next morning, Saturday, June 18th, the mercury indicated 87°, said to be the hottest day for many years, but I walked to a hotel and after our lunch found time to write a long letter to my wife, telling her of some pleasant things, and then read most of it to Mrs. Blair and sister, Mrs. Ballard. After dinner and calls upon Mrs. Crosby, I had a delightful ride with Mr. Blair behind his handsome pair of black horses, out for miles in a southerly direction to the Boulevard. After dark the carriage conveyed us to the Lake Shore depot, where at 8 p. m. I said good bye to Mr. Blair, with thanks for his great kindness. Early on Sunday morning we passed through Toledo and Sandusky stations, arriving at Cleveland pretty hungry, for a late breakfast, but a good one, at 9 a. m. As the train swiftly passed on, with the fresh foliage in view, and in sight of many stately trees I was reminded of early days spent in our Empire State of New York, and thankful that my lot had been cast in so many places. The "western

reserve" towns of northern Ohio and the fertility of northwesterly Pennsylvania, kept me interested on through to the line of Chautaqua and Erie Counties, and until my arrival at Buffalo, about 4 p. m., when I was soon able to take a train on the Erie branch road to Lockport, twenty miles distant. When I alighted and looked around, the old buildings looked familiar after an absence of twelve years. Soon a hack hurried me anxiously along to the homestead of my good old Christian brother, William Curtis Boyce, who faintly recognized me as he lay paralyzed and helpless. His devoted wife, Maria, and his only daughter, Genevieve, were standing by with a greeting for me such as words cannot express. The next morning I started for Upper Town, aboard the street car which comes down Market street to its turn-about at Vine street in front of Christ Church, a point of ground I have passed over many thousands of times, I am quite sure. Calling at the newspaper offices of the Daily Union and also the Daily Journal. I next stopped in at the offices of Judge Potter and John T. Murray. John asked me home to lunch, where I found the invalid wife, Mary, so glad to hear all about the family in California. Indeed a similar enquiry was daily made to me. In the afternoon I inspected the beautiful new Court House opposite the old one, on Niagara street. The next morning I read and sent away some pleasant notices of the "arrival of Mr. A. A. Boyce in Lockport" as published in the Journal and Union. Took tea with Mrs. Potter and the Judge gave me a ride of five miles behind his beautiful and fast mare, a family pet with them. This day, Tuesday, I made a half dozen calls, at the houses of old friends, viz: Mrs. Keep, Jackson, and McRae. Of course the men I meet, if old acquaintances, say "California must agree with you, as you seem to be still looking so young for your age." This or similar

complimentary things are spoken to me. During each of these pleasant June mornings I walk down the familiar front of my brother's quiet homestead and then along the sidewalk for many rods, as I muse on the past, think over the present, and wonder as to the future. How changed are all these surroundings from that of my early days in Lockport, when hunting squirrels in the thick woods just above lower Market street. Wednesday I visited the fruitful vineyard of Mr. Hoag in company with Genevieve and her two sweet children. Next morning I get a long and most welcome letter from my dear wife, to which I finish up and mail a reply. Have prepared a one-third column article for Saturday's Union, in which I speak in somewhat glowing terms of the progress here in various improvements, mentioning them in detail, as made in Lockport since leaving here in 1875. Friday I attended the annual Exhibition exercises by the Union School scholars, which were interesting from the stage seat assigned to me. Saturday in company with Editor Gaunt, I visited the interesting manufactory of Peterson & Co. for converting wood pulp into wooden ware, etc., of all kinds, situated along 18-mile creek; also the new and expensive aluminum works on the opposite side of the creek. Sunday I attended the Presbyterian Church with dear Allen Bigelow, to hear his sweet tenor voice in a solo; then a splendid sermon by the eloquent young preacher there, then to drive pleasantly with the Jacksons, afterwards a long social call upon Mrs. Molyneux, the old friend of Colonel and Mrs. Jewett over sixty years ago, who lives so comfortably with her granddaughters at the pleasant home of their father, Mr. McRae. Here I afterwards visited sociably quite often, taking tea and talking business matters with the father, who for years has been a public contractor, until some late misfortune has, I

understand, overtaken him. Sunday evening I attended Grace Church, in a seat beside Mrs. George Keep, meeting many acquaintances as we passed out, where Genevieve and her husband met me to walk home a mile together. Monday, June 27, I write to different correspondents and put a postscript to wife in Genevieve's good letter about us all, then call on typesetters at the Union office, most of whom were our employees up to 1875, when I left them so thankfully. On Tuesday morning I accompanied Allen Bigelow up to Buffalo, where I called for Mrs. Farnham, who was then out, and then upon an old friend, Mrs. Ways, and also upon Dan Shepard and his lovely wife. In the afternoon I met Allen and his brother at the depot, where we take the Philadelphia railroad train cut to North Evans. Here we are welcomed by their intelligent parents, Rev. and Mrs. Bigelow, and spend the night. After an early breakfast we started back the thirty miles for Buffalo. After getting railroad office rates for my return journey in October, I get around to the Charity Home where I find my neice, Hattie Dayton, and meet old acquaintances. Have a short trip with Hattie across ferry boat to Canada, and am glad to meet Allen and return in his pleasant company to Lockport by the 5 p. m. train. Here a nice dinner at our dear friends, Mrs. Ohustend and daughter, Mrs. Dr. Davison, and the granddaughter, Blanche Davison, awaited us. For a wonder, we fiinshed up the evening by two games of whist, Mrs. Olmstend and Allen and Blanche and myself—but which side beat I am not now sure. The next morning (Thursday, June 30,) I ride over to suspension bridge and after a stop at the Custom House, go on to the Falls, where, at the Cataract bank, I find Frank Delano and Frank Spalding, who inform me about the (suicidal) death of Joseph E. Ways. After a stroll about Prospect Park

I seat myself in a retired spot and there finished up a letter to Sarah and mail it, when I take street car back to the bridge. Meet Ben Flagler and also Hiram Colt for a social talk until 4 p. m., when I return to Lockport and reach home at Maria's about 5 p. m. The following day I attend to some business correspondence. In the afternoon made calls upon Mrs. Potter, Mary Murray and Rev. Mr. Norton, then at Mrs. Ashley Smith's, where I am invited to stay for tea, and afterwards have a most pleasant ride with them over High street, around the southerly line of the city, until dark when they leave me at the junction of Main and Market streets for the car which soon brought me to the house again.

Saturday morning, July 2, is hot. Mercury stands at 90°. Whew! After a quiet forenoon spent in reading I am gratified this afternoon to see Miss Maria Colt, and to accept her invitation to spend Independence afternoon and night at Cambria where the Colts are spending the summer season with their relatives, the Misses Wood, three maiden sisters, living on the famous Ridge road. After calling this afternoon upon our old neighbors Mrs. Charles Evans and her sister, Miss Kate Spalding, I go in next door to tea with the Potters. There a social hour telling them about California and especially about my beloved wife. Next I enjoyed another hour's ride about different pleasant streets, behind his beautiful bay mare. Sunday another warm day. I pity my poor sick brother, so helpless, and who fails slowly. His devoted wife and delicate daughter I fear will break down and get sick. Attend Christ Church and partake of the communion in this sacred house of worship, of stone, standing where the one of wood stood where I attended my first Episcopalian services over fifty years previous to 1887. It continues so warm all the afternoon that Allen and

myself conclude it best to postpone our contemplated walk of a mile to Cold Spring Cemetery. On Monday morning of this Independence Day am glad to get a six-page letter from wife saying: "Will starts for San Diego as the city Editor of the Sun" a daily published there. This afternoon I take the train and stop off at Sanborn, or Pekin station, where Mr. Colt meets our stage. With him I ride down two miles to the Ridge, where at the pleasant house of the Misses Wood I am welcomed by Aunt Maria and her sweet and pretty neice, Mary Colt. Of course many questions were asked by some or all of the company that evening as we sat around in that social circle. The next morning after breakfast I have a walk easterly along the Ridge and ask several questions of an old farmer in passing by. After our bountiful breakfast Mary and myself take a mile walk westerly and I am glad to see how well and improved she looks. After dinner Mr. Colt hitches up the horse and we start for railroad at Ransomville, as I am anxious to see what changes the "iron horse" has made in the northerly towns of Niagara County. This is ground very familiar to me in traveling over its roads at all seasons of the year. We met old Mr. Ransom and other familiar faces. We commented upon the crops and fruit along the route, belonging to prosperous farmers. Arriving home in good time for our plentiful supper, we again spent our pleasant summer evening to 10 p. m. in discussing things and people. Harvesting was under way, but a hard rain or long shower is needed hereabouts. Another interesting day awaits me after sound sleep and a good breakfast, when I say good bye and with Mr. Colt start to reach the morning train for Suspension Bridge and the Falls, where we pass over to Goat Island and have a pleasant walk around it, viewing the sublime wonders of this world's resort. After our

lunch, in company with the brother Leander Colt, we pass over the bridge to visit and enjoy a couple of hours about the famed whirlpool of Niagara River. I was much interested in what I saw on the Canadian side. The ferry passage down 200 feet by a cable car propelled and regulated by water power, to the close margin of the seething river whirling itself in a rapid circle until it finally plunged down in a rectangular course to the swift rapids below, was truly an awe-inspiring sight. We prolonged our stay there an hour or more watching the seemingly dangerous descent of that car with its load of visitors, at an angle of near forty-five degrees. Returning to the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Leander Colt with their three pleasant daughters. I called after supper with Mr. Colt upon Mr. and Mrs. Ben Flagler, living along the street car line a mile distant toward the falls. Here we spent an hour and over in familiar talk about California, as Mr. and Mrs. Flagler had recently spent some weeks at our Arlington Hotel. On Thursday morning July 7, I arise early, and from my room at the Colt's near the river bank have a splendid view of the great cataract over a mile south. After breakfast I take the train for Lewiston along down the eastern bank, and over one hundred feet above the swift and seething rapids for two miles, and under the short tunnel out into the suburbs of the sleepy village of Lewiston. Landing at the old depot I soon made my way, for a short half mile, to the hospitable and attractive stone mansion of our life-long friend, Mrs. Maria Hotchkiss. After an hour spent in congratulations, and yet of regrets that dear Sarah had not come with me, and my gratification at once more meeting Maria and her brother Porter, as almost the only survivors of our friendly circle on the Niagara frontier, whom we had known for half a century. I started out and along the railroad

track for the river depot hotel, where I found Dr. Eddy and other acquaintances. Then I strolled up the main street to the Frontier House and back, noticing objects on either hand familiar, before, as after, my married days. My next day's trip down the river on the steamer for seven miles to Niagara on the Canada side, and then across by a skiff to the landing below the gateway opening into the sacred battle grounds of dear old Fort Niagara, where we were married in the "Mess" house, then forty-six years before. All this made this day full of interest, alone as I was. For an hour or two I wandered about the rooms and the grounds of this venerable Fort, so full of history, dear to many hearts of that throng coming and going in years gone by, then I came at last close to the dear little stone cottage by the river bank, where I first met my dear wife in the days of her girlhood. Passing beyond this to the new light house, I soon reached the officer's quarters, a settlement of buildings erected since our earlier days, when this occupied ground was all an entire grove of hickory trees. After refreshing my hungry appetite at the Barton Tavern in Youngston, I had a most delightful stage ride of seven miles to Lewiston. In passing along the river road I noticed much improvement in the fine new residences erected and the extensive orchards loaded with peaches, apples and other deciduous fruits, for all of which this locality is famed, especially for its early and luscious kinds, in the eastern markets. The next morning I finish up my long letter to Sarah, giving her the Frontier news and especially of my delightful yesterday's trip. During the day Mrs. Hotchkiss tells me the strange, unaccountable and infatuated conduct of Joseph E. Ways, ending in his supposed suicide. Peace to his memory, as one, for years, of our kindest friends. I left Lewiston at 6 p. m., and after a three-quarter hour stop at the Suspension

Bridge, take the evening train for Lockport, and hence by 8 p. m., where my sister Maria gives me two letters, one of which was from Mr. Broome of Santa Barbara. The next day being Sunday I attend Grace Church and sit in the pew with Mrs. Keep. Meet and shake hands with many old friends. Dine with David Miller and wife, who enquire much about California. Lucius Bigelow of Buffalo, visits us today. Call again at our neighbor, Mrs. Olmsted. The hot weather of late seems to now take a cooler turn, as mercury has fallen thirty degrees in twenty-four hours. Next day I have induced dear Maria to briefly leave the sick room of my feeble and failing brother for an hour's relief from the fatigue and tender anxiety which is weighing her down to a sick bed, I have feared. After a stay at Mary Murray's and Mrs. Beverly's and then at the Ferguson's, I accompany Maria home for lunch. I get newspapers from Santa Barbara. Their pleasant friend Rev. Mr. Norton is here for supper. Next morning I take the dear children, Hamilton and Ruth, for a call at the Crane's and Carrier's, two old neighbors. Jerry Carrier, at the age of near ninety years, tells us all about the "good times" when he worked so long and faithfully for Mr. Walbridge and Mr. Hunt. The next day I stop and make more calls and mail letters. Call on Mr. Walter, old Mr. Ferguson, (once teacher of Will as a boy of ten or twelve years,) also upon the granddaughters, the Misses Ferguson. Also called next day on Mrs. Wright and dine at McRae's, then stay an hour visiting Laura Hosmer, who gives me a long account of her sister Jane's illness of two to three years. How sad and singular about these two orphan old maiden girls, once so intimate and friendly years ago.

Thursday, July 14, I finish a long letter to Sarah, have a good dinner with Maria, when Genevieve and

myself take train at 4:30 p. m. to witness the play "Pinafore" at the Theatre room at the Falls, where our dear Allen Bigelow takes the leading part of "Ralph Rackstraw," in which his fine tenor voice is so attractive. He met us at the depot, when soon we took the public van, (a cheap but pleasant vehicle,) for an hour's ride around Goat Island. We take our private lunch in the park and at 8 p. m. go and enjoy the amusing opera for over two hours. Up early (as we all stay at the Spencer House over the night,) and start for Lockport at 6:30 and breakfast at 7:30, safe and happy in our dear home at the foot of Market street. This afternoon walked with Will Olmsted out to the fair grounds, and on my return to retire early for a sound rest in my good room and bed, which has my favorite window overlooking the long railroad trains of the New York Central. On Saturday I get and answer several letters, one from Henry A. Morgan of Aurora. Called at Rogers, and upon Mrs. Chauncey Keep, who invites me for a tea. At night we get an old-fashioned thunder and lightening rain storm which makes the air delightful by morning. Sunday attend Christ Church with Will Olmsted. In the afternoon go up town and have a long social talk with Mr. McRae and stay for dinner, then home some tired and retire before Allen returns from singing at Presbyterian Church. This Monday morning have a splendid long letter from wife in which she tells me of Jack's trip to Alaska, and expected return on the 20th. Also about Will and Virginia finding it expensive at San Diego. Have a talk with J. T. Murray about my brother's last will, which soon afterwards is shown to me by Maria. It seems to be all right in its bequests. The next day which is Tuesday the 19th, walk with Allen Bigelow out to Cold Spring Cemetery and read on the three marble slabs the names, in memory of my dear

father, mother and brother, also the names on the monuments in memory of our three children, all dieing at the following tender years, viz: Lillie at one year, Georgie at two and one-half years, Ettie at three and one-half years. They slumber sweetly in Heaven's Rest. The next day Allen engages team and barouche for all to commemorate my birthday by a trip to Olcott. This is a warm day which may bring rain. In the evening have a game of whist over at the Olmsted's, when Blanche and myself play against Mrs. Davidson and Will Olmsted.

This birthday morning of July 21st, on Thursday, the clouds threaten rain, but by 9 o'clock Allen and Genevieve, with the two children, Hamilton and Ruth, join me in an easy carriage for Olcott, about twelve miles north, on the shore of Lake Ontario. The country looks beautiful and orchards abound in fruit. The road is good and not dusty. We arrive at the Lake House at 10:30 a. m., walk along the shore and up the beautiful pine grove to the Albright House, then pass over the street and along to the orchard, trees set by me, or under my supervision, over thirty years ago. Some of my planting have disappeared, and others, like the 300 apple trees, seem to have survived the change of time and ownership. After our good lunch we have a ride in a row boat out into the lake, Genevieve keeping up one side with the oar. The lake was calm and smooth as glass. After our five glasses of lemonade at the hotel, and some talk with old acquaintances thereabouts we start homeward at 3 p. m., passing up along the west bank of 18-mile creek. The good roads and abundant fields, with fruit in orchards, made the drive very pleasant for about 6 or seven miles, when a brisk shower sets in as we reach the turnpike west of Wright's corners. After a brief delay and a slight wetting we proceeded and

reached our house at 5 p. m., all much pleased at the delightful time we have had and ready to enjoy the nice dinner which dear Maria has prepared for us. In the morning a slight rain falls, so we delay starting until afternoon, when I take Hamilton along and we call at our friend's houses on High street. My poor brother still lingers along, and I fear that Maria may break down from fatigue. Next day I start for Buffalo in noon train to the Falls, and after three hours spent in calling on Dr. Delano and Spalding and at Piper's, I proceed at 4 p. m. and reach 609 Main street, Buffalo, to there occupy the pleasant room assigned to me by Mrs. Farnham, while I make a farewell visit before proceeding on to the East. I propose a series of visiting our many friends during August and September, so I can finish up all, and if practicable start home in October.

After calls upon Mrs. Ways, Dan Shepard and wife, I retire early for sound sleep, Sunday morning I start out for the Genessee Hotel and then call to accompany Mrs. Ways at 424 Pearl street, to St. Paul's Church, where the Processional by a large boy choir and the big organ and all the various services show the High Church methods of this Bishop's Cathedral. The sermon by Dr. Brown was truly fine and eloquent. In the afternoon, after finishing up a ten-page letter to dear Sarah, I have a long call from that venerable and learned classmate, Dr. Charles E. West, who, on leaving invites Mrs. Farnham and myself to tea on next Tuesday. Tonight I have a pleasant visit at Mrs. Pugsley's on Delaware Avenue. Monday forenoon I call upon some of the lawyers near Main street, who are old acquaintances, viz: Sicard, Gorham & Brundage. Inspect the splendid library in company with Allen, and after a social lunch we take car on Belt line for a short hour's ride of ten miles, circling around Buffalo

City. This gave me some idea of its magnitude and resources. At 6 o'clock go with Mrs. Ways to Mrs. Pugsley's, where we enjoy our splendid supper and long evening's talk about California, as Mr. and Mrs. Pugsley spent near a year in Santa Barbara, and now enjoy their winter seasons in Florida. At the house of Professor Briggs and daughter, Mrs. North, I found them away, so I left my card of regrets. Next morning I accompanied Mrs. Farnham out to the public market nearby. Was glad to meet John Moissinac, the brother of dear Virginia. After 3 p. m. start in carriage of Professor West with Mrs. Farnham to spend the afternoon out three miles, where the Professor has a valuable 300-acre farm, now worth several hundred dollars per acre, which, when purchased thirty or forty years ago, he gave but one-tenth of its present value. Here we found Miss Lillie and Miss Marion, two of Dr. West's three charming daughters. I had a ride of an hour and a half all around the premises. The railroad, surroundings and valuable improvements going on in these suburbs of prosperous Buffalo were pointed out by Dr. West in his entertaining manner. With a fine supper and some music we say good bye and start about dark for a most agreeable ride through the Park grounds and down Delaware Avenue to our house 609 Main street. The following morning, Wednesday, July 27, I met Mrs. Farnham and Miss Lillie West at Philadelphia depot for our trip to Chautaqua. Arrive at Mayville, (foot of lake,) at 11 a. m., when we take a steamer for a ride of some twenty miles to Jamestown. Passing along near the easterly shore we soon are near the much-frequented Chautaqua Assembly grounds and halls, for visitors or sojourners there, which are managed or controlled by the Methodists, as I understood, each summer season. The lake is beautifully clear and the scenery quite attractive. Many

people were moving about in throngs to witness a boat race that day. We passed rapidly along to the end of the lake and up through the inlet to the wharf or landing, when, by appoinment, I met my old Lockport acquaintance, Hiram Clark, who sang out to his English wife: "that's Mr. Boyce," as I recogized him at the same moment. On being introduced to Mrs. Clark they each urged me to come ashore and to stay at their home over night. As I replied "no, I can't stay over as I have the two ladies in charge, but jump aboard and take the ride as far as you can afford to go with us, and we can thus have an hour's talk about our old times together." They did so, and Hiram entertained us with his usual budget of personal sketches of Lockport men and things, for which his remarkable memory made it a veritable history. Then too soon, our hour's trip together on the lake was at an end, and we parted with a sincere good bye, for now while writing these lines I have heard of friend Hiram's decease, in August last and can truly drop a tear of respect for his many good and attractive qualities. Our return by rail that afternoon was dusty but pleasant, through a good farming country and past many villages, until at 7 p. m. we reached Buffalo, to tell Dr. West at the station what a delightful excursion we three had that day. The next forenoon I took a small steamer at the foot of Main street and rode from the harbor past the big elevators and a crowd of shipping to the Canada shore, near old Fort Erie, where by utilizing the shade of old trees and by planting clusters of new trees an extensive pleasure resort has been opened for use by such of the laboring people as cannot afford to visit the upper park. On returning I attended to my correspondence awhile, when Dr. West and his two pleasant daughters, Elizabeth and Marian, came in for their farewell visit to me at Mrs. Farnham's.

They regreted the absence of their sister Bertha at Boston, where she was publishing a nice volume called The Idler, which I bought the next day and forwarded to my wife as a neat gift of many witticisms and valuable advice for travelers. On the next (Friday) morning I call and talk with John Moissenac, and then at his house where I find the wife and children very glad to see me and hear all about "dear Aunt Virginia." At length I reach the Central depot with my two bags, three coats, umbrella and cane, for the 3 p. m. train for Lockport. I arrive in time for a brief stop at the Union office and then down at Maria's, to find my brother lingering about the same. In the evening I spent an hour with the Rev. Ty Olmsted, just arrived from Utica.

The season has continued dry hereabouts for many weeks.

On this Saturday morning I packed my two bags, etc., for a six weeks' absence East, unless my brother should pass away meanwhile, in which case I should hasten back. Called up-town upon old Mrs. Gardiner and Mrs. Jackson, then lunched with Mary and John Murray. Next a call on Mrs. Molyneux for her "love to dear Sarah." I met John Arnold and with a good bye took a hack for my baggage at depot, and thence by evening train to suspension bridge, where I stop over night with my good friends, the family of Leander Colt. After breakfast walk over to the small Episcopal Church and gladly attend the service, where I hear a good sermon to a fair congregation of about 150, one-half of whom seem to be German in their origin. After a pleasant dinner with the Colt family I said a truly good bye, when Mr. Colt accompanied me to the depot at 3 p. m. I take a train on the straight Lake Shore railroad for Charlotte, near Rochester. Never having passed over this favorite route I watched our discent

along near the Niagara rapids, overlooking the valley north of Lewiston, Wilson, Newfane and Somerset, through or past orchards of abundant fruit, having the lake villages for a mile or less to the northward. In a similar manner this road cuts through the shore towns in Orleans County until it comes to the crossing of the mouth of the Genessee river at Charlotte. This is a summer resort for the settlers or overworked inhabitants of the city of Rochester. Here I left the train and put up for the night. Walking down to the bath houses and beer saloons on the beach, I found an immense throng of both sexes, amusing each other in both drinking and discussions, without regard to its being Sunday night. I was rather disgusted with what I saw and experienced at this Ontario park, of nearly ten, and surely over five thousand old and young people, besides the inumerable swarms of mosquitoes which surround this vicinity. After a sound rest that night and a breakfast of white fish, among other things, I boarded the steamer Sylvan Stream for the voyage of 150 miles down Lake Ontario to Alexandria Bay for the low fare of $4 and return, meals inclusive. It was an excursion I had no thought of until I saw an advertised handbill of it which induced enquiries and correspondence, resulting in the necessary arrangements for the "branching off" and giving me three days of sight-seeing I had long desired to get. The boat was a swift one brought around from New York Harbor into and up the St. Lawrence river, and said to have originally been used as a "blockade runner." Our passengers, about 250 in number, were of a mixed class of excursionists. Making about half our distance by 2 p. m. we reached Oswego. In three more hours we were in sight of the larger Thousand Islands. From this on until dark in this long evening of August 1, we passed a succession of cottages and hotels, lighted up

with colored lamps or lanterns. The calm air and the quiet water and the voices of many apparently happy about the grounds, appropriated as headquarters by those belonging to most of the principal religious denominations and by many prominent individuals, made the scene one I have always remembered. I put up at the old Saint Lawrence Hotel for the night. Next day I visited the Crossman and also the Thousand Island Hotels, kept in more style and at double rates. In the morning also I boarded the Wanderer, a twenty ton steamer which for four hours traverses all the nooks and winding channels among beautiful islands, all of which is explained in a high-keyed and somewhat comic tone by the Captain who has sung this same "harp of a hundred strings" for many a year. On my return and after dinner I engaged a skiff to take me a mile trip across the bay, where I called, (and spent a half hour at his island home,) upon Judge James C. Spencer, (once our U. S. Attorney from Ogdensburgh,) who lives now in a princely way, as I imagine, off the New York City Treasury as chief officer of the New Harlem Water Works tunnel. The following morning our steamer left with about 100 passengers for return to Ontario beach, at the mouth of the Genessee river. Nothing of especial interest occured during the trip and as our fare was not first-class I was glad to land about 5 p. m., when cars transported us up about six miles to Rochester, and thence from the depot by a street car over to the Erie depot on the south side, where I tried a "temperance house" lunch, and at 8 p. m. left for my twenty mile trip to Avon. Here I put up for the night, on my way tomorrow to visit the cousins of my dear wife. Before the stage left for Lima the next morning I had time to call up at the Livingston Hotel and have an hour's talk with my ancient friend, Mrs. O. Storrs from Lockport. Starting off at 11 for my

six mile ride in the crowded stage for Lima I enjoyed it, as the trip on this pleasant sunny day, and over this old Turnpike Highway reminded me of those early stage lines on the main route from Albany to Buffalo, when all travelers were "bolled along" here at a rapid rate, of four coaches per day each way, by the good drivers and swift horses of Sherwood & Company. A mile before our stage reached the village of Lima I got out and walked south over a mile to reach the old farm house of the Warners, so long occupied by the father of Charles Warner, who with Maria his wife, and their sons have lived on the homestead for many years. Arriving just as the family were at dinner I received a cordial welcome and at once began my reasons why my wife could not come along with me. After spending the afternoon in conversation with them and old Mrs. Arnold, Sarah's aunt, we all started to spend a most agreeable visit at the farm house of their relative Miss Morgan, only a mile distant. Here I met a dozen pleasant men and women at a sumptuous supper. All had questions to ask about California. The young people entertained us with music and singing, all of which I enjoyed. After a sound night's rest a thunder shower awoke me early, and as it cleared up and was dry in the road by 10 o'clock, Warner and myself started off for Conesus Lake, seven miles distant, where we stopped for dinner at Brodie's, a resort for many summer visitants to this pretty lake. Here I met John Warner and his handsome wife from Georgia, who have an attractive cottage nearby where they spend a portion of their summer for health and recreation. At 4 p. m. we started for Hemlock lake, a few miles to the south. On the way a short shower overtook us just as we reached the village of Lavonia, which I have since learned was the birth-place of our friend the artist, Mr. H. C. Ford. After a short half-

hour's stop at Lavonia, we soon reached Hemlock lake. The dark water and banks of evergreen timber gave the lake its proper name. It is said to supply the city of Rochester, by pumping machinery, all its water for domestic purposes. We met here an old friend of Mr. Warner's and stayed half an hour at his little cottage on the lake shore. Leaving after 6 o'clock we reached home by 8 o'clock, having passed many productive farms in our drive of eight miles along the rich section of Livingston County. Another pleasant rain fell during the night, but the sun comes out bright and warm by 9 in the morning. This afternoon all of us start for a three mile ride and visit at their daughter's, Mrs. Bristol. Here was a retinue of relatives numbering two dozen, including some children. After introductions and conversations about California of course, we were seated for a sumptuous supper. Singing followed, by two or thre very pleasant young ladies. At 9:30 p. m. we said good bye and had a safe and satisfactory return. The next day, (it being Sunday,) August 7, all the family rode with me to Lima where we attend the Methodist Church, (as their Presbyterian Church is closed for repairs.) Then saying another good bye I start with Mr. Warner for my next "cousinly" visit at West Bloomfield. Stopping at the door of William Ayers I found a hearty welcome. The wife, two sons and a daughter made my sojourn there as agreeable as I could wish for. Next day another son arrived. Beside William and his pleasant wife Louisa, the children, three sons, William, George and Frank, and the daughter Mary, make up a happy household, although the "boys," very naturally will emigrate, if chance offers to some town of brighter prospects. Tonight I visited at the house of the Bushnell cousin, married to Hopkins, and on my return have a long interview with Louise, discussing our

family relations in general. The next day John Ayers calls early, to see and talk with me until noon. In the afternoon I received a telegram from my friend Henry A. Morgan urging me to early start for there on account of his contemplated absence soon thereafter. So I bade farewell and the son William drove over with me to the depot and soon I left for Canandaigua. In the evening I made a call upon Dr. Jewett and then at ex-Governor Myron H. Clark's, an old friend, who I found quite feeble. My room in the pleasant Canandaigua Hotel reminded me so forcibly of the many nights I had slept under its roof twenty or thirty years previous, with its host of friends attending Court of U. S. here annually each month of June, nearly all of whom are gone to that "bourne whence no traveler returns." Leaving after an early breakfast our train rapidly passed by and through villages so familar that Clifton Springs, Geneva, Waterloo and Seneca Falls seemed to look about as they did at my last vision of them seventeen years ago. At Cayuga Bridge I changed for a car running along the east side of the lake up to Aurora, about twelve miles. Mr. Henry A. Morgan met me at the station, and we rode to his beautiful residence nearby. I found his wife, two sons and a young daughter very cordial. Soon we had a two hours' drive to the well known Female Seminary, built by the generous Mr. Wells of the Express Company, (where Mrs. Grover Cleveland was educated, the year just previous to her marriage.) Then we visited very old friends William Allen and sister, with whom I boarded when attending the old Academy, while only fourteen years old. After a bountiful dinner I enjoyed an hour's sleep. Mrs. Morgan was a Miss Bogart, whose father was clerk of the State Senate, and for many years was the Sentinel correspondent from the legislature for the New York newspapers. The sons,

named Edwin, Frederick and Clarence, were inmates or graduates of Harvard College. The daughter Edith was the youngest, but was quite old enough to give me a row in their pretty boat from the private wharf adjoining their grounds. The next day we had a long drive of a dozen miles up to the Popular Ridge where we stopped and met one of the Howlands, of a wealthy family from Rhode Island, who settled on a large farming tract of land here many years ago, and which had now become highly cultivated and valuable. The next day I passed along the smooth graveled sidewalk to the old Allen Tavern, where I roomed and boarded in the days of my boyhood. How changed by the moth and rust of sixty years, by Father Time. In the afternoon I bid this hospitable family good bye, and after a brief chat with Mr. Morgan's uncle, (a brother of John with whom I attended at the Academy here.) I left this truly beautiful village and boarded the steamer Frontinac for Ithica, about thirty miles up Cayuga lake, passing on the trip many pleasant points where beautiful cottages have been built for city residents to spend their summer vacations. Arriving about dark I put up at the Topkins House. Although the town claims a population of only 12,000 it seemed overcrowded by people coming in to see the circus of Barnum. Next forenoon I took a bus up the long hill to visit the Cornell University and its grounds situated on an eminence overlooking a vast valley to the west mostly covered by the village and its suburbs. The number of University buildings and especially their substantial character, their convenient arrangement as well as their magnificent apparatus or furnishing was beyond my expectations. I here met, (It was vacation time in the Institution,) a young gentleman who, upon finding that I was a venerable member of "Kappa Alpha" society, (and of which Cornell has a

prosperous chapter and hall for the entertainment of active and retired members,) showed me all around the beautiful rooms and after inviting me to a sort of mess lunch, accompanied me down the side hill which brought us to Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth," thus ending my day of entertainment very pleasantly. At 7 p. m. our bus overloaded as it was, reached the top of that long hill whence the train starts north for Cortland, which we reached at 8 p. m. Randolph Randall here met me at the depot. Cortland village had changed much since I last visited here, some twenty years ago. It has the population and business of some cities. But the Randall residence, with its broad graveled walks, its magnificent shade trees of pine and elm and maple, and its venerable fruit trees of apple and pear, with the choice shrubbery scattered about the garden grounds reminded me of my boyhood days, when I saw most of these planted out. The corner-stone of this brick and stone mansion was laid in 1828, as I remember it cut on the southeast corner, when the building was erected under the ken or watchful supervision of William Randall, then in the prime of life. As I have before written it down here, we spent our happy honeymoon season at this house in September 1841. I was entertained for my fortnight's sojourn in this place of nativity, in this same hospitable mansion by my early companions, Randolph and Willmina, the son and daughter of old William Randall whose industry, enterprise and public spirit brought him wealth, influence and leadership in this county of Cortland. The first morning of my arrival, being Sunday, August 14, I attended Grace Church, and after a good dinner my old companion Wm. P. Randall calls and with Randolph we talk of early times, and after an hour all three of us take a stroll up the old Court House hill, and after enjoying its fine views we extend

our walk over to the bank of that Otter Creek where I often fished for trout, and sometimes got my line tangled among the hemlock limbs overhead, which creek seemed to have dwindled in size since those days, near seventy years ago. We slowly return along pleasant houses and past the opera house, near the main street. Randolph knows all the occupants, and all the people who live in the village or surrounding country. Monday forenoon I spent in my room writing a letter to the Niagara County Pioneers, for their annual picnic August 24 to be held at Olcott, in the grove there, so familiar ground for ten years while I owned it. Cousin Lavinia Blair calls and invites us to a visit at her house, a half mile west of the village. Toward evening I made a call on old Mr. Chamberlain, husband of Symanthia Boies, the companion of my sister Sarah. I also stopped at the corner store kept by Lyman & Blair in my boyhood days. In the morning I walked up to view the ground along toward Court House hill where all mother's family dwelt for many years. Then I finish and mail my Pioneer's letter of eight pages, which I think will be enjoyed, as it showed the way political elections were run, for three days' time, in 1833 to 1840. In the afternoon Randolph gives me a pleasant ride to Homer village, two miles north of Cortland, where we call upon my good cousin Caroline Hobart who has grown-up daughters. Then we enquire for old Mrs. Atwater Brewster, who had gone West on a visit. On our return we passed by the old farm of Captain Rufus Boies, so familiar to me, when visiting my cousins fifty years ago. The next morning I call, with the daughter of Dr. Hyde, upon my old friends, Mrs. Bishop and Mrs. Edgcomb. I boarded with Mrs. Edgcomb for one year while a clerk in Mr. Edgcomb's store. Spent most of Wednesday morning in writing letters and answering correspondents.

Thursday morning an early shower kept me in-doors writing letters. In the afternoon Randolph gives me a pleasant ride out five miles east to McGrawville, (the home of La Mont, Private secretary of ex-President Cleveland.) In the evening I call and have a long talk with the Misses Venette and Editha Stephens, daughters of a lawyer in Cortland who I well remember as a contemporary of my patron, Hon. Samuel Nelson, when practing together in the dignified Court presided over by my dear father, a Justice of the Peace here for many years. The next day I visited with Randolph, the wire works of Wickwire Brothers, where I am surprised at the delicate machinery used in the beautiful and fine wire, some kinds like silver, and at the various uses to which wire is put for many household purposes. This evening I made a long call upon Rev. and Mrs. Arthur of the Episcopal Church. I enjoy my early morning walks as I wander about the broad garden walks, among the stately trees. In the afternoon of Saturday, August 20, John Wilson gave me a ride behind his fast team up to the East Hill, above Homer, as far as the old Turner farm of my grandfather, and where I spent many happy days and nights in the family of my Uncle Aleck Turner. I found it all looking much changed, and the buildings obliterated by the ravages of time. Sunday morning I went over to the Presbyterian Church with Wilmina and finding the Minister absent I then had time to attend the Episcopal service. After our fine chicken and ice cream dinner, I call around and stay two hours with William P. Randall. On returning I again walk up and past our old home and around by the house of Aunt Celia Boies. Rain again on this Monday, quietly until noon, so I attend to more of my correspondence. Calling at the Standard office I read a pleasant personal about myself as Randolph had introduced me to

Mr. Clark, the bright Editor. Toward night I again walk up Court House hill and from its commanding top have a splendid view in either direction of the fields and trees which make up a delightful stretch of scenery, if not unequaled, at least very dear to the memory of my early days. Afterwards I called on Edward Thomas, (step-son of Wm. P.) who was brought up in Cortland, but is now residing in Brooklyn where he has a large law practice, since leaving the State Senate, as representing the Chenango district. Tuesday morning I took the car and rode up to Homer and past the mill pond, where I fell through the ice while skating one winter's night, and after treading the deep water until my companion Henry Randall could bring a rail to aid in putting me onto the strong ice, I was rescued and able to walk eighty rods to our boarding house. A similar accident, by the way, happened to me one night while skating on Cazenovia Lake, where I was rescued by Wm. P. Randall, the brother of Henry, with both of us boys, I often frolicked in our boyish sports. At Homer I walked slowly up the long street, and conversed with old Justice Pearce who knew my father seventy years ago. I recognized several of the buildings, but scarcely one of the citizens as I pass along. I lunched at Mrs. Hobart's and met her pleasant daughter Mrs. Daniels. She has two sisters, both married like herself, to prominent men of business. On my return to Cortland I found the card of Rev. and Mrs. Arthur. Wednesday morning I got a welcome letter of ten pages from Sarah, and started upon a lengthy reply. After a good dinner Randolph drove out a mile to Aunt Lavinia Blair's house, with Wilmina, Hattie and myself, where we meet Mr. and Mrs. Walrad and two children, and for three or four hours we had a social time and a bountiful supper. I also took a quiet stroll over to the waters of Otter

Creek, once my stream for trout fishing. In the evening I made a long call upon Dr. and Mrs. Hyde. Thursday morning was occupied in correspondence, by letters and papers, then with my old friend, Wm. P. Randall, visit the extensive Cortland Wagon Company's shops. They turn out fifty cutters per day for the northwest market, and offered to fit me up a nice buggy and deliver it at Santa Barbara for $75. In the evening Wm. P. called on us to say good bye, as he starts early for Norwich, on toward his home with Edward Thomas, in Brooklyn. Friday I made calls upon old friends, and in the afternoon go up with Hattie to meet Aunt Lavinia and dear Mrs. Hobart, at Mrs. Walrad's, where we have a fine social and supper, before my start tomorrow for Utica. As Mrs. Hobart urged me to stop off a day and visit her only brother, William Boies, on my return through Kinsley, Kansas, I agree to do so. Within a few months of this pleasant interview with Mrs. Hobart, who was my second cousin, I hear of her sudden death in Syracuse, where she was visiting a daughter residing there.

On Saturday morning, August 27, I was weighed at 138 pounds, showing a gain of over six or eight pounds over my uniform weight. Today I leave dear Cortland after a delightful sojourn of two weeks. Have my two bags packed and a letter just finished at 7 for mailing to my dear wife. After a bountiful breakfast I say good bye, with a kiss each to Wilmina and Hattie, and Randolph accompanied me to the depot, and after thanks and wishes to meet once more, I bade my very kind friend, Randolph Randall, good bye and start at 10 a. m. for Utica. The railroad through the valley to Truxton is a charming route, and on through De Ruyter to Cazenovia is equally interesting, but yet less beautiful country. Arriving at Cazenovia

I stayed there over a train, from 11 a. m. to 7 p. m., so I could once more view the changes wrought during the sixty years since I attended the Methodist Seminary there, and had as companions Randall, Seward and Williams, with many others, for nearly a whole school year. The village of Cazenovia had changed much, it having become quite a fashionable resort for wealthy families from eastern cities. It really reminded me some of Newport in style and equipages. The lake was just as beautiful as ever and had many fine residences, with pleasure boats along its margin. I tried to recognize the Seminary in the changed new structure, but all seemed strange in the surroundings. I only met one Florida family as an old acquaintance, and as Thomas W. Seward, my old companion, did not appear and meet me as I had hoped, I took the train about dark and arrived at Utica depot at 11 p. m. Here I was met by our kind friend and old neighbor, Samuel Y. Lane, whose gurney cab landed us at his hospitable mansion, where I found Mrs. Lane very glad to welcome me, after an absence of sixteen years, since I removed from Utica. They assigned me the pleasant chamber looking out upon South street, from the southwest corner of their pleasant house. Early in the morning I walked off easterly to corner of South street and Seymour Avenue, where we all lived for eighteen years. At Church I recognize many faces, and especially is that of the Rector, Dr. A. B. Goodrich just as handsome as ever. Fine singing by the choir and a pleasant sermon followed. The services being concluded I was met with a friendly shake of the hand by old acquaintances and enquires as to my wife, once a main "pillar" in this Calvary Church. In the afternoon I called over at the very quiet house and peculiar family of Mrs. Henry Fish, and then next upon the Rev. and Mrs. Goodrich who gave me a most cordial

welcome, with much inquiry as to the welfare of our family. In the evening I attend Grace Church, which I found, (as entered in my daily journal,) was very high-toned and almost Roman in its ritualistic services. I was met by Dr. Watson, the Senior Warden, at the close of services and invited to lunch next day, which I duly accepted.

Monday, August 29, I walked down Howard Avenue and after breakfast made several calls, viz: upon Mrs. Thomas Foster, Dr. Chamberlain, Miss Savage, Mrs. Ward Hunt and Mrs. Brayton. Lunch with Dr. Watson. Tonight I dine with Abbott Foster and wife. At both my lunch and dinner I had a delightful time. Miss Watson, and especially Mrs. Abbott Foster, are very agreeable hosts. The next morning I wrote a brief article, as published in the evening in the Obserer, descriptive of the progress in improvements made in Utica since I left in 1871. At 11 o'clock took the train for Rome. Here I stayed for dinner, visiting Mrs. Antoinette Huntington (nee Randall) and with her quiet but fine healthy son, William R., and daughter Anne, we ride out to their farm. Then call at the house of another daughter, Mrs. Ethridge. At 4 p. m. took the train back to Utica. Tonight at 6 I dine at Mrs. Brayton's, (a familiar house where Sarah and myself enjoyed a friendly dinner with Kate and her uncle, Mr. Walcott, the first year of our coming to Utica.) The daughters of Mrs. Brayton seemed very agreeable and intelligent (perhaps because they live close to the Female Seminary.) Wednesday morning on my way to the depot, I stopped at the residence of Mrs. Starr and Mrs. Robson, both of whom are glad to hear about us all since we emigrated to California. At noon I took the train for Trenton Falls to visit Mrs. Peckham of Utica, who spends her summers there with her mother,

Mrs. Levens, as I had promised my friend Mrs. Richards at Saticoy, when visiting at her house shortly before I started East. Mrs. Peckham is her sister, and Mrs. Levens is her mother. They were ready to welcome my coming and both are handsome like the sister. Rev. Mr. Whitfield accompanied me around to get the best views of Upper Trenton Falls, which is a popular resort. The dense forest trees and the deep channel of the river, with its dark and swift water makes it a romantic as well as healthful spot. Mrs. Peckham, after showing me around the rustic fences and arbors constructed by her ingenious husband during trips from his stove manufactory in Utica, gave me nice meals and a cosy chamber, and in return I told her all I could about her pretty sister I had met and visited in Saticoy, Ventura County. This Thursday, 1st of September, is Anniversary Day of our marriage forty-six years ago. I returned to Utica this forenoon and after reading letters from home, one of which enclosed a bank draft of $255, payment by Mr. Ford on purchase of my small Mission Creek ranch, and at 1 p. m. I ride with David Foster down to his club room on Genessee street, where I am entertained by him, and enjoy the sumptuous dinner of viands and wine for a couple of hours, in memory of my son Jack, his early companion and intimate friend. After registering as his guest, we have a drive and three calls, viz: upon Mrs. Bagg, Miss Kelley, and Mrs. Ray, where I stay for an evening tea. The next morning, as it rains gently, I stay in-doors and write two hours in my pleasant room at Mrs. Lane's. Make a half hours' call upon my school companion, Thomas W. Seward, with whom I have always sympathised since knowing of his domestic misfortunes. I call up at the house of Thomas Foster, to cheer up the drooping spirits of his invalid wife, and also to hear him describe his three

trips to Europe. Today I called upon Mrs. Dr. Churchill, Rev. Mrs. Olmsted and Mrs. Dr. Bagg. This evening Dr. Bagg returned the call for his wife. Tonight Mrs. Lane called over with me upon the neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor. Saturday morning I wrote for two hours on my correspondence. At noon call at the Clarendon and take dinner with our friend Mrs. Green the proprietress, where I meet at her table familiar faces. After reading to Mrs. Green a long letter from Sarah she tells me all about her two bright children, now grown up and married, viz: Mrs. Griffith is settled in New York City, and the son is an architect in Buffalo. Then I call on the octogenarian Joseph Benedict, who is the oldest member of the Bar in Utica. We walk and talk, up as far as Calvary Church. Then we attend the funeral services of the Rev. Hugh Bailey. By invitation of Gilbert Hart I ride up this evening with him to Whitesboro and spend the night at his pleasant place, about five miles out from the city, where I am delighted to find his wife so pleasant, with their three pretty children. After a good rest and a social breakfast and the good bye Mr. Hart drives rapidly down this Sunday morning, leaving me at Mrs. Lane's to dress for church. I sit with Mrs. Goodrich and go forward to communion with one hundred others. Ater church services I go into the Rectory and have lunch with Rev. and Mrs. Goodrich, who enquire much about "dear Mrs. Boyce, away in California." Engage to take tea with Mr. and Mrs. Bartow on my return from New York City. Call upon Miss Rice, she having spent several months near us, visiting the Heaths in Carpinteria. The next day being Monday, September 5, I take the morning train for Albany and after a poor lunch there at the Central depot, I ride up State street to the Park in the upper or west part of the city. Call

at the stove manufactory office of my liberal friend John L. Perry, to find all away but the nephew, Mr. Perry. Next I spend one to two hours inspecting the immense and extravagant State Capitol. Its elaborate workmanship in costly frescoing, and in furnishing the Assembly and Senate chambers with the most cumbersome of chairs and desks is inexcusable. The foreign and domestic marble through the halls and various rooms and the whole main structure of this "elephant" has already cost the State, or rather the tax paying people, over ($20,000,000) twenty millions. I then call on C. W. Jenks and Hamilton Harris, where I have a friendly talk of a half hour, who tells me of his desire to visit California. I engage a pleasant room at the Stanwix hotel, and have a good view of travelers going and coming to the Central railroad. After a sound sleep and a good breakfast I take the steamer Albany for New York. We have some 300 passengers, and speed rapidly down the Hudson, stopping at a dozen of the principal wharfs near to cities or villages. Have a view of the long high bridge, about half finished, over the river at Poughkepsie. We pass many splendid cottages and houses on either side as we swiftly glide along. As we come toward West Point and the Highlands I enjoy the scenery, remembering how it looked clad in white that winter trip I made, on either side of the Hudson, about fifty years before. The day of my voyage down to New York was a cold and cloudy one, so I found at night the head wind had possessed me with a mean cold, which kept about my head for several days. Arriving by sundown I soon found my way to the Astor Hotel (my favorite stopping place when alone,) and after supper had the comfort to find two letters as just forwarded by Mrs. Lane from Utica. Up early on this Wednesday morning, September 7, I write some letters and a

postal to Mr. Broome. My first start out and up Broadway was a call for our faithful friend Mrs. Hunt at 20, Fifth Avenue, who was absent, (to my great regret.) and not yet returned from her usual summer resort, as a needful vacation for health, so I left a line of regret. Then up to Central Park where I engage a carriage for $1 to ride around for a short hour, to view its beauties and then land me at the Egyptian Obelisk. After walking around this wonderous structure, now corroded by time I find the Casino and get an oyster lunch. Next a long tiresome walk brings me to the fashionable Fifth Avenue, here I take a bus and pass slowly along by the splendid mansions of the Vanderbilts and also the magnificent Catholic Cathedral. An almost continuous line of the costly brownstone front houses along down the Avenue seemed to look gloomy and somewhat unoccupied at this time, when the owners should be flitting homeward from their sojourn at Newport or Saratoga. In truth quite a number of these residences had "to let" or "for sale" across their doorway. Such is life in cities. On returning to my room, 141, at the Astor House I take a sound rest and sleep for one hour. The next morning I call across Broadway in the Government Postoffice building, upon T. Griffith, who, as Clerk of the U. S. Circuit Court in this Southern District, holds a similar office to mine, when living in Utica. He, fortunately for him, captured a Utica girl, Miss Grace Green, for his charming wife. Mr. Griffith, who had been for years the private Secretary of Senator Conkling, but whom I had never met, was very cordial and invites me to join for his residence in the upper part of the city, near Mount Washington, about nine miles from his office. He then introduced me to Mr. J. L. Hunt, a clerk in his office, who escorts me around for a couple of days. First we visit the "Statue of Liberty enlighten-

ing the world," on Bedlow's Island, near the foot of the city at Castle Garden. A small steamer plys from the wharf about every half hour for a load of visitors. A stairway winds to the top of the statue, or rather nearly up to the figure, which with outstretched arms holds a torch, which at night when it is lighted up looks very imposing in the distance, and while its flame is destructive to night birds, is very useful at night to in-coming vessels as a guide up the East or Hudson rivers. Returning I stop near foot of old Pearl street and call upon Garrett Pier, a former neighbor, when we both resided in Utica. He asks me to dine with him tomorrow After lunch of oyster stew with Mr. Hunt we separate and I write for an hour or so in my room in the Astor, then call over at Mr. Griffith's office and we soon leave and take a car on the Elevated Road up Sixth Avenue for about ten miles, and walk a half mile toward Hudson River, passing the house once occupied by Alexander Hamilton, which modern progress was just then ordering "must be pulled down." Arriving at the pleasant rural residence of Mr. Griffith I was welcomed by his sweet wife, (nee Grace Green,) with a kiss, and at once saw what a dear young girl they had in the daughter, Cornelia Jainette. After our nice dinner or supper, we strolled about the pleasant garden grounds of the O'Conners, (sisters of Charles O'Conner the eminent lawyer.) We talk awhile about Utica, when, with a soporfic for my unfortunate cold, taken on my trip down the Hudson. I retired at 9 for a sound sleep. The next morning, September 9, I arise early and bathe, when I have a walk down toward the river, some half a mile distant. After a delicious breakfast of broiled chicken and accompaniments, we say good bye and leave at 9 on the Hudson River railroad down to a junction with the Elevated line on Ninth Avenue, which brings us near to the Astor

and Postoffice on Broadway. With thanks to Mr. Griffith for my pleasant trip and charming visit I bid him good bye. Finding a letter in reply from my dear classmate, Jesse C. Smith, written at Sharon Springs, urging me to meet him at Albany the coming week on Wednesday noon. I reply to it in the affirmative or "yes," for brevity. This forenoon, by appointment, I met Mr. Hunt again and we ride over the Brooklyn Bridge, a magnificent structure costing many millions for its railroad, carriage way and double tracks. We walk up and call at 138 Montague street, the school home of Prof. Chas. E. West, my old classmate. Leave my card with servant at door, then (after an oyster lunch) we take street car and ride three to five miles about Brooklyn to ferry, across Twenty-third street to New York side, then down Elevated line to near Astor House, where we step back to basement bar and drink a parting glass of wine, with my thanks to Mr. Hunt for his kindness. After advising Mrs. Lane the day I will return to Utica, (as my cold still hangs on,) I lounge in the lonesome parlors and retire by 9 p. m.

Sunday morning, September 11, am up early and dress warmer. Start at 9:30 for Talmage's Church in Brooklyn, which finding closed, I go by a long walk to Emanuel Church, where Rev. Henry Walbridge is the Rector. I soon discover it is of the "High" Episcopal order. At close of the services I walk along to 115 Carroll street and find the Rev. and Mrs. Walbridge at their house there, and also the good sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Wolcott, and their young son, Robert Walbridge. I dine very pleasantly with the family, and after some hours spent in conversing about old times and old people in Lockport I get a half hour's rest on the lounge, (Libby not having returned yet from her Sunday School class.) I stay for supper, and as it threatens rani, I say farewell and start for the Ferry.

On passing up Broadway I find both Trinity and Grace Churches closed, so on my return go into Saint Paul's, an old church just below the Astor House. Here I find full Choral service to a slim congregation. Monday morning, September 12, I awake to find it raining hard, so I am disappointed and must give up my intended trip down to the Narrows, having never yet seen the busy and vast shipping of New York. Consequently I stay in my room and write most of the day. At 5 p. m. mail for my wife a letter of eighteen pages. I also write a polite letter of thanks, etc,, to Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths, and a card of regrets to Mrs. Hunt. I also wrote a friendly letter to Hon. Samuel Blatchford, Justice of U. S. Supreme Court, to which he sent reply to Santa Barbara. My disappointment over the sightseeing lost by the rainy day, as I look at the inumerable umbrellas and muddy Broadway, as the throng passes by, makes me feel lonesome for my quiet home. Tuesday morning it is cool and cloudy as I leave the great city with my two bags, coats and cane for the street car to the ferry crossing at Jay street for Wehauken on the New Jersey side, where I take the train on the West Shore railroad up for Kingston, midway to Albany. The country we pass through looks ancient and almost foreign until we pass out from the rear of the highlands to near the west bank of the Hudson. As we reach the vicinity of West Point and Newburgh the land is less strong and the soil is less sterile. During all my ride today I feel the influence of the cold caught on my trip down this river. Arriving at Kingston about noon I take a poor lunch at the depot and then by street car ride some half a mile to the home of my early friend and schoolmate, Lucy Maria Randall, now the widow of Rev. Mr. Hoes, a prominent clergyman here for many years of the Reformed Dutch Church. I found a welcome from my

friend Mrs. Hoes and her daughter Mary, both of whom are very intelligent and live very comfortably. Mary administered to me a hot drink at night which relieved my chilly feeling, so that in the morning I try to relish the nice breakfast. Saying many parting words I take the street car and at noon take the train for Albany, where I stop at the Delevan, and find my dear invalid classmate (of fifty-five years ago,) Jesse C. Smith, with his devoted daughter. We dine ($1.50 each) and after a long pleasant interview I help my good and true friend aboard for New York, while I take my route for Utica in the 5 p. m. accommodation train. As I pass westward through "Old Dorp," remembering my college days and observing so many of the familiar objects along the Mohawk Valley, I turn my thoughts forward with a thankful heart, uutil I find myself at Utica about 9 p. m. Mrs. Lane's "latch string is still out" to entertain me for two days more. I am up at 7 and after going to laundry and to the barber's, I sit down to a bountiful breakfast. After writing letters I go down and take lunch with Mrs. Greene at the Clarendon, and tell her of my delightful visit at her daughter's in New York. In the afternoon call at Rev. Mr. Olmsted's, Mrs. Churchill's and Mrs. Bagg's, then go around to tea at Mrs. Pierpont Bartow's, (a sister of Laura,) where I meet Rev. and Mrs. Goodrich. Later Mrs. Goodrich calls with me upon Mrs. De Long and then on Mrs. Irvine Williams, where I met her fashionable daughters. As a quiet rain sets in we walk home with wet feet, but the fire which Mrs. Lane had kindly provided saves my taking another cold. Next day (Friday, September 16, being my last in Utica,) I find it very cool as I stop and telegraph this despatch: "Is brother still living?" The reply from Genevieve is so discouraging that I conclude to shorten my visit in Utica and started for Lockport,

although as I afterwards found, I might have stayed longer. As Dr. Watson had invited me I take my farewell lunch with him. Afterwards I call upon Mrs. Abbott Foster, who I esteem as a lovely woman. Of course I go over and say good bye to the Rev. Mr. Goodrich and wife, but must neglect to make my farewell visits to several others as intended. Mrs. Lane gives me a good supper and Mr. Lane sends up a cab at 8 p. m. for stop at Rev. Mr. Olmsted's, and then it leaves me at Bagg's Hotel, near the depot. I have an hour to call and talk with the druggist, young Ray, whose mother was so polite and pleasant at tea there. At midnight I take the train west which runs rapidly until about daylight, when we reach Rochester, and I get a poor lunch of oysters. Leaving at 6 a. m. we arrive at Lockport at 8 and soon reach the bedside of my prostrate brother, so insensible that while he seems to know me, he evidently cannot last much longer. After a late breakfast and getting the current news, and in awhile thereafter a good dinner I enjoy an hour's siesta, then mail to Utica some maps, one each to Dr. Watson, Abbott Foster and to Mrs. Thomas Foster, all illustrating the charms of California. Also wrote a long letter to my granddaughter Sarah. At Mrs. Olmsted's I eat the Niagara grape, so celebrated, but I think not equal to our white Muscat.

Sunday, September 18, I attend Christ's Church in company with Mrs. Olmsted and Hattie Dayton. In the afternoon go up and visit at Mrs. McCrea's, where I meet the four charming daughters. In the evening attend Grace Church. The next morning I over-look things to be forwarded, brass sad irons etc., by railroad in box to Santa Barbara. After writing and a stop at the Postoffice I go up to the Court House and stay a half hour, then call at Rev. Mr. Norton's and thence up to Mrs. Potter's where I find the Judge in

bed. Returning I find my brother quiet and gradually failing. I take an opportunity to ask Maria about the places and periods where and when my brother preached during his ministry of over thirty years. Rev. Mr. Norton and also Allen have requested me to gather materials for the obituary as soon as my brother must be called to his final Rest. Tuesday morning I send a portion of my wife's last letter to Abbott Foster. Mrs. Carl Jackson and Mrs. Ashely call and invite me to dine at Mrs. Gardiner's house tomorrow at 6 p. m. Have just received a written invitation from Mrs. Chauncey Keep to tea tomorrow, so I write Mrs. Jackson to please postpone her invitation for next day, (Thursday) Ater tea at Mary Murray's I call around upon Mrs. John Arnold. Wednesday write a portion of an obituary. Rev. Mr. Norton calls and offers a very fervent prayer at my brother's bed-side. At 6 I "dress up" at Gene's request, and at 6:30 call at Mrs. Chauncey Keep's, where I dine at her table, with herself and daughter Mary, and Augustus Keep. We talk of California and its attractions until 10 p. m. when I leave promising to call next Sunday so that the son from Buffalo can meet and talk with me. Another light rain fell last night. This Thursday afternoon have visited the County Fair ground and inspected some fine stock. I meet and walk about with some old acquaintances. After a call upon Mrs. Anna Doolittle, who is visiting at her sister-in-law's house, (Mrs. Charles Van Valkenburg) I stop at Erie railroad freight office, then at 6 p. m. call at Mrs. Gardiner's and there meet Mrs. Carl Jackson with three old lady acquaintances, and spend a social evening, having a sumptuous supper served by Mr. Carl Jackson, who sends us all home in his carriage at 10 p. m. Their house is finely furnished inside and the garden is in excellent order. This Friday, September 23, I find my

dear brother (before I had come down stairs,) had gone to his long-desired Rest at 5 a. m. When I got home, after 10 o'clock last evening I found him sinking, and for two hours Allen, Hattie and myself watched to see the hour or moment when the vital spark should go out. Dear Maria is quite overcome with grief. Genevieve being too ill to come down into the same wing room where our dear mother and now brother have passed from earth. While the arrangements preliminary to funeral are being made I write postals and notice for the daily evening papers. Tonight Maria has unburthened her weary mind and body by a detailed account of the distressing illness, terminating in helpless paralysis many months ago. Have finished and sent up by William Olmsted the obituary for publication Saturday afternoon in the Journal and in the Union. On Saturday at 2 p. m. the following pallbearers assemble at the house, viz: Messrs. Brown, Murray, Jackson, Hoag, Crane and Little. The Reverands Norton and Marvin offiiciate. The services being concluded in the house at 3 p. m., our two carriages of mourners, with others, move off for Cold Spring Cemetery with the hearse containing the body of dear brother, whose coffin covered with evergreen and flowers is slowly deposited in the warm earth on this quiet and bright September day His grave is near and just northeasterly of his parents, buried on the same lot. Beside members of the Bigelow family from Buffalo a large number of our family friends were in attendance. This evening I have read to Maria my obituary notice. She is now resigned and cheerful, so we all retire at 9:30 p. m. Sunday morning I enclose $5 in a letter to my wife, of twelve pages, requesting her to meet me in Los Angeles. Call at Mrs. Keep's and attend church with Miss Gertrude Keep. Many friends shake my hand at close of morning service. Call at

Mrs. Potter's and find the Judge still in bed. Lunch with Mary Murray and John drives with me down behind his fleet "bronco" trotters. Read Seth, by young Fredericks of Utica, in Scribner. Am sorry that Genevieve is still kept in bed. Up early Monday and mail a dozen papers to our friends, containing the obituary notices. Buy pair of legs for our brass andirons. Write classmate Russell as to a stop at Cleveland. Arrange Jack's five boxes of eggs to forward in a big box to Santa Barbara. Tuesday cooler and cloudy. Have a nice letter from Mr. Abbott Foster. Friends call on Maria and letters of sympathy received.

On Wednesday morning, September 28, start for Buffalo, where I buy my railroad tickets via Chicago and Kansas City for Los Angeles at $14.00 and $62.50, amounting to $76.50, (with right to stop off thirty days.) Call and get Mrs. Farnham two parcels for Virginia and Sarah. Lunch with Mrs. Ways. Visit John Moissenac's wife and two bright children. Return to Lockport at 7 via Erie railroad. Find Sarah's good letter and I answer: "Meet me October 20, at Los Angeles." Also get a letter from Mrs. Russell to stop at Cleveland Sunday, October 9. Have spent hours boxing up for California Jack's five boxes of eggs, andirons, two baskets, iron basin, U. S. Seal, books, etc. Lunch at Mary Murray's. Hattie says good bye at 4 p. m. this Thursday. Friday I write to Russell and also to cousin William Boies as to train I expect to arrive on. Call on Mrs. Caverno and lunch with Mrs. Smith. Go to Erie railroad depot and pay $8.25 as freight charges on box duly marked for Santa Barbara. Receive letter from Libbie Wolcott. Call on Mrs. Hoag and stay for supper. Mr. Hoag is a shrewd business man. Saturday, October 1, I pack my trunk and attend to divers correspondence. Tea at Mrs. Potter's. Call on Laura Hosmer. Rains tonight. Dine at Mrs.

Chauncey Keep's, where, beside Mrs. Keep and her mother, son and daughter, Mr. Augustus Keep is at the table, and we all have a long and friendly interview of three hours, when I say good bye and call up at Van Valkenberg's upon Anna Doolittle and husband who talk about San Diego until I leave about 10 p. m. Monday Maria gets me an early breakfast and I take car for Lewiston, and have a delightful trip down past the river rapids to Lewiston depot. I walk on to the hospitable mansion of Mrs. Hotchkiss, who with her brother and sister all welcome me. We have chicken or dinner and white fish for supper. Rain falls nearly all day. I engage at depot a bag of "pomme grise" apples of Kelley. It rains again most of the night. After breakfast next morning I say good bye to all. Arriving at the Bridge I call over and stay at Leander Colt's, where I meet Mary Colt and her father who tells me, (as we walk over to the depot,) that Mary is engaged to Walter Hawley. I start at 4 p. m. and arrive by 5 at Maria's, in lower Lockport. Wednesday, attend to correspondence and business matters up town. Tonight I had tea and a delightful visit with Rev. Mrs. Norton and her very bright daughter, (since deceased,) and take car at 8 p. m. for East Lockport. Tuesday, October 6, I call up and say good bye to Mrs. Stow, Mrs. George Keep, Mrs. Spaulding Evans and dear Mrs. Potter. Stay to a pleasant lunch at Mrs. Spalding Evans and husband; they have a nice daughter aged seven years. Call on Mary Murray for a short hour and say good bye, also at Mrs. Jackson's, Mrs. Ralston's, Mrs. Molyneux and her granddaughters, and last at Mrs. John Arnold's office, then to Mrs. Olmsted's for an evening's talk. Rain again tonight. During this my last day in Lockport, (Friday, October 7.) I call upon Rev. Southwell of Christ Church and copy our marriage record of 1841. Finish

up all packages and engage a hack for 8 tomorrow morning. Saturday after a good breakfast, I bid good bye with kisses to dear Maria, Genevieve and the two sweet children, and by 10 a. m. we are in Buffalo to call and say good bye to Mrs. Farnham, Mrs. Ways and Hattie. At 12 I lunch with dear Allen Bigelow, (now deceased) and at 1 p. m. leave my native (Empire) State for the long journey to California. The afternoon ride past many fine farms and pleasant woodlands, made me feel somewhat lonesome, as if going from instead of to my home. About dark our train arrives at Cleveland and taking a hack over the River bridge at 7 p. m. I was glad to meet at the threshold of their fine old house my blind old friend and classmate Cornelius L. Russell, who married a Miss Winslow of Brooklyn many years since by whom he has had several children, all of whom are deceased except one daughter, married to an Englishman, Mr. Lascelles, upon whom I call across the street, where they live without children in a pretty cottage. Attend Saint John's Church with the pleasant granddaughter. After a turkey dinner we were to have had a ride about Cleveland but a steady rain has prevented and kept me entertained by Russell's account of troubles he had with the Government about 1840 to 1853, when U. S. Collector of Customs at the Port here. He made money by land purchases and has now many thousand dollars in bank, yet as he is entirely blind his wealth he cannot enjoy. Just how long he has been blind I am not informed, but he has with his devoted wife made visits to distinguished occulists in New York, without obtaining any relief. My visit here and our review of College days has evidently given him much comfort in his lonely condition. Am glad classmate Smith urged me to stop. The next morning, Monday, October 10, it rained steadily for hours, yet after a social break-

fast and a farewell to all the family I join Mr. Lascelles in their carriage for an hour's ride the length of the famous Euclid Avenue for two miles, passing many splendid residences with spacious grounds in front, such as it is rare to find in any other city east or west, then call at the Weddell Hotel for a social parting glass. Mr. Lascelles leaves me at the depot, whence I take a noon train for Chicago. It is a trip of about 300 miles, and as our train was belated it was near to midnight when we swept along the lighted streets and landed from the cars in Chicago. I stopped at the Leeland Hotel, near to Mr. Blair's house, 230 Michigan Avenue, where I went the next morning after lodging and breakfast. I found that I was expected the evening before, if arriving on train time. Mr. and Mrs. Blair were east on a trip, and Mrs. Ballard, the sister was there to welcome me. I found letters from Miss Dorsey and from Edward Boies, expecting me to stop at the home of each. After stopping at the Santa Fee railroad office, I decided on via Rock Island road to Kansas City, and to start on Friday. Mrs. Ballard ordered the carriage and we called upon Mrs. Edward Blair, the wife of the only son, who has a fine home and two lovely children. We also called on Cortland friends, Mr. Hibbard, Mrs. Densmore and Mrs. Crosby, all of whom were very cordial. That day I met in the business streets crowds, reminding me of lower Broadway, New York. The weather was cool, making a fire very comfortable. Wednesday it remains cool. The carriage is at my command to try and hunt up, (without success,) the married daughter of John Ayers; then I called at the Merchant's National Bank where Chauncey Blair is President and Mr. Neeley is the Cashier. Both are very friendly. Next I stop at the hardware establishment and meet Edward Blair and the pleasant Mr. Barker, one of three dozen clerks on active

duty. Call on George Keep, (as I promised his wife at Lockport, where he is interested in a large shoe store. A cold disagreeable wind met me as I passed along Michigan Avenue and near the lake. After writing a letter to my dear sister Maria Boyce, and a pleasant talk with Mrs. Ballard I retire early for the night's rest. Thursday forenoon Mrs. Ballard orders the carriage and we ride for two hours about the extended streets on westerly side of the city. I am quite surprised at the long and regular streets lined with so many fine residences. Returning for lunch I find several letters and reply to some. During the afternoon I stop for over an hour in the Exposition Building. Here I saw many wonders in art machinery, etc. Friday morning I got a good and welcome letter from my wife, also one from Allen Bigelow enclosing one from my dear granddaughter. I call around and get my trunk checked for Kansas City only, (but this is changed, as now baggage is checked through.) After an early lunch with Mrs. Ballard I say good bye and ride to depot of Rock Island route. Start from Chicago at 1 p. m. During the afternoon pass through Illinois towns and country, once prairie lands, some of it pleasant and productive, but not home-like for me. About dark we arrive at the long bridge across the Mississippi to Davenport, on the west side of the river. All night I occupy a chair car and rest quite well. We breakfast quite well in a dining car. By 9 o'clock we come in sight of the dark and sluggish Missouri. Crossing over to Kansas City, at the depot we find 1000 people and a thousand trunks for transfer on the railroads centering for passengers at this crowded point of travel east or west. After a struggle to get my trunk checked through to Los Angeles I reach a crowded car having in my hands a bag, basket, two coats, umbrella and cane, to find only a triplet seat.

Our journey along the bank of the Kansas River for hours, did not seem to be through an attractive country for residence, although productive in corn and cattle. About 4 p. m. we come to a stand-still at Emporia. On account of a freight train upset ahead of us, we were detained here nearly fifteen hours to our discomfort, as the refreshments available for supper were poor at this irregular station. Of course sleep in our disturbed cars during the night was equally unsatisfactory. This detention lost me twelve hours of my proposed stop at Kinsley to meet my cousin William and his sons, living about 300 miles from Kansas City. Toward 9 a. m. we reach our station for a good breakfast, with our sharp appetites. Here I mail postals to go ahead where I stop off this train. This country of Southern Kansas, looks pleasant and except in dry seasons seems productive. The corn fields are immense in extent with plenty of stock kept in the open fields without shelter. But nearly all farmers are in debt and many have their homesteads heavily mortgaged. Am not feeling well during the day as irregularity has given me disturbed bowels. At 5 p. m. arrive at Kinsley, where one of my cousin's sons meets me at the station, and we soon reach the house of William Boies and wife. Here I am introduced during the evening to his three sons, viz: Levarett, Edward and Frederick. All of them are married to Cortland County girls, and each has one or two children. They have been residents of Southern Kansas for twelve years, and seemed to be prosperous in their mercantile and banking business, (although now, three to four years later, I hear that overtrading and poor seasons have brought bankruptcy to one or all of them.) In the evening William talks much of or about Randolph Randall, whose dairy interests on the beautiful land south of Cortland he successfully and satisfactorily

managed for years, until he was finally persuaded by his sons to leave and emigrate to Kansas. William has overworked and is evidently breaking down in both mind and body. His wife, who was Miss Ives, seems stronger and younger than William, who was about seventy-four when I last saw him in 1887. The next morning I walked around and called at the son's houses nearby, to find all the wives pleasant, cheerful and industrious. At the store and bank I call and am introduced all around and about noon I take a hurried lunch and say good bye, I start west on my journey through that level and somewhat treeless country of wide space between dwellings, rendering it at this dry October season somewhat lonely in its appearance. After 250 miles of ride our train, about 10 a. m. arrives at La Junta, where in Colorado two main lines connect, (as the name indicates,) one for Los Angeles and one for Salt Lake. I stop here overnight at the depot hotel and have a good sleep, and after breakfast, much refreshed, so, as I have time, write a couple of postals and a letter to Randolph to inform him how I enjoyed my stop-off visit of twenty-four hours with cousin William, whom he always liked when in his employ. Starting about 9 a. m. my forenoon ride was beside a pleasant companion, a commercial traveller, who knew the country well and was on his way to Los Vegas, in New Mexico. While the soil along our route looked barren, it yet seemed to sustain and find large flocks and herds of cattle and sheep. As we stop quite often our speed is about twenty miles per hour. Our lunch was a hurried one and dinner quite late, and the coffee so strong, in two cups, that I was kept awake. Arriving at Albuquerque about 7 a. m. we were said to be three hours late. Our journey today was through a singular region of brown and odd shaped hills. It is mostly the home of the Pueblo Indians, who live in

mud houses or huts, with plenty of small horses and donkies about them. Passengers trade or buy things of these Indians. Our train was so behind that our breakfast and lunch came together, as one meal about noon. As my bowels are still irregular I take during the afternoon 5 pills, as given me for this purpose. Thursday morning, October 20, I find at 6 a. m. we are now about 500 miles west of Albuquerque. All day the country looks barren and desolate, being occupied by lazy Indians only. From frequent stops and hot journals, we shall not reach Los Angeles tonight as expected. The train has two or three sleepers. In ours I make the acquaintance, opposite to me, of a newly married couple from Philadelphia, on their return to his home in Pasadena, with the mother who has a berth under mine. Tonight the porter makes up the berths for a third night without extra charge. While I am feeling better, yet my trip has become tiresome and somewhat lonesome. Friday morning at 6 a. m. we arrive at the Los Angeles depot. During the night I have passed by or near San Bernardino. Colton and other points which I would like to have seen, if awake and it had been daylight, but feel rejoiced that my long ride is so nearly ended, and that soon I shall meet my dear wife. After breakfast at the Pico House and attending to my trunk for a check to Santa Barbara, I call around to find Tom Foster, as I had promised in Utica, and then at the postoffice, to find that my wife was waiting for me at Mrs. Dorsey's house in Compton, near four miles east of the city. So I soon engaged a buggy, team and driver to take me down there, where I arrived for a late but welcome lunch. The pleasant Mrs. Dorsey and two daughters seemed almost as glad to see me, as was my beloved wife. Here the Dorsey family have a pleasant and profitable homestead of twenty-four acres, mostly

covered by an orchard of bearing orange trees to the number of 2000, at a cost of $12000, but which is now worth double or thribble this sum, as I understand. During the evening we had some delightful singing by Mrs. Dorsey and music on piano by one or both the daughters. Dr. Dorsey (who has since deceased,) was quite cheerful, although still a confirmed invalid. He told me not to worry about the sore spot on my face, beside my nose, as it was not dangerous and could readily be cut out or cured. I had some misgivings about it, as it had annoyed me of late, 'tho not painful. After looking around this fruitful ground we breakfast, and saying good bye Miss Antoinette Dorsey drives with us up to the city, in time for the train leavat 9:15 for our home. Bidding Miss Dorsey farewell with a kiss, we are soon scudding along and in an hour or so reach Newhall, where we stop two hours. Then for Ventura along down the Santa Clara River valley and on to Santa Barbara, where we arrive for our good supper at home. All well here we are happy to find.

In reviewing, (as I do at this writing, near four years since my return,) my entire journey and absence among dear friends and relatives for near five months, seems almost like a dream. It afforded me much pleasure and brought me continuance of my good health. As I have before stated, the great drawback was that Sarah was not along, as then my visits would have brought increased pleasure to our mutual friends and to our relatives. Yet she could have hardly endured the fatigue and constant exercise and discomforts of travel, which more or less are incidental to a varied journey like mine. It was easy and natural for me to lay out the map of my contemplated trip before I started, because many years and frequent trips and

excursions by railroad had familiarized me to methodical habits and the necessary watchfulness and care of self travel. Yet while "man proposes, God alone disposes." I was by a kind Providence saved from many dangers, and protected by night and day. Above all I was welcomed by so many old friends and numerous acquaintances, that my frequent reflections upon and over what I then and there saw and experienced will be ever an "oasis" in my memory. Whether I shall ever see my native State of New York again is now uncertain and beyond my feeble vision. In continuing my Biographical or personal reminisences from 1888, I shall endeavor to abbreviate from my diary, as to all important events.

I begin under the pines my Auto-Biography and family record for over seventy years.

1892

May 26th.—I again resume my pencil writing (on the Dibblee Hill under the familiar pines of my favorite grove,) after an interval of near two months. During this period many public events have occurred in Santa Barbara, and many private or domestic matters have been happening to us. First, after great preparations and expense the Floral Carnival of five days took place the latter part of April, which in its "battle of flowers" and all accompanying displays and social entertainments has given our little city a unique reputation and a world-wide fame as the "home of the rose," and hereafter a similar annual observance of the many beautiful ceremonies of our "carnival" week is established by resolution of the organization of which the wealthy and generous Mr. Rowland Hazard is its President. On Easter Day, Sunday the 17th of April, our Trinity Church was relieved of its mortgage debt of over $5000 (due Mrs. Broome,) by our congregation and friends

having so generously and unexpectedly contributed a similar amount to a Rectory fund upon this condition, all of which entitles Mrs. Broome, our Rector, Rev. Mr. Ramsay, our new Vestry and many zealous male and female members of our church to lasting gratitude, regreting, as my wife and myself did, that our pecuniary condition did not then enable us to promptly contribute to this worthy object. I rode with Mr. Case to the Hot Springs, where we eat our quiet lunch, and after a rest returned by the pleasant Sycamore canyon. We have a pleasant call from Mr. and Mrs. Russel Wheeler of Utica. At Horticultural meeting I am again elected by directors of the Society as Treasurer for the current year to April 1893. During these three spring months I have had my garden ploughed and potatoes planted and all trees, vines and shrubbery trimmed and cultivated, much of which work, especially the hoeing of potatoes and weeds in general, has been done as usual by myself, both to save expense and for my own health. Rains have been falling occasionally the past two or three months quite moderately, giving us for the entire season only ten or twelve inches which may do for early grain and fruits, but not of an average amount.

For several months in 1891 and the fore part of 1892 our son Will had been managing Editor of the Weekly Chronicle, and although we only saw an occasional contribution of his there, which we knew to be of his own production. I remember of two which were very creditable, viz: one on "Coal Stations for the Supply of U. S. War Ships," and another on "Dangers to San Francisco if Attacked by a Foe on the Southerly Shore Side, from Half Moon Bay." As these occasional articles and his limited regular salary were quite inadequate for the comfortable support of himself and family we were glad enough to hear, about the

middle of March, that Will had regained his old position of Managing Editor of the Morning Call, with a better salary from Mr. Pickering its proprietor, under whom he was engaged for seven years, soon after, 1879 or 1880, in the same responsible post. The letter-writing correspondence of Sarah, which has been in suspense for many months, has been resumed by her this spring, while mine has been "few and far between."

I have now to record the news of the death of one dear to us. Our beloved sister, Maria Boyce departed for a "Heavenly Home" on the morning of Friday, May 6, at Lockport, aged seventy-four years, after a protracted year of mental and physical suffering, in shattered nerves, consequent upon her close watchfulness five years ago over her husband, as he lay paralyzed for many months, and the renewing the strains upon her system as she attended dear Allen Bigelow, her son-in-law, during his long illness and death at Ashville, North Carolina in 1890 to 1891. The character of our dear sister was of rare loveliness for amirability, intelligence and self sacrifice. It was a great disappointment to Sarah that they could not meet on earth once more. I myself had the privilege of spending many hours with her and the rest of that little family in 1887, in my brother's home, ever dear to me in memories of "auld lang syne."

And now I must mention the severe and protracted illness of a dear friend, Mrs. Henry Tallant, who for months has been suffering with the same disease of heart failure which so threatened my wife last season. Mr. and Mrs. Tallant came here from Virginia about 1873, two years or so before we arrived here, and now for a dozen years a warm intimacy has been kept up between us, especially in all matters pertaining to the interests of Trinity Church, where Mr. Tallant and myself have served on its Vestry together and our wives

have associated together in the missionary efforts fostered by our zealous women of the congregation attending our church services. For years past, both at their old homestead, and at their present new one in the lower ward of the city, I have almost weekly taken lunch at their hospitable and bountiful table, where we discuss many favorite topics. But since last winter I have seen less of Mrs. Tallant, while being under the care of her physician. We fear the illness is approaching a fatal termination. Then the strong sympathetic nature of the husband may also give way, to follow her in a few more months or years.

I am now daily finding time to write a couple of pages here, after caring for all domestic duties, and I hope that our Horticultural meetings for July and subsequent months of the year may bring health and intelligent information to both of us, if able to attend these rural meetings, as we expect to do. We last Wednesday attended the June monthly meeting of our Horticultural Society at Mr. Blood's in Carpinteria, where Sarah accompanied me and enjoyed the railroad ride of ten miles and by carriage two miles beyond to the beautiful residence and fine grounds, 200 feet above the valley. The view along a land stretch of ten miles, with that of double this distande out at sea, across to Anacapa and Santa Cruz islands, is a superb one in the clear sky of a June morning, such as we enjoyed before our noon lunch provided by the wives of farmers and others to the number of seventy-five present. Political affairs are now strained to a high key. By the middle of the month the Republicans in Convention at Minneapolis will probably nominate Blaine, or if not it may be Harrison again. Then two weeks later the Democrats in Convention in Chicago will almost surely nominate Cleveland for the third time. For over three months the whole country will be deluged with speeches

and kept in excitement by office seekers and office holders until the National elections November 8, (being by law "Tuesday next after the first Monday.) About the middle of this month of June I received a printed invitation signed by Mr Webster now President of my Alma Mater, Union College, at Schenctady, N. Y., asking my attendance at the coming commencement to meet all survivors of the class of 1832, and corresponding decennial classes since then, at which the whole commencement week woul be very interesting, in society and social greetings. I was obliged, for several reasons to send a reply of regrets, somewhat in detail, as the notice of invitation finds me living near 3000 miles away from the scene of my college days. I have advised two of my classmates, West and Russell, of these exercises, hoping they may get and send me a full newspaper report of what will be interesting to me.

During the fore part of this month Sarah has had a day of rest visiting Mrs. Bliss in the country, while I had a trip out near there to Veronica Mineral Springs and have tested a bottle of the water, by a wine glass every morning, much to my benefit, in head and stomach, for prevailing dull and often dizzy feelings, all of which I attribute to my overwork in the garden at my advanced age. Will's birthday on the 11th has been affectionately remembered by a nice letter from his mother, although too much of her time has of late been occupied in superintending kitchen duties at learning our stupid young Chinese "how to do things." Yet Sarah has finally despatched a brief letter to Mr. H. C. Nash, the secretary of Senator and Mrs. Stanford, asking either for a return of or else fair compensation for the great labor she expended, with the several weeks assistance of Louis, in preparing the long catalogue of the Jewett collection of shells. It is now some half

dozen years since negotiations in that quarter were opened for a sale of these shells at the price of about $7000, although an actual offer of $5000, or even less, would I think have been accepted. The proceeds of such a sale wouid enable my dear wife to have an income of her own sufficient to support her comfortably the remainder of her days. Perhaps the future may bring to her soon the money value of this bequest, which her generous parent considered could be converted into cash whenever a sale was necessary or advisable.

About the middle of June our religous community welcomed the Rev. B. Fay Mills and his associate Chorister, Mr. Greenwood, for tri-daily meetings of five days and evenings, during which period our citizens, male and female, of six Protestant churches, were deeply impressed and much benefited by the persuasive eloquence and fervid zeal of this distinguished Revivalist. We trust his ministrations have done lasting good to not only sinners but also luke-warm Christians here as elsewhere in the towns of California. Here on this 227th page of my book of Auto-Biography, etc., I close my record at present, commenced just one year ago, viz: July 4, 1891.

Dated Santa Barbara, Sunday July 3, 1892.

1893

Friday, October 13th—It is now over a year and a quarter since Friday, July 1, 1892, to which day I closed this record of my life, and since which many public and private events have occured. I shall try to briefly sketch some of these. My own health has continued to be good, yet I have had one or more severe colds and am now almost daily reminded that I am an old man, having become an octogenarian on the 21st of July last. The health of my beloved and devoted wife is

not as strong as I could wish, and she has weaknesses and infirmities which prevent her from the active locomotion of her early years, and yet as her memory and all mental powers are good, and her impaired eyesight grows no worse we have many reasons to be thankful to our Heavenly Father.

The death of Judge Fernald and his impressive funeral on Saturday the 9th, was a sad and solemn scene for all, but especially a serious loss to me as a warm friend for many years. Mr. Hawley (since deceased,) told me "the Arlington and Annex have cost $200,000 and now rents for $200 per month." I have a nice letter from Wlll, of thanks, etc., for a little gift I sent him. He predicts that Cleveland will have "a walk-over at the coming election," a true prophesy. On this Thursday, July 21, 1892, I am eighty years old, and Sarah is making a birthday pudding for dinner.

This September 9th is Admission Day of California into the Union thirty-two years ago, is celebrated here in fine style, in charge of the Sons of the Golden West. The next day by invitation of some old friends I attended a grand barbecue at the Hope ranch, where about 1500 of the Veterans and their descendants, of old and young and of both sexes partook of a dozen roasted oxen, with all the needful accompaniments. The flavor of the meat was most delicious. Mrs. Lane has sent us Cazanova a bright novel by our young friend David Foster of Utica. This month of September Sarah finishes putting up her 100th can and glass of fresh fruit of various kinds. Our Boulevard along the beach is just finished at an expense of near $100,000 and is beantiful, as it will be an attractive object. Sunday, 25th of September, Kinton Stevens comes for wife, myself and our baggage to ride out and stay at their pleasant home in Montecito for a ten days'

sojourn, while he with Lucy can visit his sister at San Diego. We have a delightful rest there surrounded by the oaks and tropical trees plants and fruits, with a gentle horse and buggy for our daily use. Plenty of time to read or recuperate in mind and body, with a Chinese cook and attendant, so that on our final leave for home October 5, we tell Mr. Stevens and Lucy that "we have had a truly royal visit." About this time our splendid Boulevard is finished. The middle of October, we had an interesting day at our Opera House celebrating the History of Columbus in behalf of the Catholic Church. Oration by our friend J. T. Richards, and others of the clerical order, all claiming their church as in favor of Liberty and Republicanism, especially in converting the Indians. Mrs. President Harrison has just died in the White House. At our city election November 2, I act on the board as one of the ballot clerks under the Australian plan. My duty was to detach and deliver to each voter the blank ticket, who then filled it out in a booth nearby for deposit in the box. For the two days service I thus earned $10 legal fee. Next day the election returns show everything Democratic, from Cleveland as President, to Congressman, etc. Glad friend Putnam is re-elected as District Attorney. At a Fortnightly at Mrs. George Edwards, wife reads some reminiscences of her childhood days at Fort Niagara.

On Thursday morning, March 16, leave for the Citrus Fair at Colton via Los Angeles 110 and 60 miles. Attend the show of fruits, flowers, etc. that evening and again next evening. Also ride via moter car to Riverside, for the most of the next day to see young Lee, our feiend, and I witness splendid orange groves there. Next morning ride over to San Bernardino and return in time for the afternoon train to Los Angeles, where I get a nice room at the Hollenbeck

Hotel Saturday evening. Sunday morning ride to the big wharf of Southern Pacific Railroad company at Santa Monica, then return by noon and attend Saint John's Church in the afternoon and at Saint Paul's in the evening. Monday morning I start homeward in a heavy rain storm and arrived home tired and wet about 3 p. m. I write an account of my trip for our Independent describing all I saw in the four and one half days. I just escaped a railroad flood and delay of trains, but caught a severe cold and disturbance of my bowels, which kept me in bed for some weeks, off and on, under constant care of my dear wife, who fed and nursed me up to my accustomed health, so that on the Monday following I ventured down and took lunch at friend Tallant's, but finally, after coughing hard nights and with no fair appetite, on Tuesday we summoned Dr. Knox, who prescribed a disagreeable medicine for every three hours, and after a few days he changed the prescription, so that finally I began to recover. On my wife's birthday April 2, just as our dear granddaughter arrives from San Francisco, I feel encouraged. Meanwhile some friends called to enquire, and have sent in something appetising. Our granddaughter, who is now a beautiful girl of seventeen, will be a great helper and companion to her grandma, who is unable to go to church on this birthday of hers, being unwilling to leave me. Was kept in bed until the evening of April 4, when for the first time I get up and partially dress, having had a serious illness of two to four weeks under care of Dr. Knox. His constant attention and medicines have brought me along safe since my relapse from what seems to be my first attack of "grippe." Yet it required weeks longer to restore my usual appetite.

The first week in July the papers report a Mid-Winter Fair at San Francisco for six months from next

January as fixed on. We take our lunch on Independence noon at the Central Restuarant and found it rather a meager one. We read that our friend Senator De Long of Novato, (owner of the big ranch in Marin county where we have been so hospitably entertained by his father and his pleasant wife) has failed for near a half million of dollars. I am reading a nice story in Scribner's Magazine, of five numbers, called "The Copperhead" by Harold Fredericks, whom we knew as a boy in Utica. Am learning granddaughter to play whist evenings. Mr. Lee has called and played a few games one evening. By invitation I go to J. W. Cooper's for a turkey dinner on Sunday, meeting mostly young folks. Vice-President Stevenson arrives on July 17, for a brief sojourn only. Dr. Hall has successfully operated on little Daphne Stewart, by opening to the brain and removing a clot of blood, thus releasing her of a dangerous paralysis of the nerves, as caused by a fall a year and more ago. Miss Wood invites us over to see their night blooming Cereus in full bloom. My birthday anniversary on the 21st of July brings me to the ripe age of eighty years. At 2 p. m. I start with wife, Jennie, Sara and Mr. Barrows who drives, and calling at Miramar in Montecito, we next inspect the big lemon orchard of Crocker & Co, then over to Johnson's orange orchard and home at 6 p. m. My gift from Mr. Barrows, a kind friend and neighbor is four original and very appropriate verses on my name, in boyhood a long time ago. I send a copy of the verses to our good friend Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, knowing they will please her. Tuesday morning the 25th a bus arrives to take wife, Jennie and Sara to the wharf for their trip aboard the staunch schooner Restless to visit, with a party of some twenty-five young people, on Santa Cruz Island, about twenty-five miles across our Channel, southeast from Santa Bar-

bara. The luggage and supplies were plentiful for the seige by all, including a dozen of hungry boys. The expense for each was only about $6 for the round trip voyage, meals, boats, etc. I stayed at our lonesome house until Mr. Barrows returned, when I followed over on a trip of the Restless five days later, but I had only a three hours' stop at the camp, which was in a pleasant spot along by side of the beach. Here I found all happy and glad to greet me for my unexpected and brief visit. The return trip was made aboard the Restless in three and one half hours, being a sail of seven and one half miles per hour. Having some lonesome hours during wife's absence, I write a long letter to our dear old friend, I. C. Colton at Hudson, Michigan. On Wednesday, August 2, I join Mr. and Mrs. Barrows for our monthly meeting of the Horticultural Society at Mr. Blood's in Carpinteria, where his handsome residence and sightly grounds, with a sumptuous lunch gave to us a truly social entertainment until 4 p. m. when we returned via the highly improved grounds of Mr. Fithian, situated high up in foothills, commanding a magnificent outlook across old ocean to the islands of Anacapa and Santa Cruz. Wife returns on the Restless from her nine days' camp, at 8 p. m. on Thursday, August 3. On Saturday I have a pleasant note from Mrs. H. H. Fernald, returning one of Will's sea whaling stories as published in the Youth's Companion. Sara finishes a fifteen page letter to her mother, describing their camp life on the island. Wednesday, August 9, Mr. Barrows is sixty years of age, so we invite him and his wife, also Mr. Tallant, our mutual friend, to a dinner at 3 p. m. where we all enjoy the social afternoon.

In the following pages now left in this book I will enter up a few of the most important events, as noted in my annual diaries, from January 1894.

1894

January—We read the novel "Elinor Fenton" by Dave Foster, with interest. A letter from our dear old friend, I. C. Colton at Toledo, Ohio. Jack tells his mother about his four months' trip East and visit to our old home and friends in Utica. Jennie writes from the Randall's in Cortland. Professor West writes me: "I shall be eighty-five years old in February." Bishop Morris preaches on "The life of our Savior from twelve to thirty years of age." We write and send gifts to Louis who is twenty years old this 30th day of January.

February—Virginia is visiting us and cares for me two or three weeks under an attack of "grippe." I send for Dr. Knox as wife is unwell. I write to Mrs. Hunt about wife's health, also finishing up my Auto-Biography. Professor Henry C. Ford, a distinguished artist, dies at midnight the 26th, and I write an obituary, as mislaid Independent says. Attend funeral with Virginia, as wife is yet too unwell to go.

Sarah's Fortnightly club has a four-in-hand ride to Elwood for lunch and to view the almond orchard in blossom. Attend another orchestra rehearsal with Mary Stewart. Mr. Hardy packs our five boxes of shells, marked F. H. Lattin, Albion, N. Y., and I ride on dray with them to railroad freight office. A high wind blows now five days. Bad for the roses at our coming Carnival. On Easter Sunday the 25th our Trinity Church is beautifully decorated, and we get about $300 in offertory towards paying debt or expenses.

April—On Wednesday the 11th at 9 a. m. Virginia starts for San Francisco, after several weeks of her useful and delightful sojourn with us. Attend Court to hear Calkins will case. Mr. Wheeler of San Francisco assists Jack and they get a verdict breaking the will. Thursday 26th is our Floral Carnival, a great success. Seats on Tribune $1 each. Saturday 28th is Jack's birthday and wife sends by me a box full of cookies such as he liked years ago. This is his forty-third birthday.

May—We call on Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Rogers of Buffalo, who spend a few weeks annually here, stopping at their daughter's attractive rural cottage in the canyon back of the old Mission. We attend a Horticultural picnic at Mr. Blood's in Carpinteria May 5. Engage tickets for San Francisco on steamer Corona (four weeks in advance owing to crowds for Mid-winter Fair) for June 15. Attend consecration of St. Andrew's Church at Carpinteria by Bishop Nichols, then over two dozen of us lunch at the Heath mansion. Our town sends up 300,000 roses for Santa Barbara day at Mid-winter Fair. Attend Decoration Day ceremonies at cemetery by G. A. R. men this 30th of May.

June—Our Horticulturalists meet at Mrs. Neal's grove in Montecito and listen to address by Mr. Weile on the tropical plant life in Eucador, where he was a Consul. Our generous friend John Bermingham writes me: "come and stay with us at 611 Chestnut street" while attending the Mid-winter Fair for a month. We all spend a pleasant evening with Bishop Nichols at our Rectory. Jack and his wife call on Jeannete who is visiting us for a few weeks. A hard cold has kept me in bed for three days under charge of wife as my doctor. I join Jeannete in a social lunch at Jack's rooms

next the Presbyterian Church, Thursday June 14. The next evening we leave with Arney per steamer for San Francisco to attend the Mid-winter Fair, and Louis and Sarah meet us at the wharf early Saturday morning. We have a pleasant room at 611 Chestnut street, where we stop at Mr. Bermingham's fine table for four weeks and enjoy his hospitality and jokes. I attend St. Luke's church alone in the morning, and in the afternoon John Rice escorts me to the Fair grounds to view the electric display there. On Monday I made several calls on friends, and the next day we all, with Virginia and Sara and Jeannete, visit the sights at the Fair and then to lunch and next to the art and other buildings until 5 p. m. when we are back at our welcome dinner. Next day Mr. Bermingham's card admits me to the Pacific Club reading room, which I continue to visit for the ensuing four weeks about daily. Next I go to the big Mills and also Chrocker buildings, each about ten stories high. With friend Kelley visit City Hall and call upon Judge Wallace. Attend theater with grandson Louis by invitation on Saturday evening, and on Sunday morning go to St. John's Church, where Bishop Nichols speaks on "powers of the Pulpit in the exposing of political sins." We read Carnot of the French Republic is assassinated, on June 24. I visit Academy of Sciences with wife, who, like myself is very much interested in the wonderful displays we saw. That afternoon rode out to Portero, five miles for five cents, on horse and cable cars. On returning I stopped off at Risdon Iron works to see Louis for a moment at work. Wednesday the 27, we spend a delightful day visiting the Jones in Oakland, as they were our kind neighbors years since, in Santa Barbara. Next day the great railroad strike ties us up for any further trips across the bay from June 28. We all enjoy Mr. Bermingham's graphic

account of his trip and stay at the Yosemite. The side shows about the Fair are interesting and cheap enough one having paid his fifty cents each time to pass the gate-keeper. On Saturday, June 30, I ride on cable car to the Presidio and overlook its attractive grounds. Jennie arrives this same day on steamer from Portland on return from her journey East.

July—This morning attend with wife St. John's Church and hear our Bishop preach, and this afternoon attend St. Peter's Church nearbye. Next day meet Rev. Chetwood, Judge Heacock and other friends. Call in at Court rooms at City Hall and Superior Court adjoining. On Independence day view the big and unique procession from Baldwin Hotel upper window. We ride out five miles on electric car and witness military parade near the park. Owing to railroad strike we send our mail by express. Visit the Hopkins art gallery, also the mamoth press of the Call, costing $50,000. We hunt up residence of Mrs. Bishop Nichols. John Rice shows me the interesting fire patrol. Sunday morning we attend Grace Church and hear their big organ. At 8 p. m. we attend St. Luke's. Tuesday the 10th we have a very pleasant trip by boat and rail to Novato and spend a social day with the De Long's. Next day weighed 136½ pounds. On Friday the 13th say good bye at 611 Chestnut street and leave on the Santa Rosa (with 600 passengers) for our home. After such a crowd and inconvenient fare we gladly see Santa Barbara people at the wharf at 3:30 p. m. the next day, and Hattie Hall welcomes us at our front steps. Congratulations at Trinity Church. The terrible and destructive strike is ended, after raging from Chicago to San Francisco on all railroads for three to four weeks.

August—Callers on Monday morning. Mr. Tallant lunches with us. Mrs. Stevens and her boy stays three days with us. Lunch at Mrs. Fernald's and then by 3:30 p. m. welcome at the wharf Jennie and granddaughter, with the Howards. War declared between China and Japan. Sara starts by rail to join Hattie Hall in camp in Carpinteria. Attend Horticultural meeting at Mrs. Twitchell's grounds. Attend "Chimes of Normandy" at Opera House with wife. Arney writes wishing to return to our Collegiate school. Jack has returned after absence of many weeks. Ride on Pitcher's hard horse to our ranch. Call on Mrs. Stewart and on Mrs. J. W. Cooper. Wife puts up seventeen more cans of peaches. Wife and Sara go to Women's Exchange entertainment at the San Marcos. Louis Lee calls and tells of his poor luck in orange sales. A letter from our dear friend I. C. Colton says: "I am eighty-two years old." I recommend local fusion between Democrats and Populists. I meet Miss Bruns who stops over a day on her way to Ventura as a teacher. Budd nominated for Governor over Murphy, unfortunately as time will prove. Ride again to ranch. Sunday the 26, is very warm. Arlington is leased by Gatey and Dunn. Attend Brodia Club entertainment.

September 1—This being Anniversary day of our marriage we ride in the afternoon to Montecito, calling at Dr. Sidebotham's rustic looking home to find no one there. As we return about 5 Arney has just arrived, which gives joy to Sara, as well as ourselves. It seems Louis finds time to attend dancing lessons. Arney starts in at his Collegiate school full of zeal. Wife calls a good bye to Dr. and Mrs. Doremus who soon start for Europe. I attend Farmer's Institute discussions with wife and accept of Mrs. Fernald's invitation to tea. The Republicans hold their County Convention at

Lompoc and nominate Taggart for District Attorney. Lately my right eye has strange clouds flitting across my vision. Often I miss the companionship of Mr. Barrows and Mr. Colt, as I get few letters in these days. Ride up to ranch with real estate man Truman. A German entertainment in our Plaza for Natural History Society funds, as planned by Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth is a pleasant success. My wife acts as cashier. At our Democratic County Convention we outsiders enjoy the wrangle and debate between Thomas and Potter. Terrible fires reported from Duluth, etc. War news shows Japan victorious over China by sea and land. Carpenter's letters from Japan full of interest, also the month's Review. We attend a lawn party at Mrs. Broome's for benefit of Trinity Church. Jack and Taggart have a long trial defending insurance on loss of Los Alamos Hotel by fire. Conant puts a new mainspring in my watch, bought in 1837. A high wind blows out and breaks our transom window. Hill nominated for Governor of New York will be badly beaten. We have 1½ inches of rain on this 29th and 30th of September.

October—Wife writes to our friend Sam Lane at Utica. Sara is sketching under Jennie's tuition, and evenings is practicing on a bicycle. We play whist, teaching Sara and Arney. Wife is attending her Fortnightly, and then opening of Kindergarten new rooms. I lunch again at the Tallant's. Am appointed by Supervisors as a judge on the election board. Senator White speaks for an hour and a half at our Democratic meeting. I talk politics with Taggart. Col. Mizner of U. S. Cavalry tells us how he marched 1500 miles from Texas to Ducota at twenty miles per day in 1888. I attend the monthly Horticultural meeting at Ferl's with Mrs. Twitchell, at his banana grove in Montecito.

Another fine rain October 18. The Press compliments Jack on his speech in insurance defense, the verdict is for plaintiff. I hear Cator orate for the Populists for an hour and a half. Sunday afternoon I attend services at the old Mission Church, and then inspect Miss Austin's old adobe house. Patton of Los Angeles, our Democratic candidate for Congress, makes an able speech at the Opera House. Walk with Tallant to view Dr. William's fine wall up Garden street, preparatory to a new house and grounds. Wife reports the lunch at Mrs. Dixie's as a swell affair. Read in Scribner of a bicycle trip through Siberia for 3000 miles, by two Americans. The Atlantic has a fine article on Seward as Secretary of State under Lincoln.

November 2—We today build our first fire for this winter season. The Czar of Russia dies at Lividia. As wife is ailing Sara helps our sick Chinaman at kitchen work. I officiate as Judge on election board all day and all night, and I receive as the legal fee $10, under Australian system. Result, Republican all over East and West. Trinity Church concert brings $100 to pay on our $600 debt. We play progressive whist at the Brastow's. Mountain fires about Mission canyon. Wife lunches at Mrs. Edwards' and then attends Fortnightly at Mrs. Felton's. I write to Mrs. Mary E. Colt a sympathetic letter on the decease of her husband. We call on our Rector and Mrs. Ramsay. Next day I ride with him to Goleta and attend the evening service, and stop with Vestryman Hacker. Sara improves in her painting. She attends a birthday dinner at Mrs. Lunt's. Mr. Winchester arrives with Rev. Thatcher from Boston. Our neice Mrs. Janet Chambers of Omaha writes for a house, three months by April.

December—Rain is needed and anxiously looked for. Then one inch falls during the first week in December. I make a full report as Treasurer of the Horticultral Society, pay over $8 balance in hand, and resign. We attend our church fair at San Marcos for tea, etc. Buy of Cadwell a box of apples at sixty cents for fifty pounds. Peace between China and Japan is reported. I talk with Jack about some suitable monument to Colonel Jewett in our cemetery. Maria Warner sends wife one of her early letters written in 1883. I make an interesting visit at the Sloyd school. Lunch at Mrs. Fernald's. Jennie sells a picture to Mrs. McVeigh. Sara goes to progressive eucher at Dr. Stambach's. Call on Taggart who is sick from trips on election campaigns. Mr. and Mrs. Tallant make us a welcome call. Reception to Bishop Nichols at Mrs. Broome's is over-crowded. Attend a vaudeville at Opera House in aid of the Young Men's Christian Association. Our Bishop preaches on thankfulness. A class of thirty are confirmed. Wife writes a birthday letter to Virginia for the 19th. Jenny receives "History of Henry of Navarre" from Mr. Blair of Chicago, the father of Edward T. Blair the author, and we all peruse it with much interest. I write a congratulatory letter to Mr. Blair. Our Utica friend Mrs. Hook dies of cancer, at her home in Oakland. It rains on night of the 19th. Wife writes an eight-page letter to dear Mrs. Hunt, and I write a kind one to our lonesome friend Porter Scovell at Lewiston. I buy some small Christmas gifts for wife, Jenny and Sara at Hassinger's. Attend a vocal concert at Congregational Church. Wife gets by express a package of dress patterns, etc., from dear Mrs. Hunt. I attend orchestra concert by McCoy's class of amateurs. Mrs. Hunt writes her anxiety to see and hear from us often. Xmas gifts interchanged by all of us. His mother sends to Jack the silver dish

from Mexico, as given to Colonel Jewett by Captain Kirby. We have a nice turkey for our Xmas dinner. I write to a K. A. dinner in New York City; arrives too late as usual. On Thursday the 27th I dine very pleasantly with Jack and his wife at his rooms on State street, and conclude by smoking a social cigar with him. He then reads to me his truly able and eloquent report on codification, as endorsed by Bar Association in San Fransisco.

1895

January—New Years I call with Mr. Tallant on Mrs. Fernald, Dr. Shaw, and Mrs. Greenwell. Lunch at Tallant's. Wife sends a pen and ink painting of an adobe to Mrs. Stewart for her Sunday morning rides, and to Mrs. Colt and Nellie each a knit wash rag. I resign as Treasurer of the Horticultural Society. Wife has a 4 o'clock. January 4, 25, rain 1½ inches. Daily Call sold to Shortridge for $360,000. A cold keeps me from church. I. C. Colton writes: "am now eighty-three years old." Arnold leaves after a stay of four months and a half at Collegiate school. The Chronicle publishes "A commission to codify the laws, as read by J. J. Boyce before Bar Association. Rains fifteen inches for this winter. Revolt in Honolulu. Go to Jack's for a social supper where he tells me all about meeting the Bar and Legislators to urge passage of his codification plan. Write Louis and send a birthday handkerchief for 30th, when he is twenty-one years old. Wife sends him a knit towel 30x40 inches. Mr. Webb asks extension on his $1000 note.

February—Write to Mrs. Hunt our thanks. Judge Cope makes a Sunday call. Visit the Austins in their new adobe behind Mission. Mercury down to 30° and 40° in many eastern states. Arnold is sixteen and

Sara nineteen on the 10th and 13th. We give Sara a $2.50 prayer book as our joint birthday gift. Miss Rogers invites to her cottage social. Sara prepares two dozen and a half "heart teas" and Jennie a picture for St. Cecilia. Receipts over $500. Sara practices the stately minuet dance for Floral Festival. We discuss with Mr. Tallant our Rector's Church Quarterly. Quien Sabe! Bishop Morris preaches on "grey hairs." Wife hunts up a house for niece Janet and her four children for three months. Attend Mr. Winchester's funeral. Call on Dr. Stewart from Duluth. Jack has been sick at Sacramento for two or three days, as his wife tells me. I have, as heretofore, sent out programs of our April Floral Festival to dozens of friends East.

March—Wife's Fortnightly has a fine meeting at Elwood. Mr. Wood of Utica calls on us. Mr. Winchester's will leaves $2000 to the Natural History Society. Sara plays "Boo Peep" in "Spectacular Brownies" at Opera House. It gives $500 for Kindergarten fund. Our legislature is disgracing itself again. John T. Murray was seventy-six on February 24. One-half inch this 13th of March. The Senate has unanimouly passed Jack's Codification Bill and he is entitled to be one of its Commissioners. Arlington has 200 guests. Editor Rev. Chetwood has published my article on "Diocesan Division." Wife rides with me to Boulevard and then we walk up to my familiar pine grove. Bates ploughs and plants potatoes on 75x75 feet at cost of $3, but it is a failure on account of the drought. Our neice Janet, four children, and two servants arrive at noon this 20th. I receive a pleasant note from Blanche Wetmore of Detroit, also one from Anna F. Doolittle of San Diego. Call on Hon. S. S. Rogers from Buffalo. We visit Mr. and Mrs. Richards at Saticoy from Thursday afternoon to Saturday noon, a hospitable two days with the mother Mrs. Levens.

April—For wife's birthday, the 2nd, she gets gifts from Hattie, Sara, Janet and from Harriet and Minnie. Jack is detained at San Francisco in More will case again. Jennie is off for the Ojai with Miss Knox. Supervisor Broughton takes tea with us, says: "was born Tonawanda, N. Y." He invites us to visit his home at Lompoc. Write W. Lamoreux, Union College, "am in good health and not deceased, as you heard." Our Pavilion burns down. Mrs. Edwards donates their $10 ticket for two and I buy Tribune seats at $1.15. Sara is one of twenty-four Grecian maidens, managed by Mr. Worthington, for Cottage Hospital fund. April 18, Sara rides for Mrs. Dr. Hall in her splendidly adorned surrey in today's Floral parade, richly dressed with postilions and a four-in-hand driver. We entertain Mr. and Mrs. Richards of Saticoy over-night and a day. I write Jack on 28th a birthday.

May—Our three hens hatch over twenty chicks. We all call on Mr. Worthington and Mr. Greenleaf at their artistic home in Montecito, also at the unique adobe of Alston Hayne. Dear granddaughter starts for San Francisco, after visiting us for nine months. May 12th, is hot in San Francisco at 89°. We dine at Janet's. Our Diocesan Commission meets May 14. Governor Budd has appointed Daly as a code commissioner, over Jack, who has been shamefully treated, as all the Bar says. A scorching column on this outrage in the Independent is by J. T. Richards, I am sure. I visit ranch with Janet and children and picnic. Judge Heacock writes me scorching Governor Budd for ignoring Jack as a Code Commissioner. At the Decoration Day services by G. A. R. at cemetery I talk pleasantly with Editor Knepper of the Press. I attend amateur concert with Janet and soon join her in a sherry and cake at 11 p. m.

June—Another letter from dear Mrs. Hunt. A hot day this at 85° June 5 we attend Horticultural meeting at Mr. Blood's in Carpinteria with Janet. Jack returns after a four-months' absence at San Francisco and Sacramento. June 8, I dine with him and he tells me about Budd's deceit in refusing him the appointment as a Code Commissioner. Wife writes a birthday letter to Will for the 11th, when he is fifty-two years old. Janet calls on Jack at his office. Janet starts for her Omaha home; her four children and nurse are to follow by railroad in three days. Monday morning I visit Dibblee grove, and again five times during June. Will has resigned on the Call, as Sara writes us. We call on the Vaughn's, who are very pleasant but are invalids from Cambridge and Philadelphia. Jennie attends church with us. Our apricot crop is fine, and now is ripening fast, at the last of June.

July—Attend Independence address by Judge Williams, and a barbecue at Burton Mound. Jennie starts on the Restless for a five days' cruize and camp on Santa Cruz Island. Mr. Broughton dines with us and invites us to visit Lompoc. Jack gets us a free pass by stage via coast and mountain, for my birthdary trip. Leave Friday, stay at Lompoc over Sunday, 21st and Monday to Los Alamos and to Los Olivos per railroad, and from Santa Yenz by stage home on the 25th, after one week's absence. A delightful trip for each. Our peaches are ripe. Box of crab apples arrive from Mr. Broughton. Distribute and also jelly some. At church many friends congratulate us on our 150 mile trip. Receive letter from Ruth and get a silk handkerchief from Bermy. I called with Mr. Tallant on Mr. and Mrs. Doremus home from Europe. Send postal to Judge Heacock, and write to Virginia, both descritive of our trip to Lompoc.

August—We pick peaches from the Howard garden as they are still away. As wife is off to her Fortnightly I write up a column of "notes by the way to and from Lompoc" for Rev. Ramsay to publish in October number of Trinity Church Quarterly. Tyndell is here performing his marvelous feats blindfolded. Granddaughter Sara sails for Marshfield, Oregon, with Mrs. Graham, a kind friend. We attend a lawn fete at Mrs. Broome's for Trinity funds. Wife and Jennie have Ortega's carriage for calls. Mr. Colt visits us sociably. I write to Mrs. Richards at Utica. Mrs. R. Hazard is dead, also Frank Spalding at age of eighty. We get letters from Janet and also Mr. Barrows. Attend Methodist lawn dinner, also "Ben Hur" stereoptican. Jennie starts August 21 per steamer for a two months' trip sketching and visiting for health up the Coast.

September the 1st is our anniversary of marriage fifty-four years ago. At church Mr. Tallant reads. We have our chicken fricassee for dinner. We write to Virginia and also to Nancy an invitation. September 3, afternoon we have eclipse of moon. Horticultural meeting at Burton Mound and caught a cold. Jennie writes from Pacific Grove, where she meets Mrs. Thomas, an old friend. The Call "free" is stopped, as Will is retired. We dine with Jack and Harriet sociably at their rooms, and in two weeks after, on Sunday the 29th, they come up and dine with us. Mr. and Mrs. Broughton lunch with us. Wife has been ailing for weeks, but is now improving. I am organizing among our best ladies a course of six readings (or rather four at $1 each) for benefit of Prof. John Murray. Our granddaughter Sara is spending three or four months in Oregon, visiting Mrs. Graham at Mashfield.

October—A nice letter from Arney is received by us October 1. On the 2nd we attend a pleasant Horticultural meeting at O. P. Cadwell's in Carpinteria. We have a fine lunch and then are entertained two hours by fruit discussions. I report the account for Editor Sands in his Daily News. My "notes by the way to and from Lompoc" are published in our Rev. Ramsay's Church Quarterly. The Sons of Veterans give a minstrel performance, as amateurs, which was full of fun and burlesque. Frank sang very well in the quartette and chorus. The News publishes my article "A triple enterprise," which asks our municipality to grant title in Anacapa Plaza to one-fourth of it for joint building by Horticultural, Natural History and Floral organizations.

November—I write to J. Wilber materials for his "History of early times in Lockport." Jack attends U. S. Court at Los Angeles. Sunday the 3rd it rains for a half-hour. I weigh 131½ pounds. Am rheumatic in my right leg. Attend Horticultural meeting at the olive manufactory in Montecito. I get $6 for two day's service on election board as ballot clerk. Republicans defeat Democrats over nearly all the eastern and western middle states. I write a three-quarter's column article against "our saloons," as published in the News. Also a half column on "ancient history," published in the Lockport Review. We pay our city tax at $24. November 18, is unusually hot. Wife pays out $25 for winter wood, to say April or May. Monday, November 25, Jennie arrives after a three months' visit up the coast. Jack's wife has decided to break up here and to remove to San Francisco. A nice big woolen cloak for wife arrives from dear Mrs. Hunt. Thanksgiving is November 28, when we have Jack and Harriet, with Frank to dine with us. A rain the next

day but only an hour's shower. Jack's furniture arrives for his old room, and they stay with us two days, until Harriet starts for the city Monday morning.

December—We start for Los Angeles on the morning train to attend the Diocesan Convention for election of a new Bishop. Arrive at 1:30 p. m. at our very pleasant Hotel Lillie provided for us by Rev. A. L. Trew. Convention assembles on Tuesday morning, and after preliminary services we have lunch and then business to 6 p. m. Then evening session to vote for a Bishop. On the first ballot the Rev. Joseph H. Johnson of Detroit is chosen Bishop of Los Angeles Diocese. After a reception to Bishop Nichols, largely attended the next evening, we on the following day ride about and in the evening dine with Mr. and Mrs. Wigmore on Adams street, who are friends of Jack and are very hospitable to us. On Friday, our last day, we take electric car to West Lake Park and return via oil wells, then leaving by 3:30 train we arrive at our depot at 9 a. m. where Jack meets us with a cab for home. Next make report of our trip to the Tallants. Wife, by invitation of Mrs. Dr. Knox, rides to Montecito for several calls, then she writes a long affectionate letter to our dear Mrs. Hunt. We get another $75 check on Albioh bank from Mr. Webb to apply on interest, etc. Sunday 15 Bishop Nichols preaches a farewell to us. Jack and Jennie go to church with us. We attend Monday's reception to Bishop Nichols at Mrs. Broome's. Wife sends to Mrs. Hunt the beautiful long towel she knit for her. A war message from President Cleveland over Great Britain's encroachment on Venezuela's boundary has agitated both countries for weeks but "peace over the Monroe Doctrine" is about concluded. A Womem's edition of Lockport Review is interesting and creditable. We get and send Xmas

gifts for this 25th. Mrs. Seymour of Syracuse, a daughter of my school day's friend, Lucy Maria Randall, Hoese, is visiting here. Mrs. Thomas of Homer dined with us on Xmas. I. C. Colton, aged eighty-three writes us from Toledo. On this last day of the year 1895 we read, talk and rest.

My task is ended, as I finish on this last page, after many pleasant and some sad thoughts, as I have written these pages, begun near four and a half years ago, with a vague idea of when and how I might continue and fill up the reminiscences to date.

Dated December 31, 1895; 1717 Anacapa street, Santa Barbara.

ANSON AUGUSTUS BOYCE.

Postscript—Since the foregoing pages were written I received, in April 1901, from the Secretary of the Executive Council of the Kappa Alpha Society the Patriarch's Key, with a gold plate accompanying it for all future names of those wearing the key, as the oldest living member and to be transmitted at his decease to the next oldest member, by some proper agent. I duly acknowledge the handsome compliment of this beautiful key now worn by me for three years as attached to my gold watch worn by me, as purchased by my first professional earnings at Lockport sixty years ago. The key is to be duly forwarded at my decease, by one of my sons, as I have directed, with the plate, by my written direction to the bank depository.

Dated April 1904. A. A. BOYCE.